★ Oct. 16, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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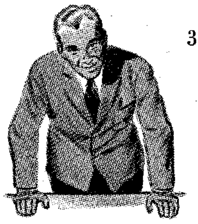
1. **Your dealer:** "Cheer up! We still have SCHENLEY. Not every day—but more often than you'd think! SCHENLEY isn't making a drop of whiskey; what you buy today comes from pre-war reserves. So it's got to be portioned out . . . and used *in moderation* . . . to see us all through."

2. **You:** "Yes, I've read that SCHENLEY is making only alcohol for war. But I suppose that means they've had to increase prices on a fine whiskey like Royal Reserve?"



3. **Your dealer:** "Mister, are *you* wrong! SCHENLEY Royal Reserve prices haven't gone up a nickel, except for State and Federal taxes. Don't hesitate to ask for some, any time. When we have any, we want you to have it . . . Shall I wrap up a bottle for you now?"

4. **You:** "You bet! I don't mind making a bottle of SCHENLEY go a bit farther, when it means I can continue to get some for the duration!"

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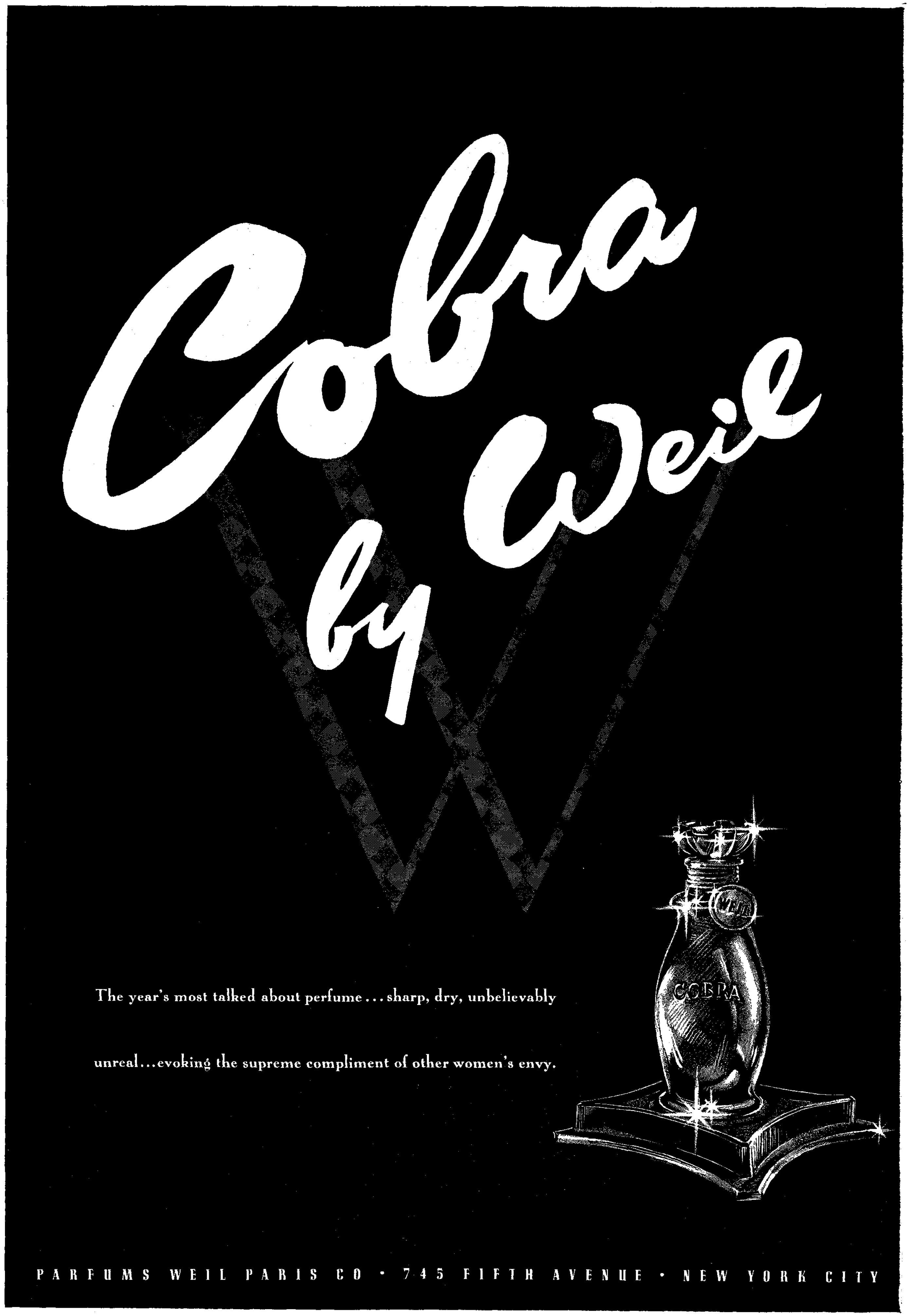

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(On Tues., Oct. 19, there will be special matinées of "Arsenic and Old Lace," "The Doughgirls," "The Merry Widow," and "Star and Garter." Tickets may be obtained at any of the large department stores through the purchase of War Bonds from $25 to $5,000.... E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. *Special War Bond Mat. Tues., Oct. 19, at 2:40*; tickets at department stores only.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Arlene Francis are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond Mat. Tues., Oct. 19, at 2:40; tickets at department stores only.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A mild comedy, of interest largely to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is rounding out its fourth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A New Life—Rather elementary debate on Fascism and Democracy, all taking place in a maternity ward. Elmer Rice's play is produced by the Playwrights' Company, and the cast includes Betty Field, George Lambert, and Ann Thomas. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Three's a Family—Another play about babies, this one a comedy concerned also with the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

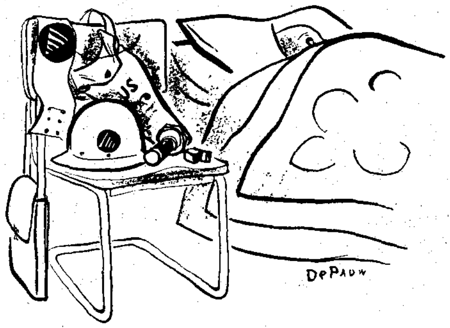
The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Another Love Story—A comedy by Frederick Lonsdale, with Roland Young and Margaret Lindsay. Staged by Mr. Lonsdale and produced by Louis Lotito. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and just about as simple-minded as it sounds. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Richard Kollmar, and Mary Small. Fats Waller wrote the music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., Oct. 17, at 8:30, for the Actors' Fund.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23.

Laugh Time—Frank Fay, Bert Wheeler, Ethel Waters, and many others, including some excellent dogs, in a very satisfactory vaudeville show. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Moves on Sun., Oct. 17, to the Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30, and Sun. at 2:15 and 5:30.)

The Merry Widow—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond Mat. Tues., Oct. 19, at 2:30; tickets at department stores only.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—This Nash-Perelman-Weill comedy won't replace "Oklahoma!," but it is very pretty and engaging just the same. Mary Martin plays the statue who turns into a beautiful girl, and Kenny Baker, John Boles, Teddy Hart, and Paula Laurence are among those who admire her. Agnes de Mille's ballets are wonderful. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music for this big, good-natured show, which also contains Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rowdy but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond Mat. Tues., Oct. 19, at 2:40; tickets at department stores only.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leads a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 6-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Othello—Paul Robeson, José Ferrer, and Uta Hagen in the Margaret Webster production of the Shakespeare play, presented by the Theatre Guild. Opens Tues., Oct. 19. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Naked Genius—A comedy by Gypsy Rose Lee, with Joan Blondell and Millard Mitchell. Staged by George S. Kaufman and produced by Michael Todd. Opens Thurs., Oct. 21. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ballet Theatre—"Princess Aurora," "Fair at Sorochinsk," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 14.... "Capriccio Espagnol," "Judgment of Paris," and "Giselle," Fri. Eve., Oct. 15.... "Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de Quatre," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Sat. Aft., Oct. 16.... "Romeo and Juliet," "Fair at Sorochinsk," and "Helen of Troy," Sat. Eve., Oct. 16.... "Aleko," "Pictures of Goya," "Judgment of Paris," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Sun. Eve., Oct. 17.... "Princess Aurora," "Dim Lustre," "Pictures of Goya," and "Gala Performance," Wed. Eve., Oct. 20.... "Slavonika," "Lilac Garden," "Pas de Quatre," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 21. ... "Romeo and Juliet," "Dim Lustre," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Fri. Eve., Oct. 22.... "Swan Lake," "Petrouchka," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Sat. Aft., Oct. 23.... "Aleko," "Fair at Sorochinsk," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., Oct. 23. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Katherine Dunham—With her company in a program of primitive and jazz dances. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40, and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3. Admission Wed. Aft., Oct. 20, by purchase of War Bonds.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room, which has just reopened for the season, has Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's band and an ice show are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mostly jazz, with Hazel Scott, Mildred Bailey, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Palm trees that would surprise the average botanist and a show that includes Joe E. Lewis, Sonny Kendis' orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A favorite with people who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Not lapped by any waves, even at high tide, but still refreshing. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, a well-appointed place of large dimensions, has Stanley Melba's orchestra and a dance team. ... Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde has taken over the Persian Room again, and there is also Bob Grant's orchestra.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Freddy Miller's orchestra plays for dancing in the informal Iridium Room.... The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph

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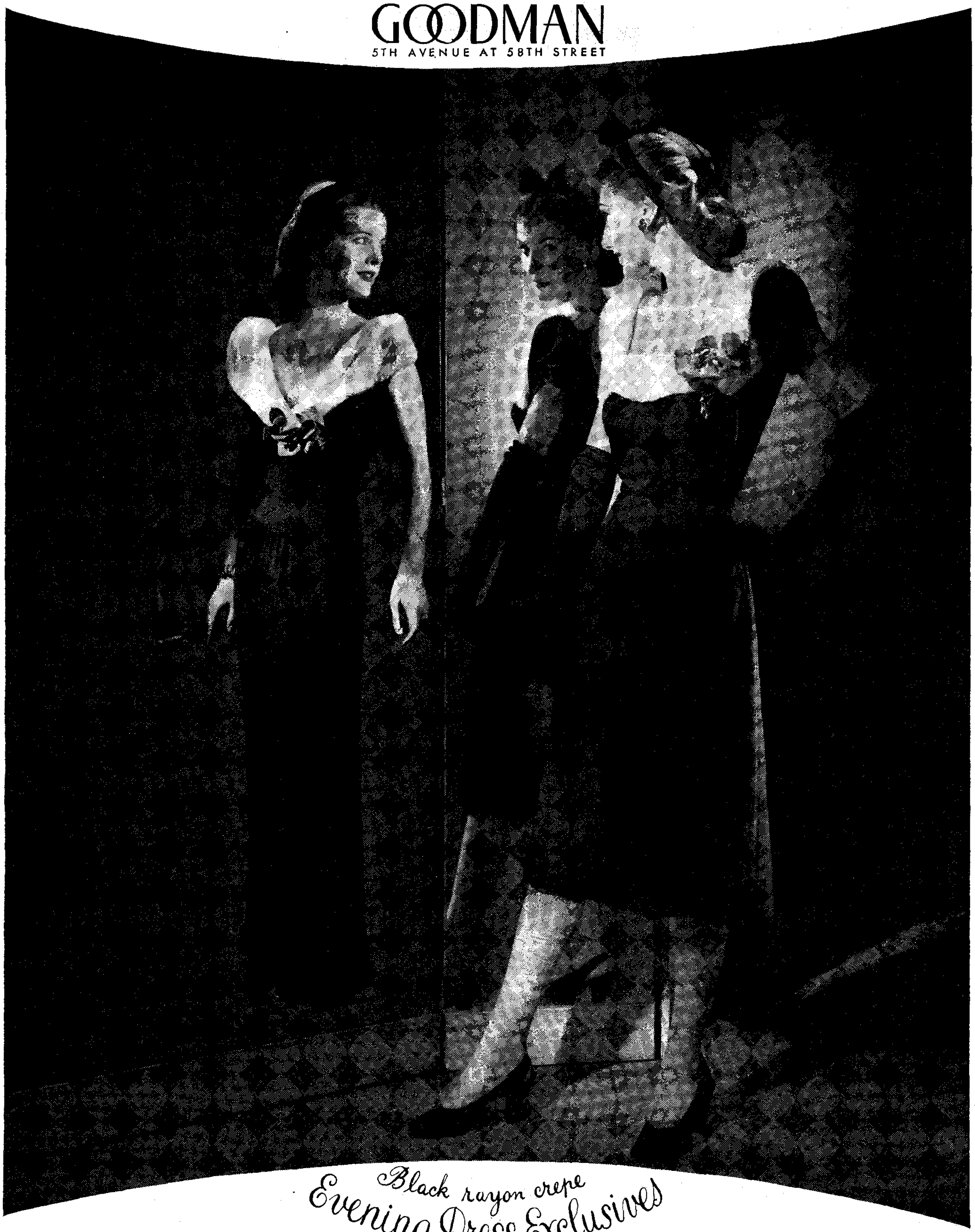
ON THE PLAZA · NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



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Sizes 10 to 18—Third Floor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23.

Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Russ Smith's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Ben Cutler's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dancing in the Wedgwood Room, where there is also a supper show headed by Frank Sinatra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is on hand in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a sequestered place, with Maxine Sullivan heading the show. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Mme. Claude Alphand is back to remind you of Paris. . . . *SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): right on top* of an office building, with Spivy herself and one or two others. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): you can look at the Lamotte murals and listen to Celeste Holm. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music makes an agreeable background for the chatter. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large and lavish place, with a show that includes Carl Brisson, Val Olman's orchestra, and Panchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although an Algerian might have trouble recognizing it; Danny Yates' orchestra. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **RIOBAMBA**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): a big and rather noisy show; Charles Baum's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

•

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose revue, this one about the future instead of the past. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): Georgie Price in command of a good-sized show. . . . **FOLIES BERGÈRE**, 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): one of those great big revues with lots and lots of girls, including Sally Rand. Marty Gold's orchestra. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, Maurice Rocco, and many others in an all-Negro show; Don Redman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LA CONGA**, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Machito's rumba band and a show—all in a tropical setting. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, dances by Pearl Primus, and folk songs by Josh White. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): you'll find Billie Holiday singing the blues here. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Art Tatum plays the piano, and there's also Ben Webster's orchestra. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio supply the music in this midtown saloon.

ART

Giorgio de Chirico—A loan show of early works by this Italian artist: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 6.

Cloisters, Fort Tryon Pk. at 190—Militant and protective saints, as shown in medieval sculptures and paintings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Contemporary American—At the **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: oils by Kurt Roesch, drawings by Ben-Zion, and sculptures by Doris Caesar. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 16. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: small paintings by Isabel Bishop, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 16.

Drawings and Prints—At the **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57: works in color and black-and-white by such artists as Degas, Rodin, Cézanne, Braque, and Picasso. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 30. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: drawings by several sculptors and painters, including Despiau, Maillol, Matisse, and Rivera. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 16.

European and American—An exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by French and American artists: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 16.

Flower Paintings—Works by Vaclav Vytlacil, Walt Kuhn, Maurice Sterne, and several others: Mortimer Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

French—At the **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: a showing of familiar paintings by Dufy, Utrillo, Vlaminck, Kisling, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 15. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: water colors and drawings by about twenty artists, including Picasso, Miró, and Matisse. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 23.

Groups—At the **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: an exhibit of contemporary oils and water colors by Ogden M. Pleissner, Peter Hurd, Joseph De Martini, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 30. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: figure paintings and drawings by Louis Bouché, Guy Pène du Bois, John Sloan, and other contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Oct. 21. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures by members of this gallery's group, including Niles Spencer, Charles Sheeler, and William Zorach. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

Eric Isenburger—Recent Impressionistic paintings: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 23.

Mervin Jules—A showing of recent satirical paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 16.

Paul Klee—Twenty-four oils done between 1910 and 1939: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—An exhibition of aquatints, lithographs, and other prints by modern Argentine artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Oct. 17.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Constructions, jewelry, toys, and drawings by Alexander Calder, in a retrospective showing of his work. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov. 28.

Nineteenth-Century American—At the **JULIEN LEVY**, 42 E. 57: paintings by several artists of that century, shown in relation to modern schools. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 30. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: paintings by John H. Twachtman, Childe Hassam, Thomas Eakins, A. P. Ryder, and other Impressionists and pre-Impressionists. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., Oct. 16.

Fred Papsdorf—Oils by a Detroit primitive, in his first one-man show here: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

Portraits—Works by members of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, including Arbit Blatas, José de Creeft, and A. E. Gallatin: 460 Park, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 3.

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstractions in brass, along with a few black-and-whites: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 6.

Josef Scharl—Water colors, oils, and drawings by this Expressionist: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

Vincent Van Gogh—A loan exhibition of sixty-eight paintings and drawings, many never before shown in New York; a benefit for American and Dutch war relief: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

War Prints—Works by Raphael Soyer, William Gropper, Harry Sternberg, Robert Gwathmey, and others in the "Artists for Victory" group: Kennedy, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 6.

Here and There—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: oils and water colors by Louis Bosa, Stephen Csoka, John C. Pellew, and others (through Fri., Oct. 22); also, paintings by Anthony T. Pisciotta (through Oct. 29). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12: paintings, sculptures, and prints by Stanley William Hayter, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, José de Creeft, and Louis Schanker. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., *10 A.M. to 5 P.M.*; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 30. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 46 W. 57: oils, water colors, and prints by Will Barnet. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 23. . . . **PINACOTHECA**, 20 W. 58: first one-man show in New York by Helen Frank. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 23. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: North and South American landscapes by contemporary artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 15. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: oils by Fred Shane of middle-Western scenes. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 16. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: still lifes and landscapes, mostly of New York, by Yun Gee, a Chinese-American artist. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 23. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57: a collection of William Fett's water colors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 30. . . . **ANDRE SELIGMANN**, 15 E. 57: new paintings by Lewis Daniel. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 25. . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 38 E. 57: water colors by Zoltan Hecht of scenes in and around New York: Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 30. . . . **WAKEFIELD**, 64 E. 55: *stage and costume designs by Eugene Berman and* others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 16.

Note—The semiannual outdoor exhibition of paintings in Washington Square will continue through Sun., Oct. 24, from 10 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 14, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 15, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Oct. 17, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Oct. 21, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 22, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Oct. 23, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Tossy Spivakovsky, Oct. 14, 15, and 17; Zino Francescatti, Oct. 21-22.)

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Bronislaw Huberman, Sat., Oct. 16, at 8:30 P.M.

Town Hall—Cyrena van Gordon, Fri., Oct. 15, at 8:30 P.M.; Maurice Eisenberg, Sun., Oct. 17, at 5:30 P.M.; Carmela Ippolito, Tues., Oct. 19, at 8:30 P.M.; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Wed., Oct. 20, at 8:30 P.M.; Miriam Solovieff, Fri., Oct. 22, at 8:30 P.M.

Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16—Adolph Busch Quartet, Sat., Oct. 16, at 8:30 P.M.; Claudio Arrau, Sat., Oct. 23, at 8:30 P.M. (ST 9-1391.)

OPERA

San Carlo Opera—"La Forza del Destino," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 14. . . . "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Oct. 15. . . . "Aïda," Sat. Aft., Oct. 16. . . . "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Oct. 16. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sun. Aft., Oct. 17. . . . "La Tosca," Sun. Eve., Oct. 17. . . . "Faust," Mon. Eve., Oct. 18. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Tues. Eve., Oct. 19. . . . "Carmen," Wed. Eve., Oct. 20. . . . "Il Trovatore," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 21. . . . "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Oct. 22. . . . "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., Oct. 23. . . . "Aïda," Sat. Eve., Oct. 23. (Broadway Theatre, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Eves. at 8:20. Mats. at 2:30.)

Russian Opera Company—"Eugene Onegin," Wed., Oct. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

Football—College games at Baker Field: Columbia vs. Army, Sat., Oct. 16; Columbia vs. Pennsyl-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23.

vania, Sat., Oct. 23; at 2:30 P.M. . . . Professional game at Ebbets Field: Dodgers vs. Giants, Sun., Oct. 17, at 2:30 P.M.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 1:45 P.M. (Remsen and Continental Handicaps, Oct. 16; Gallant Fox Handicap, Oct. 20; Autumn Day Stakes, Oct. 21; Ardsley Handicap, Oct. 23.) . . . Frequent special trains leave Penn Station on Sat. between 11 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and on other days between 11:20 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . COÖRDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES, 457 Madison, at 50: sixty-two photographs taken by Thérèse Bonney between 1939 and 1943 in France, Spain, Sweden, and other countries, showing the effects of the war on the children of Europe. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 29. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during and after the current war, as illustrated by maps, globes, models, and photomurals; also, at 2:30 P.M. each day, a fifteen-minute film showing the Sikorsky helicopter in action. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF DECORATORS, 595 Madison, at 57: an exhibition of official Army photographs taken in Iceland by the Signal Corps. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Fri., Oct. 22.

RODEO—The yearly visit of the cowboys and cowgirls: Madison Square Garden, through Oct. 31. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. (CO 5-6815.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—The development of America from 1492 to 1792, as shown by maps, autograph manuscripts and letters, books, and other material. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Oct. 17, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Oct. 16 and 23, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sun., Oct. 17, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Cleveland Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sun., Oct. 17, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . Football: Columbia vs. Army, Sat., Oct. 16, at 2:15 P.M.; Yale vs. Army, Sat., Oct. 23, at 2:45 P.M.; WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Arms and armor collected by the late Bashford Dean and others: Thurs., Oct. 14, at 2 P.M. . . . Paintings of various schools, by such artists as Corot, Reynolds, Stuart, Inness, and Sargent, owned by the late Mrs. Samuel T. Peters, the Earl of Minto, and others: Thurs., Oct. 14, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Rare Chinese porcelains, pottery, and other art objects, collected by the late Mrs. Samuel T. Peters: Fri. and Sat., Oct. 15-16, at 2 P.M. . . . The Frank Crowninshield collection of art books, including many illustrated by modern French artists: Tues., Oct. 19, at 2 and 8:15 P.M., and Wed., Oct. 20, at 2 P.M. . . . The Crowninshield collection of modern French and American art, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 20-21, at 8:15 P.M. (Exhibition, Sat., Mon., and Tues., Oct. 16, 18, 19, from 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.)

KENDE GALLERIES, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Eighteenth-century English furniture and decorations owned by Mrs. Leonard K. Elmhirst and others: Sat., Oct. 16, at 2 P.M.

NOTE—Christmas gifts for men in the Army should be mailed by Fri., Oct. 15, and for those in the Navy by Nov. 1. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length, thirty-six inches in length and girth combined, and five pounds in weight.

MOTION PICTURES

THE ADVENTURES OF TARTU—A superior English thriller about sabotage in a German munitions factory. With Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., Oct. 15. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Oct. 16. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Oct. 20-23.)

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—Joan Fontaine is the nymph and Charles Boyer is her composer friend in this respectable new version of Margaret Kennedy's familiar novel. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Oct. 16. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 15-17.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—A handsome adaptation, notable for its fast pace, its Technicolor, and some fine bits of acting, though politically shaky. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—Big, Technicolored reproduction of the hit soldier show, with a harmless story thrown in. George Murphy, Charles Butterworth, and Joan Leslie are in the added Hollywood cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—Paul Lukas and Bette Davis in a fine treatment of Lillian Hellman's play about the refugee leader of the German underground. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 20-21.)

REVIVALS

ALGIERS (1938)—Life in the native quarter. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 20-21.)

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 19-21.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Romance and ruin in Imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 14.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Tues., Oct. 19.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. With Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Art, 36 E. 8; and Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 19-20.)

MEET JOHN DOE (1941)—Frank Capra's story of a plain American citizen. With Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward Arnold. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 16-18.)

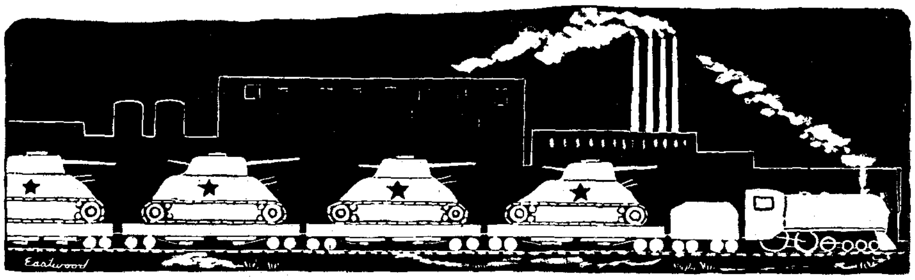
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 14.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Tues., Oct. 19.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 18-19.)

THE WOMAN ALONE (1937)—An early Hitchcock thriller, now called "I Married a Murderer." With Sylvia Sidney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 15-18.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., OCT. 14: "Hands Up!" (1926), with Raymond Griffith, and "Two Tars" (1928), with Laurel and Hardy. FRI. AND SAT., OCT. 15-16: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), directed by René Clair. SUN. AND MON., OCT. 17-18:



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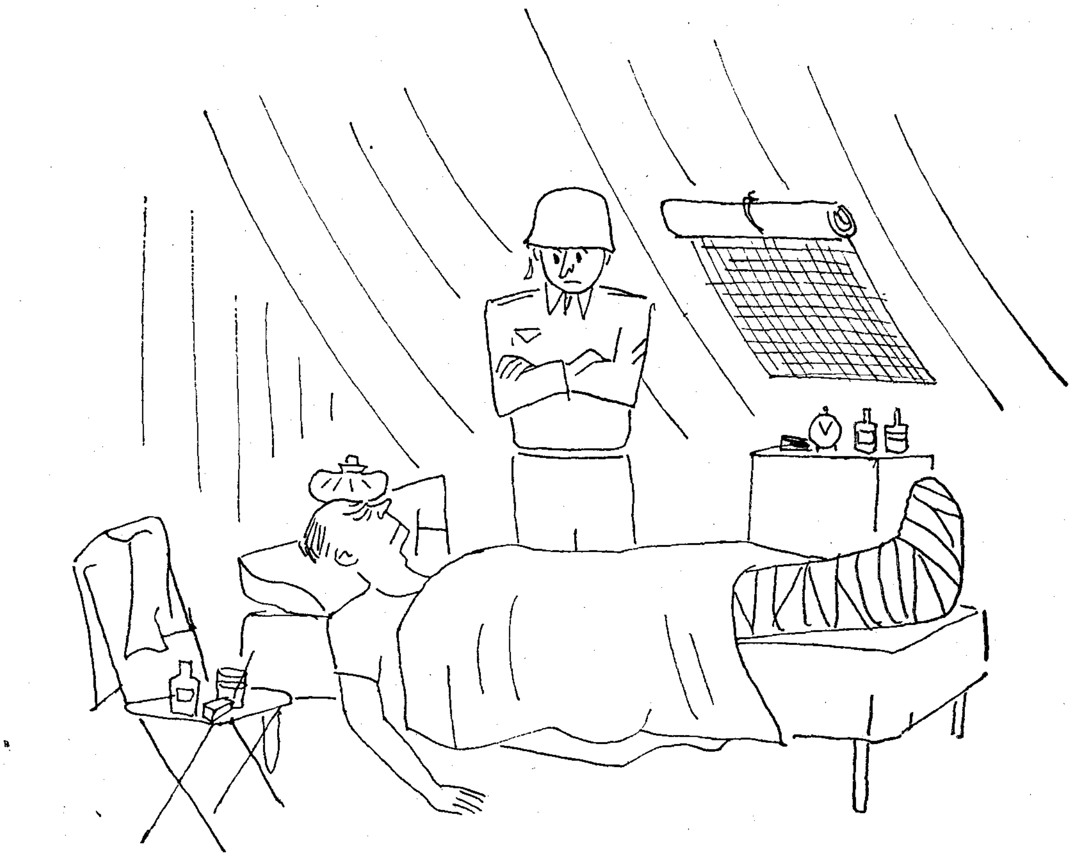

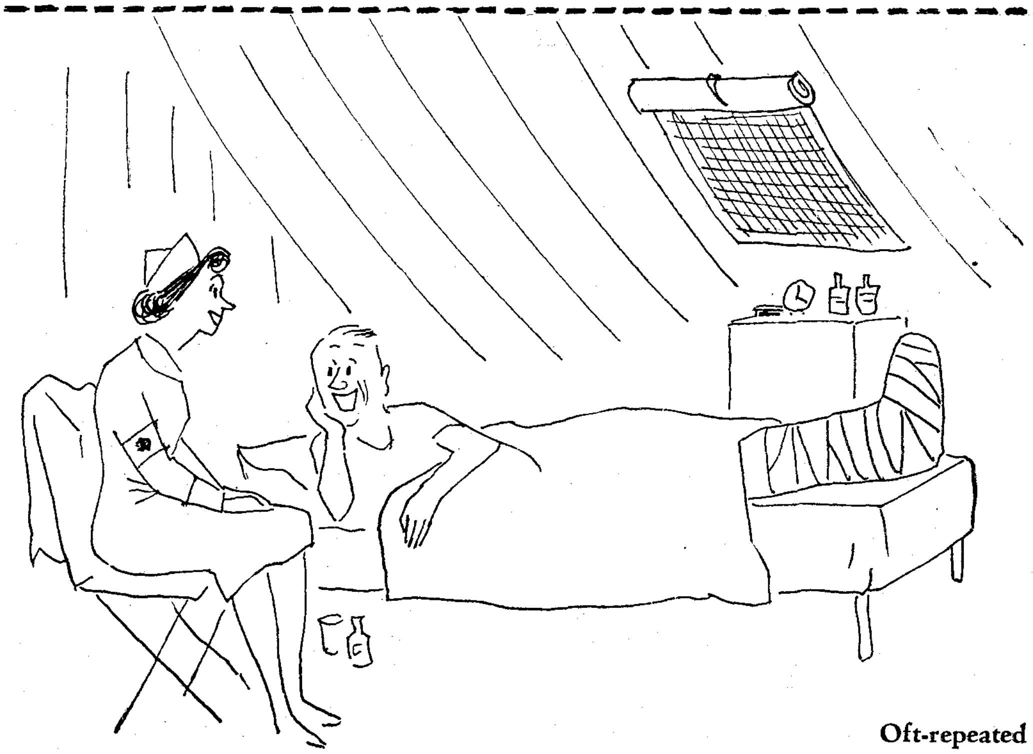

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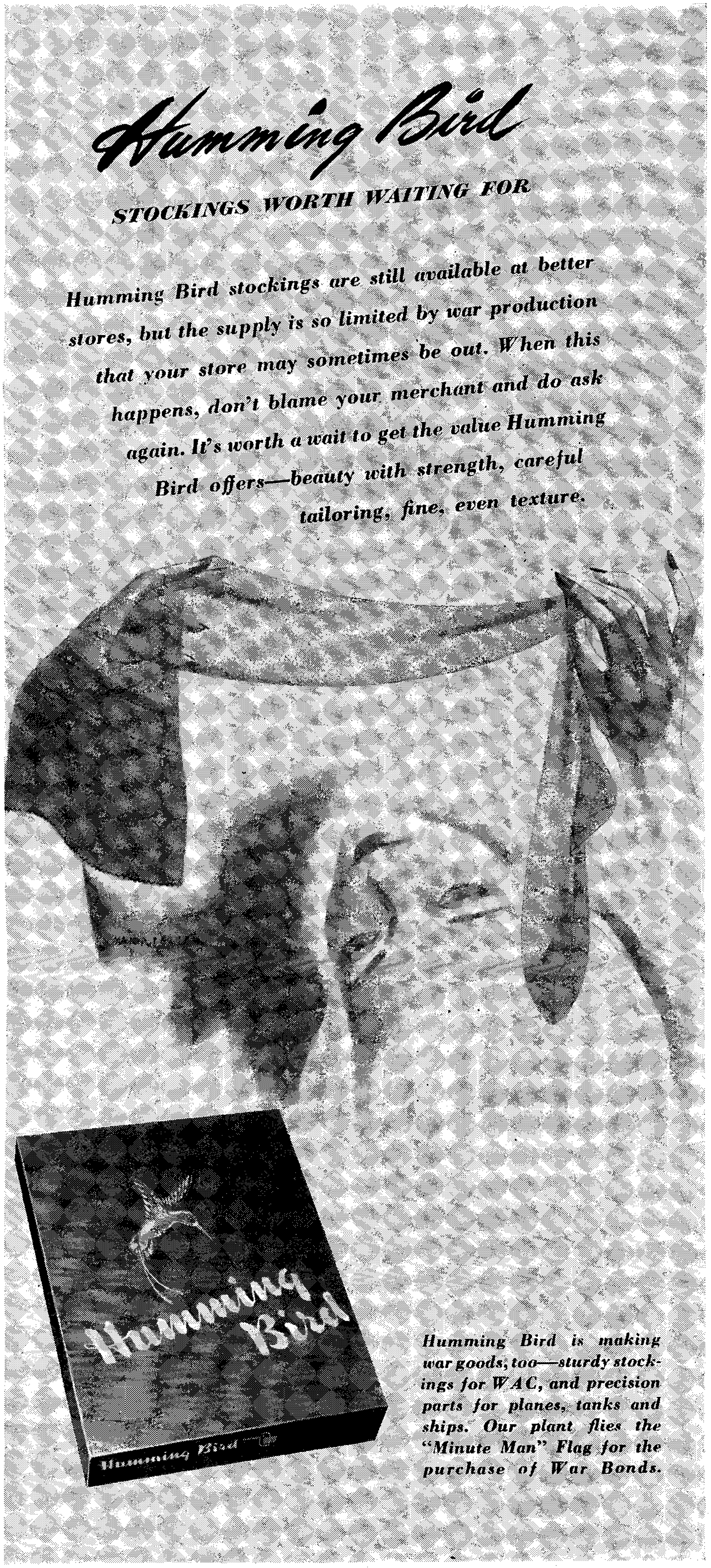

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The General" (1927), with Buster Keaton, and "Big Business" (1929), with Laurel and Hardy. **TUES. AND WED., OCT. 19-20:** "Blonde Crazy" (1931), with James Cagney and Joan Blondell. **THURS. AND FRI., OCT. 21-22:** "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall. **FROM SAT., OCT. 23:** "A Nous La Liberté" (1932), directed by René Clair.

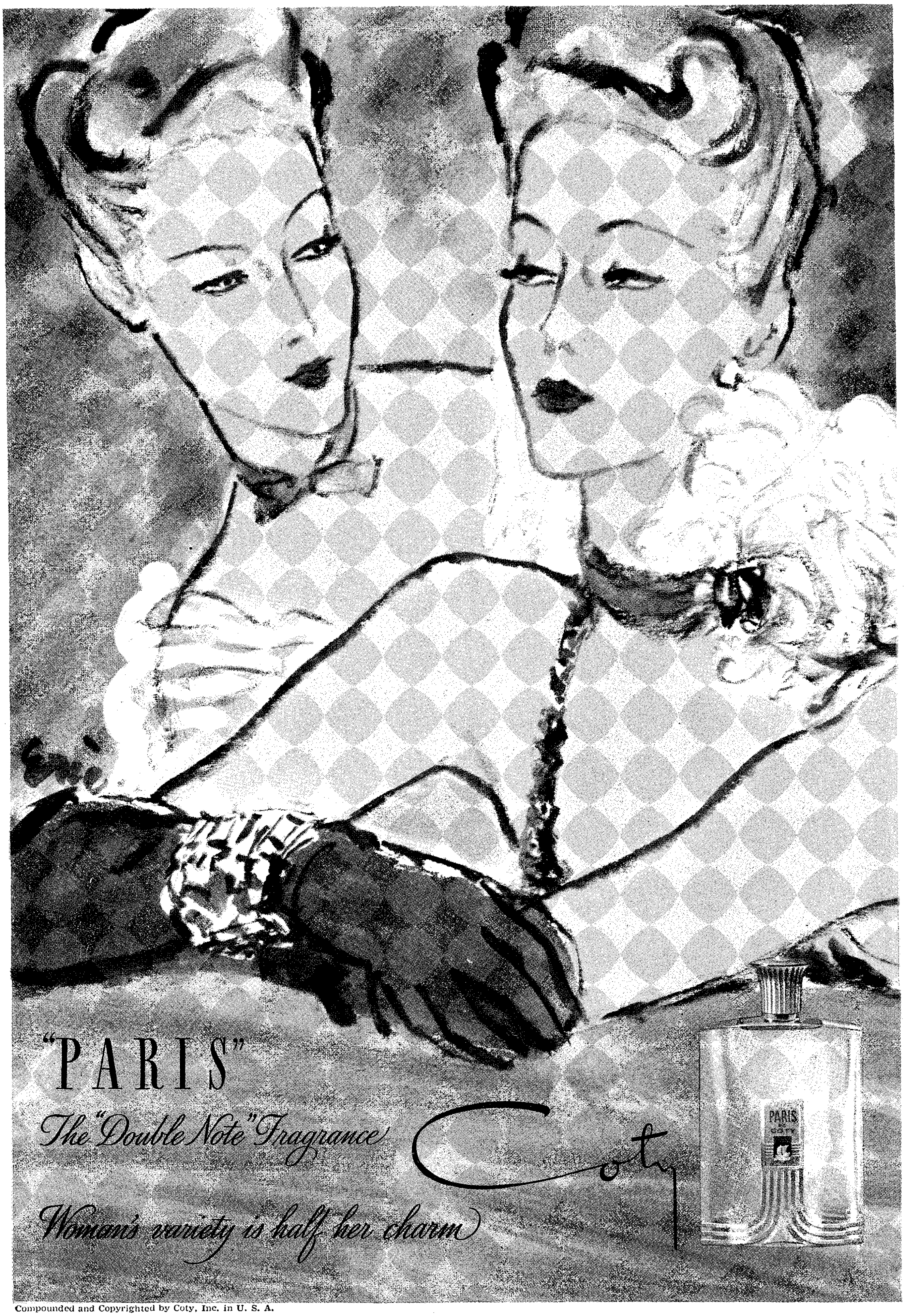
CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301): anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; women to take a seven-week training course and then put in at least twelve hours a week as nursery-school aides in settlement houses. . . . **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): expert women drivers to take a sixty-hour course in mechanics, first aid, and other subjects, and then work three days a week, or two evenings a week and every other weekend, for the Motor Corps, driving ambulances, mobile canteens, etc.; women who, after taking a twelve-hour course, can work on a regular schedule conducting recreational activities in hospitals. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): men or women to take a brief training course and then work at least two hours a week, during the day, fingerprinting civilians for war jobs and identification; women to staff salvage depots throughout the city, keeping records of the collection and disposal of salvage, and also to act as salvage captains in their own apartment buildings. . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to take a thirteen-week course in welfare work, and then put in about one day a week as volunteer case aides in the social service divisions of hospitals; men to take a training course and then put in about six hours a week as orderlies in hospital wards.

Salvage—There is an urgent need for scrap metal, rags, and wastepaper, which can all be used in the manufacture of war materials. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can, keep it in a cool place until you have accumulated about a pound, and then take it to your neighborhood butcher, who has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre. . . . Tin cans should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Navy still needs Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call LE 2-0886. . . . Russia is badly in need of watches for its Army, as the factories that used to make them have been destroyed. If you have any to contribute, send them to the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, 285 Madison, at 40th (MU 3-1948). . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366, Ext. 7), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, radios, records, books, or games that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is reconditioning musical instruments (brasses and accordions are in great demand) to be sent to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.



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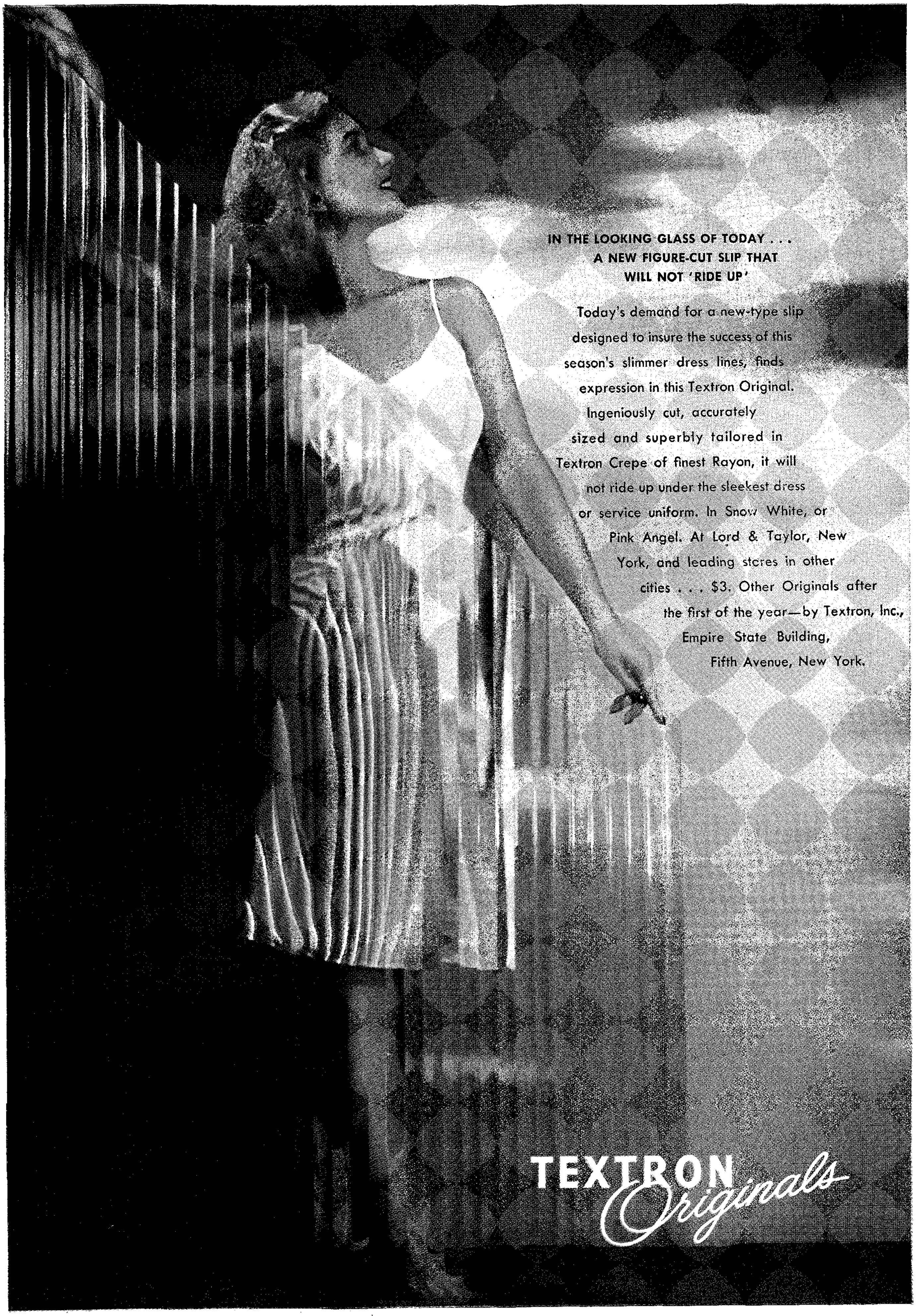

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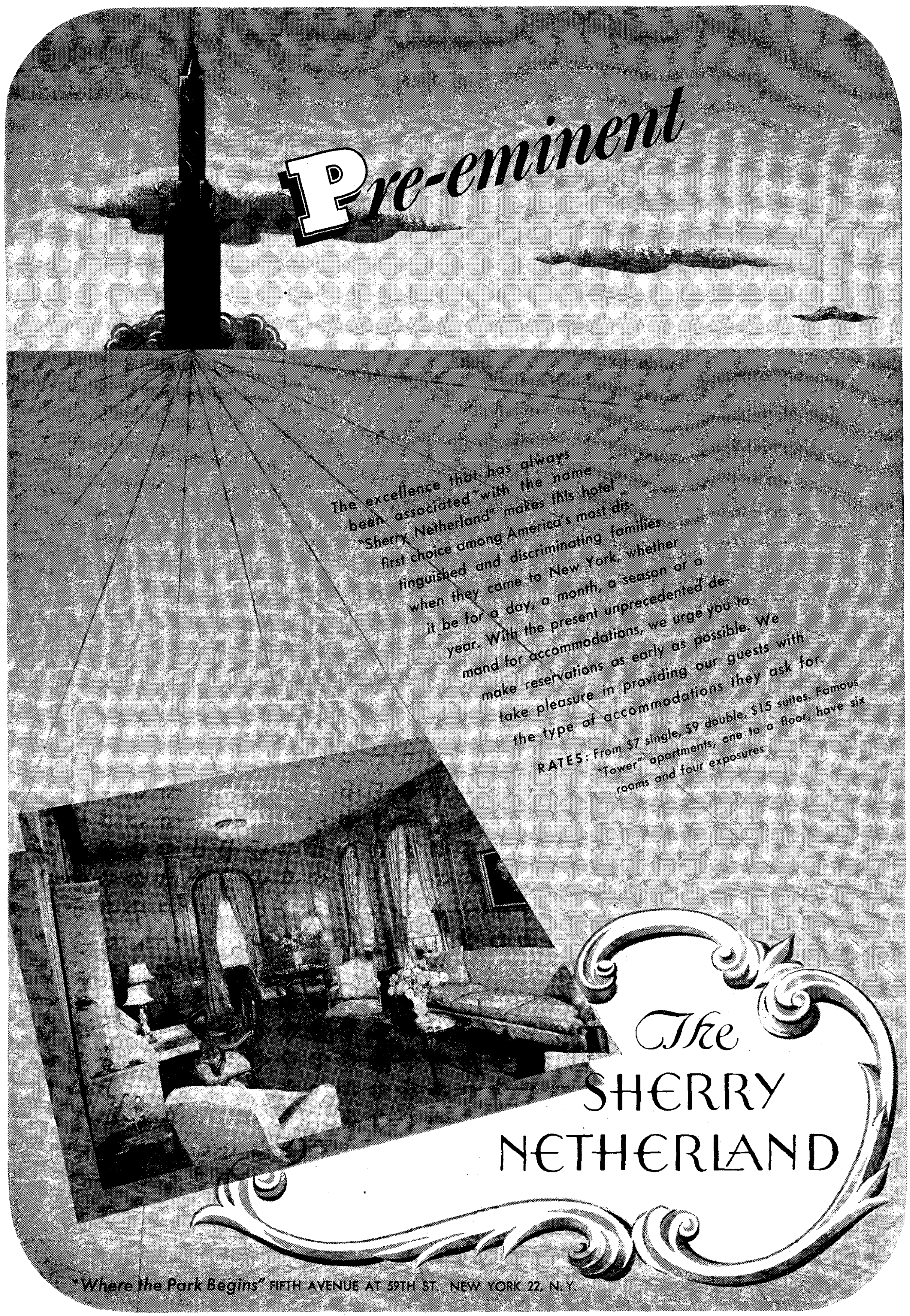

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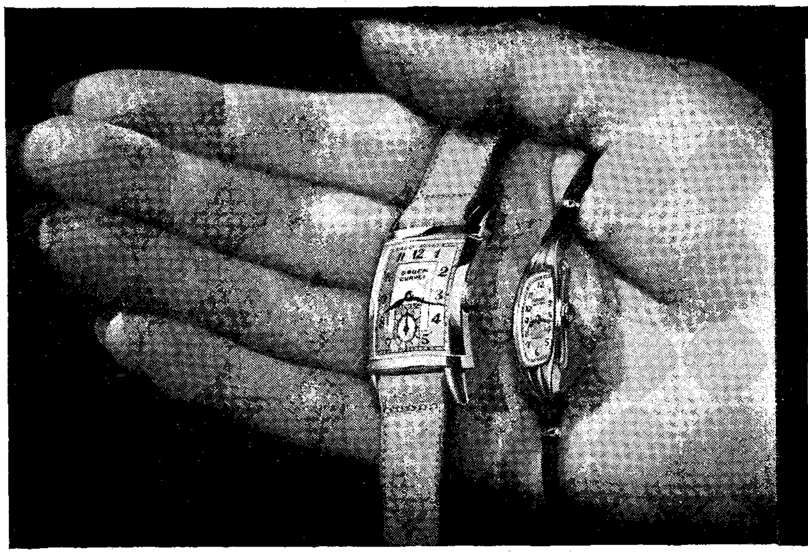

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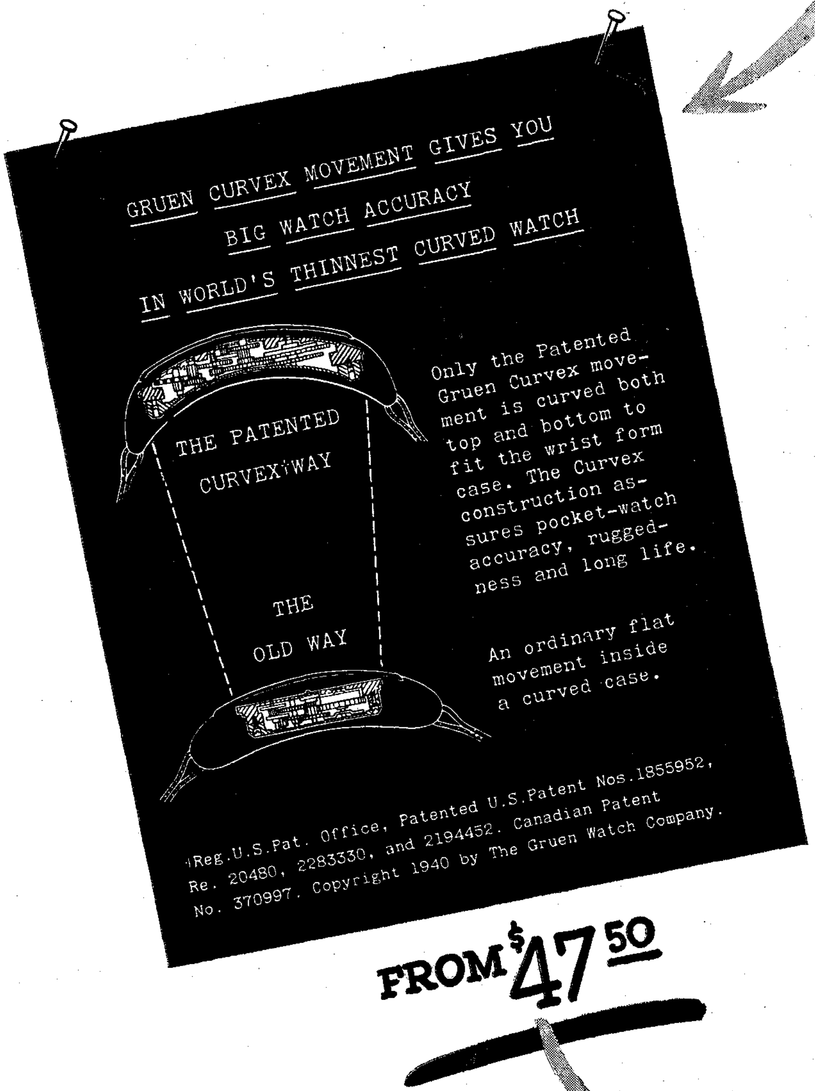

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Meanwhile the Scott's amazing fidelity brings our men-at-sea (with never a telltale leakback to the enemy) the vital messages of war, or those longed-for programs from home. With all the famous Scott handcrafting skill we are building Marine Models faster and faster, to fit out newly launched ships of the Navy and Merchant Marine, and for our gallant older ships that once were forced to sail in lonely silence. . . . And are *you* buying bonds, bonds, and still more bonds, to hasten the peace and your appointment with the Scott of your dreams?

Those high and silvery notes of the flute are among the most difficult for a radio to capture . . . but listen with any musician and hear his Oh!s and Ah!s at the Scott's uncanny perfection.

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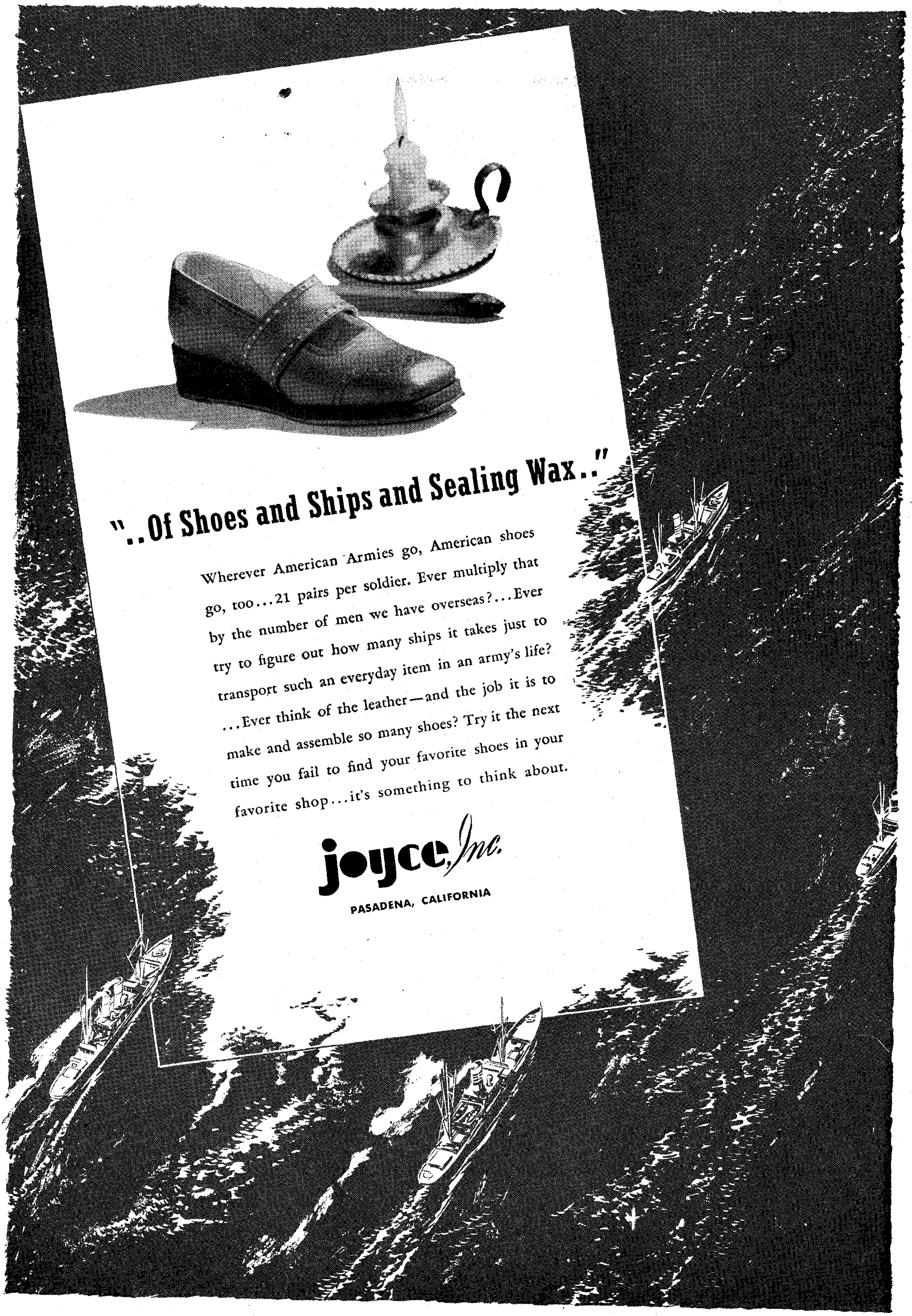

"..Of Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax.."

Wherever American Armies go, American shoes go, too...21 pairs per soldier. Ever multiply that by the number of men we have overseas?...Ever try to figure out how many ships it takes just to transport such an everyday item in an army's life? ...Ever think of the leather—and the job it is to make and assemble so many shoes? Try it the next time you fail to find your favorite shoes in your favorite shop...it's something to think about.

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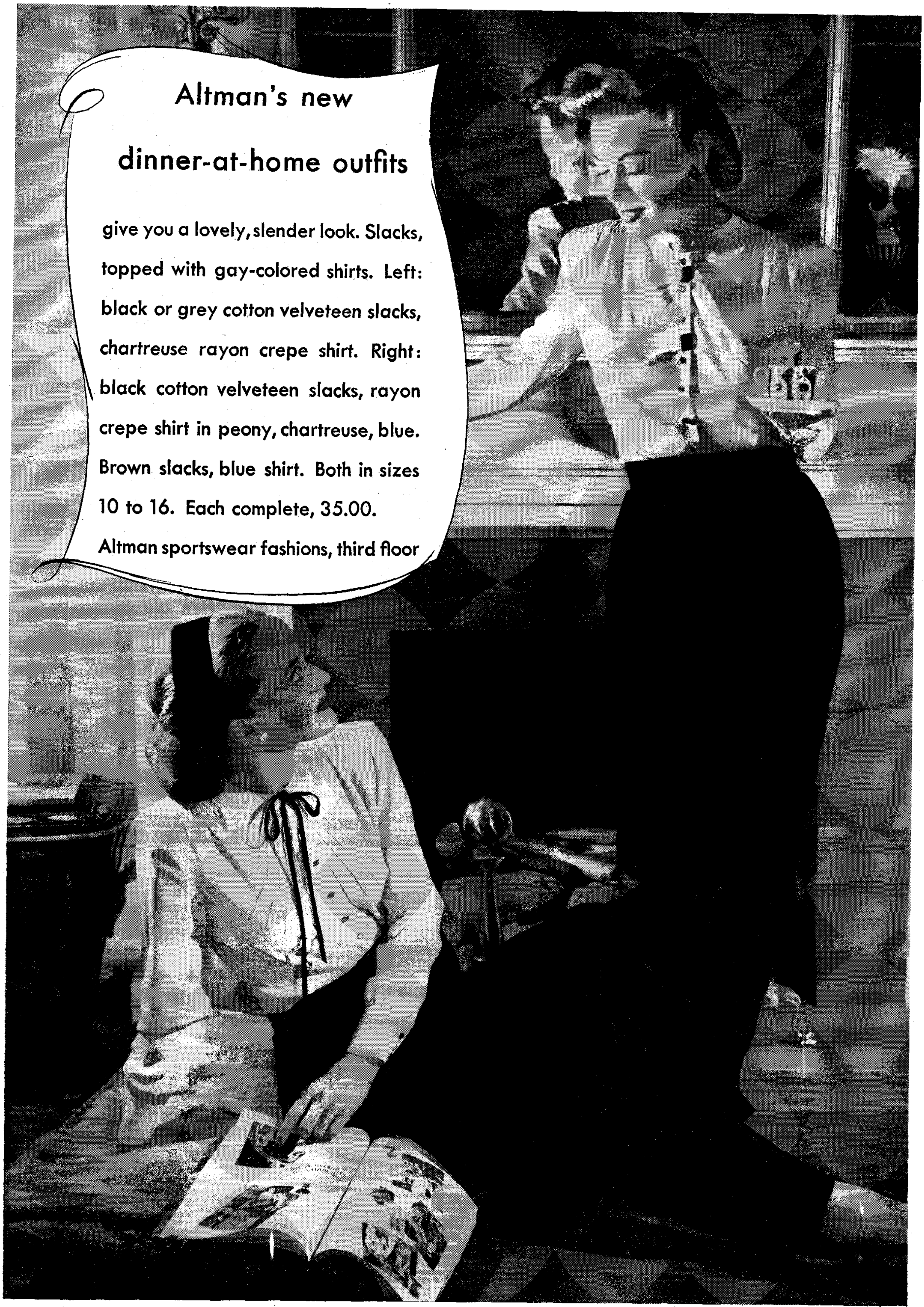

Altman's new dinner-at-home outfits

give you a lovely, slender look. Slacks, topped with gay-colored shirts. Left: black or grey cotton velveteen slacks, chartreuse rayon crepe shirt. Right: black cotton velveteen slacks, rayon crepe shirt in peony, chartreuse, blue. Brown slacks, blue shirt. Both in sizes 10 to 16. Each complete, 35.00.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

REAR ADMIRAL Howard L. Vickery says he told the people of Britain that we (the United States) "intended to become a maritime nation and intended to stay one" and that if the British wanted to coöperate, that would be fine, and if they didn't, "we'd stay one anyhow." We trust that the Admiral feels better now he's got that off his chest. This postscript of ours is merely to remind the people of Britain that if they ever want to know anything about our intentions, or any other matter, we hope they'll come to us direct. There's something intrinsically misleading about a rear admiral.

THE other day, in Pennsylvania, a woman bought a Bible in a second-hand bookstore. In it she found three ten-dollar gold pieces and a note saying "The Lord giveth." The Lord giveth, lady, but don't forget that, at least as far as gold is concerned, the government taketh away.

THE Navy Department has a scheme for rearranging the keys on the nation's typewriters, on the theory that now the clever right hand hasn't enough to do and the clumsy left has too much. With its new system, by which those familiar twins, Qwert and Yuiop, become ?,.py and Fgcrl, the Navy claims a writer's maximum speed can be increased from a hundred and forty-nine words a minute to a hundred and eighty. As earnestly as we can, we warn the seamen against any such project. There were, if you remember, the inquiring scientists and the martyr rats and the little doors with food behind them. The rats got used to pushing open the doors to get at the food, but Science doublecrossed them. The doors were made to stick and, after jumping against them desperately for a few days, the rats went mad and died, with ruffled fur and staring eyes. There were the rats, and now there are perhaps ten million men and women whose living depends on the knowledge that a fixed and orderly manipulation of the keys will always produce the same fixed and orderly result. The pattern of the keys is engraved on their minds, can be relied on, is safe, rigid, immutable. Change the formula, the pitiful trick acquired so painfully by so many minds, and by the God of Gregg and Pitman, you doom ten million people as surely as the rats. We start to write that useful sentence, containing not only all the letters in the alphabet but also a profound moral lesson, "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog." Our trained, remembering fingers follow an old design, but the machine is one of the Navy's new ones; the keys are out of joint and the words come out scrambled and daft: "Yd. ?gcjt xpr,b urq hgmlo rk.p yd. na'f eri." You are inviting Babel, gentlemen. Babel, spelled Xax.n.

THE Mayor has been doing his best to keep as many of his policemen as possible out of the Army, and every once in a while he mutters that if any more cops are taken, criminals are going to get out of hand. As a diligent reader in odd corners of the newspapers, we feel we should point out to the Mayor that criminals are already thoroughly out of hand everywhere and that there is probably nothing he can do about it. In Covington, Kentucky, for example, someone stole a Victory garden, including the topsoil, leaving only a large hole in the ground. A sharp-witted Londoner managed to sell an American soldier one of the city's barrage balloons to take home as a souvenir. A man took three mink coats from the display window of a Fifth Avenue store at noon the other day and walked out of the building with them, and the management could only say that so many changes in personnel were being made that everyone assumed that the man was an employee. Some of the criminals showed an engaging gift for improvisation. A man in Colorado, arrested for growing marijuana in his garden, told the police, credibly enough, that it was for his canaries, to improve their singing, and a local amateur criminologist, jugged for forging names on an application for a loan, explained that he was only trying to convince the loan companies that they ought to use his invention for trapping forgers.

Since, obviously, no police force, no matter how undepleted, can cope with all this activity, it is good to know that those three old enemies of crime—bad luck, patriotism, and conscience—are still operating. A man in Detroit broke into a meat market and stole a big ham. It turned out to be only a display piece made of sawdust and glue, but he got three to five years just the same. In a Village bar the other evening, two stick-up men passed up all the men in uniform when they searched the clientele. And a convict, escaped from the Michigan State Prison, ducked the police long enough to break into a rural high school and scrawl on the blackboard, "Never do anything wrong. Always be honest or you may grow up to hate the world and everyone in it. I put in eight years for doing wrong.” So all is not yet lost, Mr. Mayor. Hope remains.

Transaction in Boston

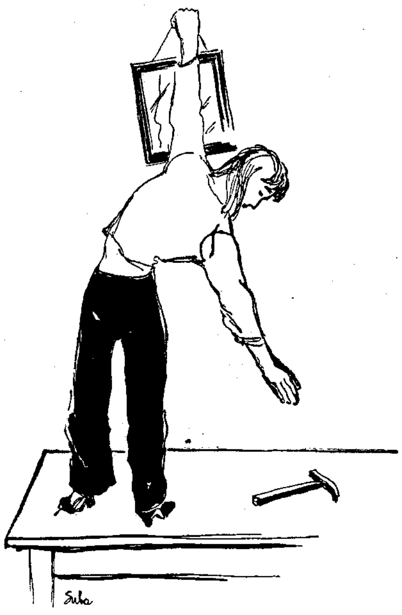
LIKE many Boston stories, this one’s incredible, but it’s nevertheless true. A lady went into a conservative shoe store in the Back Bay, selected a pair of Ground Grippers, paid out her money, and finally, as the clerk stood waiting to hand her the parcel, took out her No. 1 ration book, detached coupon 18, and offered it to him. The clerk shook his head. “I’m sorry, Madam,” he said, “but we’re not allowed to accept detached stamps.” “But you *saw* me tear it out of the book,” she protested. “Very sorry, Madam,” he said. “Government regulations, you know.” The manager of the store, called in to arbitrate, sided with the clerk. Whimpering with desperation, the lady at last pointed out that, if what her friends told her was correct, they accepted detached coupons by mail. The manager beamed and retired to his office, returning with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. He watched her seal the ration stamp inside, escorted her to the nearest mailbox, and promised that the shoes would be delivered immediately on receipt of the letter. He hoped that they would have the pleasure of serving her again soon.

Prophet With Honor

IT’S always nice to find a military expert in your own army, and there’s no doubt that we have such a man in Colonel W. F. Kernan. Colonel Kernan will be remembered as the author (when he was a lieutenant colonel) of the book “Defense Will Not Win the War,” in which he said, way back in the days when the Japs were running us ragged and Rommel was having his own way in Africa, that the United Nations would have to assume the offensive and attack Germany by way of Italy. Since Eisenhower and Montgomery have now gone almost as far as Kernan went in his predictions, we thought it was time to see what Kernan thought of the future, and by great good fortune we found him here in town, taking a breather after having got his daughter off to college. He is an artilleryman, now stationed in the South. Well, we had a long talk with him, but very little in the way of predictions emerged. “If I picked a spot now and talked about it,” he said, “the Germans might say, ‘Look at this fellow. He’s been made a colonel since his last book came out. Those damn-fool Americans seem to have some confidence in him.’ So they’d go and build up their defenses around the place. Actually, I have no idea where we’re going to hit next, but I might guess. If I did, I might be responsible for some of our men being killed.” Italy was just too obvious for secrecy, Kernan figured. “It was so obvious that we could have sent a message on fine vellum paper to the German High Command,” he remarked, adding, “The Germans were already committed in Russia, and they knew we were going into Italy, and they knew they couldn’t do a damn thing about it.”

The Colonel is a good-looking and soldierly fellow with iron-gray hair, a Southern accent, a pipe, and a rather liberal outlook. “I think President Roosevelt is a great man, and you might as well put that in your piece,” he told us. “The wrong people are always trying to twist what I write into anti-Roosevelt stuff.” Colonel Kernan does some magazine writing and we asked if he had ever had any censorship difficulties; he said no. “The reason is,” he explained, “that when I write I’m up there in the rarefied realm of strategy and not dealing with politics. If an officer who’s been in the Army twenty-six years, as I have, couldn’t discuss strategy without, of course, giving away secrets, the Army would be in a pretty bad way.”

Twenty-six years ago, Kernan was an unlikely candidate for a soldiering career. He was an instructor at Harvard, teaching a course in the history of medieval philosophy. He had taken his A.B. at Tulane at the age of nineteen, taught for a year at Georgia Tech, and gone to Harvard for an M.A. in philosophy. In August, 1917, he joined the university’s first R.O.T.C. unit, winning a lieutenant’s commission in a competitive examination. He was overseas until 1922. After the armistice, he moved in with the army of occupation for three years and then spent another year with the Hoover mission in Russia. He whiled away his spare time by translating Foch’s “The Conduct of War” and decided to remain a soldier. For one thing, considering himself a good Aristotelian, he felt he should devote himself to the disciplined life. For another, he had been convinced since 1919 that there was going to be another war. He has gone on record in magazine articles about a number of matters, and seems to be a fairly consistent prophet. In 1935 he did a piece called “Renaissance in Warfare,” predicting a bigger rôle for the tank in future combat. The next year he did one called “The Poison Gas Myth,” belittling the danger of gas. He’s now campaigning against wishful thinking, being anything but a short-war man himself. “Hitler still has a strong hold on the German nation,” he says. “They’re a stern, rigorous, self-denying people who are political jackasses and very fine soldiers.” He has finished another book, “Let’s Be Heroic,” dealing with civilian ethics in wartime. It’s coming out the week after Christmas—“just about the time we’ll be winning the war, according to some people,” the Colonel told us. “That gives some idea of what a long, hard war I think lies ahead.”



Ambition

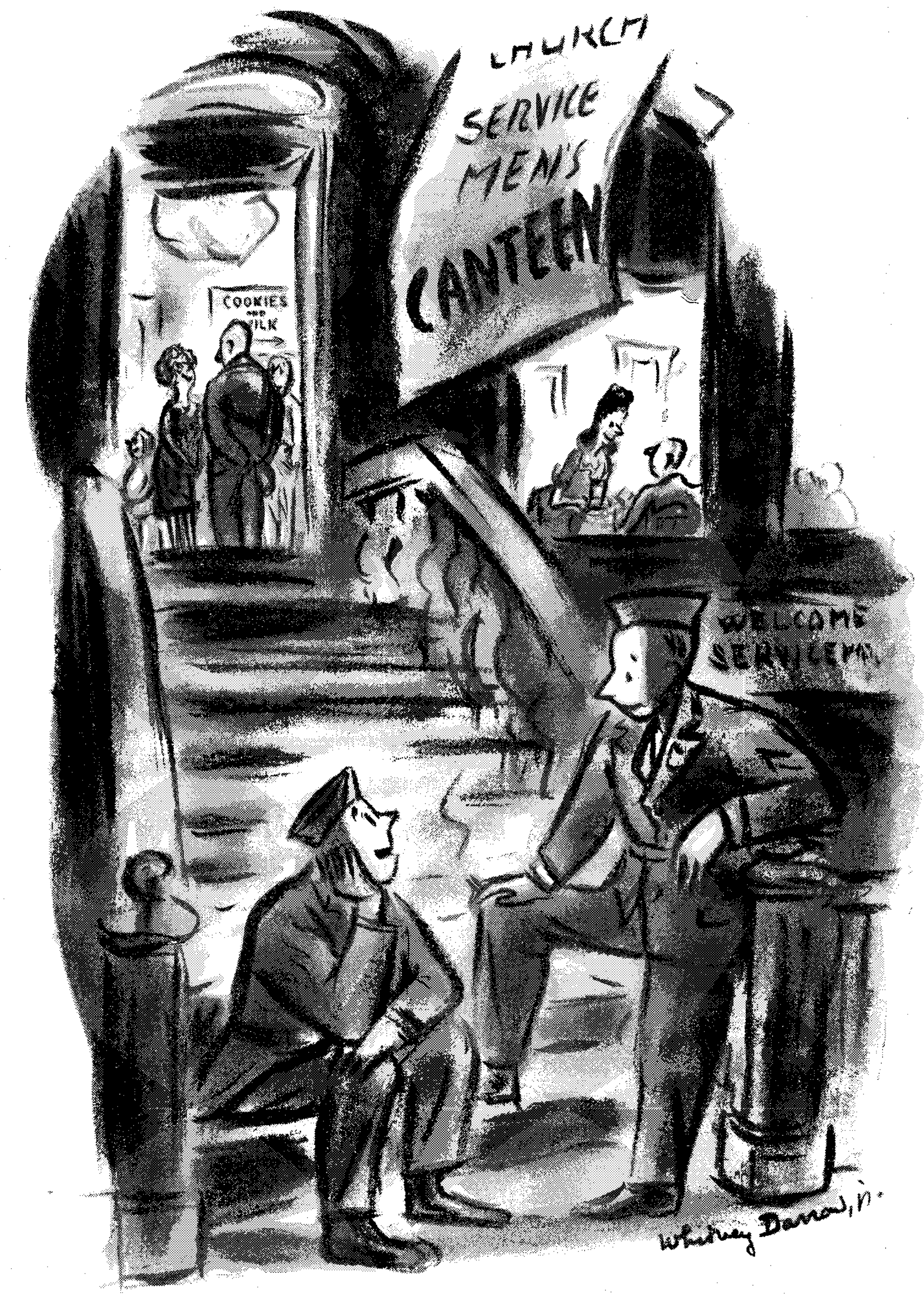
ALTHOUGH the activities of the Office of Strategic Services are in general extremely mysterious, we are in a position to supply an oblique peek in their direction. A young captain on duty with the OSS, whose duties include the interviewing of enlisted men ticketed for this organization’s Washington headquarters for assignment to special tasks, recently had a session with a somewhat backwoodsy private who had apparently been transferred because of an unusual linguistic background; according to the questionnaire he had filled out, he had a fluent reading, writing, and speaking mastery of Latin and Greek. “Contemporary or classic Greek?” asked the captain, a Yale man. “Classic,” the private replied. “How come?” said the captain. “I was a minister,” said the new man. “Learned Greek and

Latin at divinity school.” “What do you think you’d like to do?” said the captain. “Get out of the Army,” said the recruit.

Post Car 2

VIBRANTLY interested as we are in the postwar world, it was natural that we should attend the symposium recently held on the Hotel Pennsylvania Roof by the Society of Automotive Engineers, on the topic “Cars of the Future.” The good faith of the automotive engineers was manifested in one sentence of the leaflet they sent out announcing this event: “Because of food restrictions and manpower shortages,” it said, “there will be NO DINNER.” In spite of the necessity of foraging for itself, an audience of some three hundred turned up, predominantly male and (we judged) completely automotive. At least, there were derisive snickers and subdued catcalls every time industrial designers were mentioned. One of the speakers, who worked with lantern slides, displayed a picture of a car that looked like a pale-green teardrop wept by a giant and remarked disparagingly, “Here we have the general trend of the airbrush designers.” (*Laughter.*)

Part of the industry refers casually to the Car of the Future as the “post car.” Post*war* car, we gathered, although no specific explanation was offered. Post car 1 will be the first postwar model, it seems; then come post car 2, post car 3, and so on. Everybody is agreed that post car 1 will be no great shakes; it will be just whatever the manufacturer can turn out to meet the immediate demand and will look almost exactly like the 1942 models. Post car 2 will be the big revolutionary model, if the automotive engineers can ever get together and agree on what they’re rebelling against, which they certainly were far from doing the night we heard them. Some engineers want air-cooled motors; some don’t. Some want rear motors; some don’t. There is even a wet-blanket bloc which insists that by the time post car 2 comes out people will be using helicopters for all their long trips anyway, so it won’t have to be a very good car. Our favorite speaker of the evening was a Mr. Olley, an Englishman, who urged the advantages of the small foreign car over the small American one. “Entry or exit by an ordinary human is undignified and ludicrous,” he said, speaking of the doors of American cars, and then went on to propose what sounded to us like a very practical approach to the problem: “Study of the size and shape of human beings and of the locations and directions in which they freely bend.”

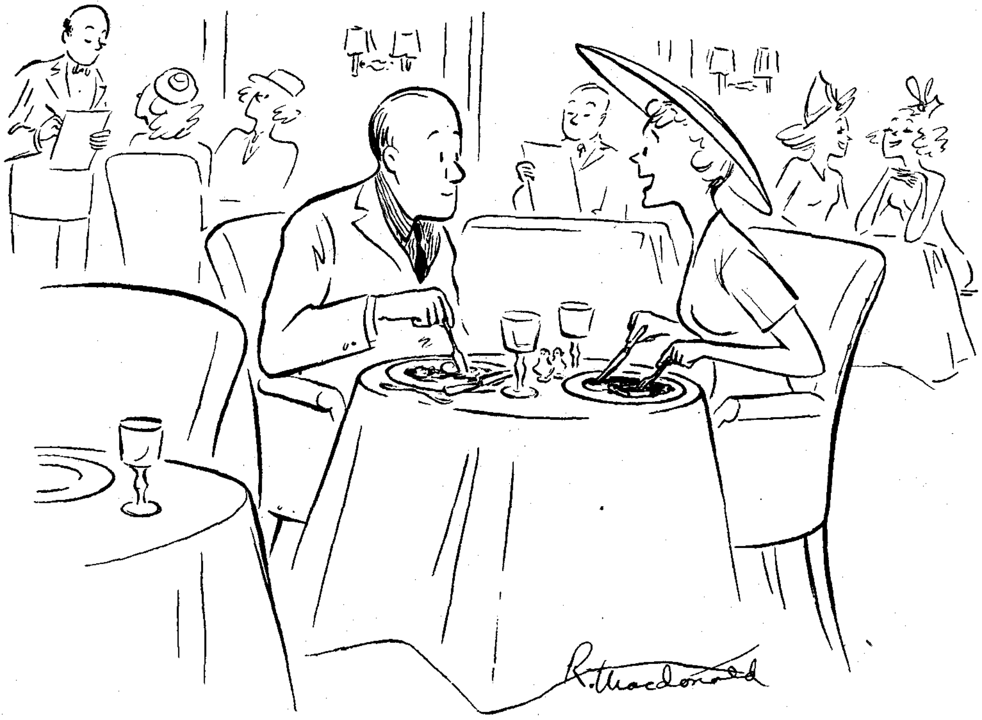


“The trouble is, I never seem to meet anything except nice girls.”

One thing seems certain: the jeep, with its versatile four-wheel drive, will be prominent in the postwar scene. The manufacturers are a little worried that the public will expect too much of it, having been taught by the newsreels to regard it as a sort of combination flying machine and motorized mountain goat, but the things it actually will do are impressive enough. A farmer, for instance, can use it as a tractor, a truck, a chemical-sprayer, as motive power for other farm machinery, or as a trailer, snowplow, or bulldozer, or he can just pile all the kids in and go to the movies on Saturday night. Jeeps would cost seven hundred dollars now if you could buy them, but the price will probably be down by the time they hit the civilian market.

Prize

ONE of the three local television studios closed up shop about six months ago as a result of the manpower shortage and the lack of the necessary



"This steak's wonderful! It's hardly tough at all."

• •

priorities for experimental material. The staff threw a big party for itself, with games, stunts, and all like that. There were prizes for the winners, and the winner of a game of musical chairs got a cumbersome piece of apparatus called an iconoscope, tied up in blue ribbon. They told him to put it on his mantelpiece as a souvenir of the early days of television, and that's what he did—or at least he kept it in a closet. Just recently he heard that one of the two remaining television studios struggling along through the war was in desperate need of equipment. He called on them to see if they'd be interested in his old iconoscope, and they were; gave him five hundred dollars cash for it.

Attaché

OUR neighborly sentiments this week are concentrated on Ernesto Lecuona, of Cuba, whom we interviewed at the Waldorf on the eve of a Carnegie Hall concert featuring him and his music and celebrating the Cuban Independence Day, October 10th. In addition to being a pianist and the composer of "Andalusia," "Siboney," and "Malagueña," Mr. Lecuona is a cultural attaché, apparently the only one in existence. We don't mean he's an attaché who is cultural; we mean he holds the post of cultural attaché at the Cuban Embassy in Washington. He was appointed to it eight months ago by President Fulgencio Batista. He hasn't been given office space at the Embassy yet, but this doesn't bother him because he's travelling a good deal of the time. The only flaw he can find on the job is that it pays no salary.

Mr. Lecuona, a forty-seven-year-old bachelor, looks a lot like Zero Mostel, only handsomer. He spoke to us partly through an interpreter and partly in his own sketchy English. We gathered that President Batista had left the details of his job pretty much up to him. He has reasonably decided that the branch of Cuban culture for him to devote himself to is music and that the way to do it is to give concerts. He would also like to have a Hollywood picture made with Cuban music and has Walt Disney toying with the idea. His principal object is to dispel the notion in this country that Cuba produces only rumbas and congas. He told us that he was introducing his "Rapsodia Negra" at Carnegie Hall, for example, to give the audience some new, native Cuban rhythms. "The maestro plans to do for Cuba with his rhapsody what Liszt did for Hungary with his," said the interpreter. We asked what the new rhythms would be most like—tangos or rumbas or congas or what. "They will be new," said the maestro.

Mr. Lecuona feels a particularly heavy responsibility about the rumba because he brought it here in the first place. In 1922, he played one at the Capitol Theatre. People didn't dance to the thing then, but they listened, and a few years later, when a Cuban named Don Azpiazu brought an orchestra up here and played a lot of other rumbas, the monkey business began. Everybody learned some steps and went at it. Mr. Lecuona reminded us that what has been danced in these parts from that time to this is not really a rumba at all but either a *son* (if the beat is slow) or a *bolero* (if the beat is fast). A proper rumba is an exhibition dance in which the principals remain apart—no more nestling in each other's arms than there would be in a tap routine.

Mr. Lecuona was born in Guanabacoa, Cuba, and, like all reputable composers, started cutting teeth and composing at about the same time. He turned out his first successful number, a two-step called "Cuba y America," at eleven and at fifteen he was certified by the National Conservatory of Havana as a teacher of piano and singing. Since then he has seesawed between serious and popular music, writing for symphony orchestra and night-club bands with nice impartiality. He wrote the score for "Always in My Heart," a movie which made Hollywood a barrel of money in South America, mostly on the strength of its title song. He has also toured Europe, Africa, Central and South America, and China with an orchestra called Lecuona's Cuban Boys. He has five brothers and sisters, all musicians of one sort or another, and a niece who wrote "Babalu" and "Taboo," two pieces which have had a heavy play in New York hot spots. When he had given us these facts, Mr. Lecuona excused himself, saying that he had an appointment with some North Americans and was whittling away at a theory he had uncovered up here that Cubans are always late.

Definition

"VACANCY" signs in the windows of Washington rooming houses are so rare that, if you live there, you can investigate them all, on the chance that the accommodations offered will be better than what you have. A Washington young lady we've been told about did just this the other day—investigated a room offered for rent and took it on the spot. She was about to hand over her first week's rent when the proprietress said, "Of course you're in the government, aren't you?" She said no, she was employed in a private industry. The landlady shook her head and said, "We can't take you in, then. We cater only to people with permanent positions."

Christmas Rush

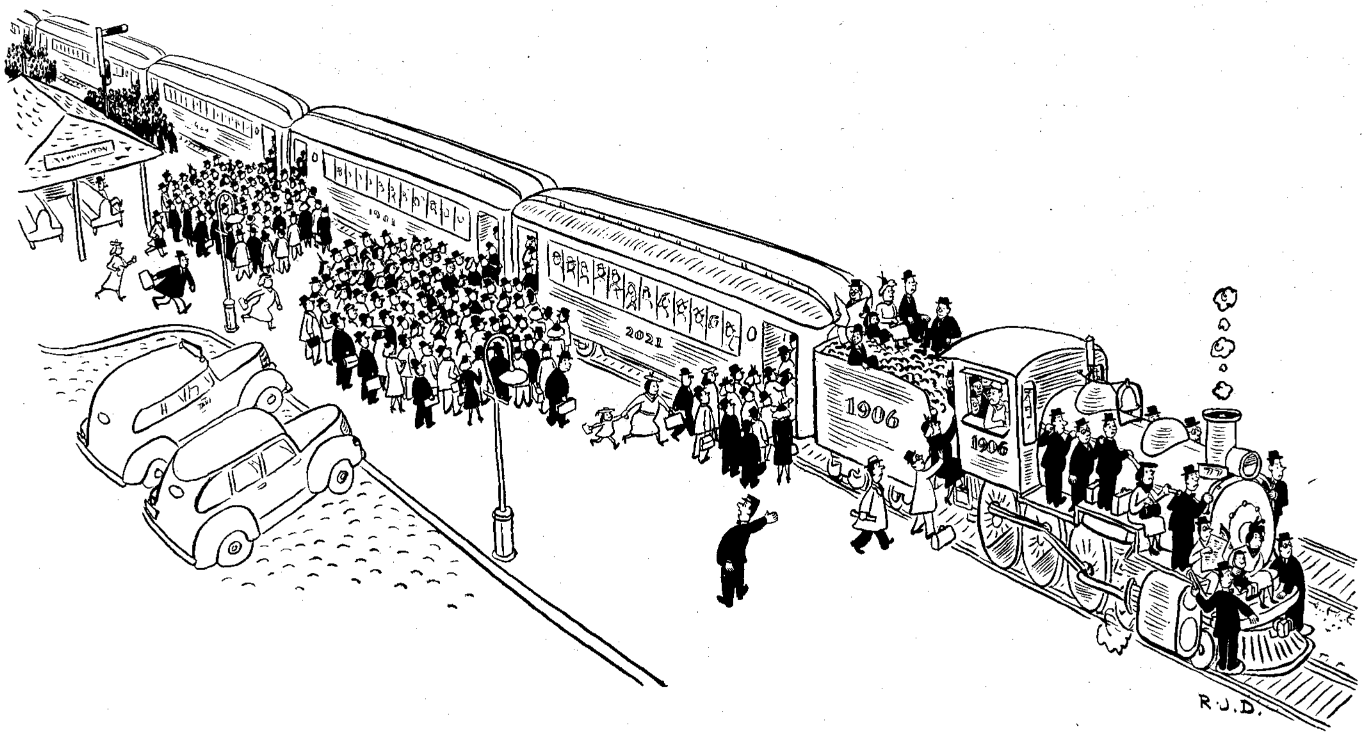
DROPPING in at the main Post Office to see how business was a week before the deadline for soldiers' Christmas presents, we found the staff in a light perspiration. The man who took us around, a Mr. Gillen, said that since September 15th they had handled some four million parcels with APO addresses and that the last-minute rush was sure to be something fierce. Many of the temporary helpers are high-school students, who are of no great help in a Christmas log jam. "We have spiral parcel chutes in the building, and the kids keep running up to the fifth floor and sliding down," Mr. Gillen told us wearily. The real worry at the Post Office, though, is improperly wrapped or addressed parcels. Improperly wrapped parcels are handled by the "reconstruction department," which has now been built up to fifty men working three overlapping shifts of twelve hours a day. Between them they do what they can for the day's intake of flimsy parcels, which averages about eight thousand.

If a package has merely softened up en route, it's just a matter of cutting off the address, rewrapping the contents in brown paper, and pasting the address on the new package. An experienced man can handle twenty such packages an hour. A really insoluble problem is the gummed address label of the "To —— From ——" type. Some people just don't use enough spit, the label drops off, and the anonymous package winds up six months later at a public auction. "There's going to be some mighty disappointed guys this Christmas," Gillen predicted. In general, the wrapping jobs done by the stores are good, Gillen told us. He had a word of special commendation for Schrafft's. "Can't *budge* their packages," he said. The Post Office gets a good many lunches in smashed shoeboxes, which would have been contraband anyhow under the rules for mailing food. Most of them are mailed by people with R.F.D. addresses and no sense of geography. Naïve addresses are not uncommon. We peeped over one postal man's shoulder and found that he was puzzling over a box of candy addressed to "Richard F——, Infantry, U. S. Army. Overseas." "By the time I go off work, I'm wondering just what goes on in people's heads," he muttered to us.

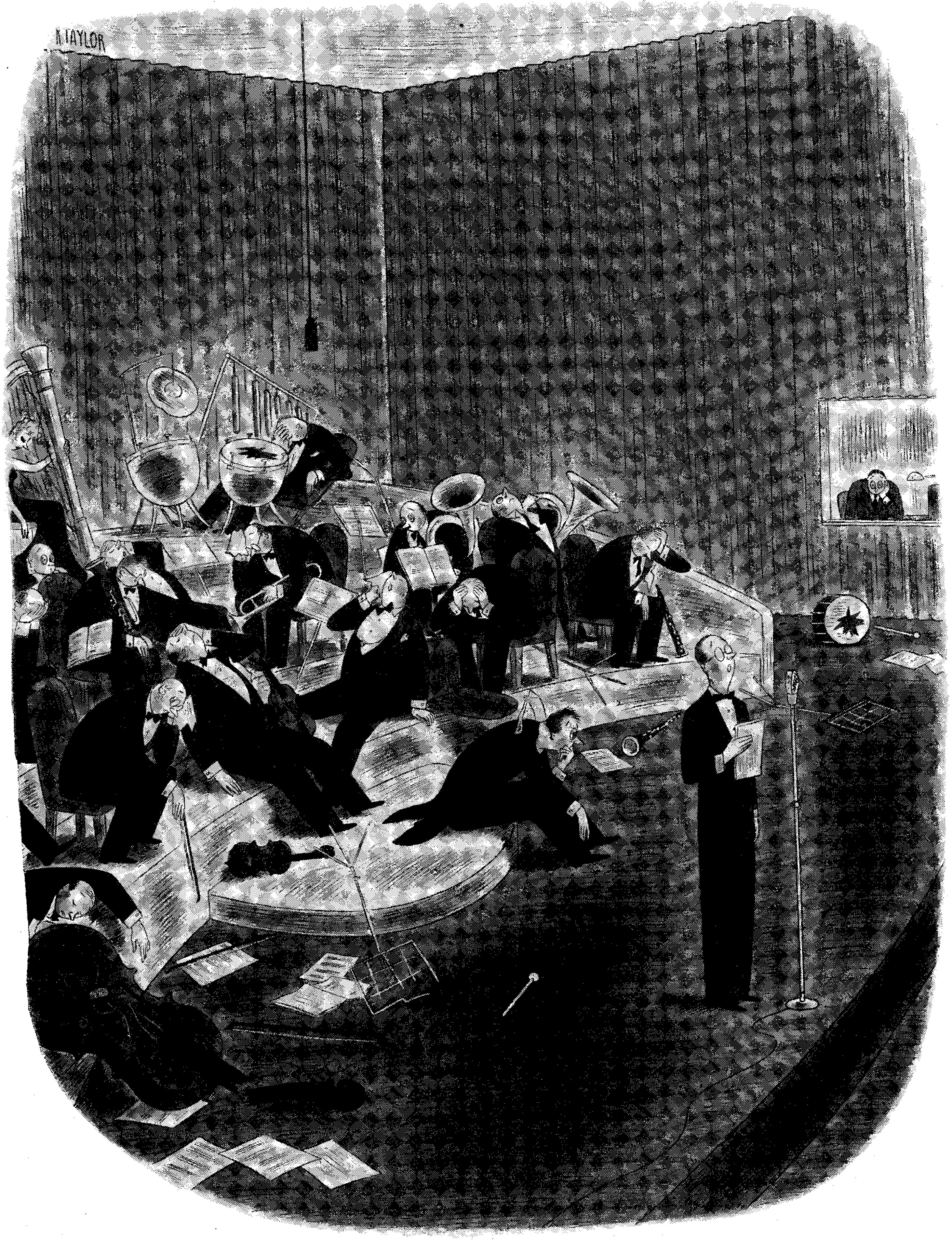
A good many packages simply disintegrate, and it's impossible ever to tell which article goes in which package, let alone where the packages were intended to go. The contents of such packages are piled in crates and are sold at auction unless they are claimed within six months by the senders. In one salvage crate, we saw chewing gum, a bologna sausage, soap, an electric shaver, tobacco and cigarettes, and bath powder. We remarked that it all resulted in rather a heady aroma, and one of the wrappers said we should of been there yesterday. "We had four fried chickens," he said. "From San Francisco." Judging by the smashed packages, there's a good deal of contraband going overseas—beer, wine, whiskey, and lighter fluid, all expressly banned. Most of the booze is spilled even before it gets to the post office. "We had a broken bottle of imported Scotch here yesterday," a wrapper told us. "I could of wept." That day's prize package, so to speak, was one which, when opened for rewrapping, was found to contain a wristwatch, a Colt .45, and a box of chocolate-covered cherries.

Chronometer

A LIEUTENANT who had just taken charge of the meteorology department at one of the Army Air Forces navigation schools noticed that his secretary's telephone rang every morning at approximately a quarter to twelve. She would glance at the wall clock, announce the time, and hang up. Finally he asked who was doing the calling. "I don't know," she said. "I never thought to ask. They just call up and ask the time, and I tell them." Being a tidy soul, the lieutenant instructed her to find out who was calling, and why. The next day, after interrogating the caller, the secretary told him that it was the post fire department. "They want the right time so they can sound the noon siren," she said. "Well, how do you know that our clock has the right time?" he asked. "I *don't*," she said. "Not now. I've been checking it by the noon siren."



"Plenty of room up front!"



"You have been listening to the world première of Glukovsky's 'Revolt of the Machine.' The first movement, which has just been played, opened with the deep rumbling of industrial insurrection, then burst into the wild frenzy of open rebellion. . . . Er—owing to certain mechanical difficulties beyond our control, the composition will not be continued at this time."

WALTER

ALTHOUGH he was only ı
when he passed away last w
my friend, everybody's fri
Walter T. Carriman may be said to
crowded into those comparatively
years a full life. Those who did
know Walter might be led to su
that in those words I may be imp
that they have missed being acqua
with a man of adventure, and I w
the outset to make clear that suc
not the case. I don't think any
his friends, would say that
Carriman was a swashbuckler
sense of the word. At the sam
when I use the term a "full l
speaking of my friend, it might
ferred that he had come to the e
lifetime of service. Such was not
either. It is rather difficult to
about Walter in the few lines t
Herald Tribune devoted to his ol
and so I have decided to unlim
own pen and without any atte
eulogy (which I do not think
would have liked anyway, since
a modest, almost retiring, man)
this means to tell merely what I, one of his friends, knew about Walter. In the space available here it will be possible for me to present only certain "highlights" of my own arbitrary choosing, and if others of his friends and family wish to elaborate upon or extend these words, they are, of course, at liberty to do so. In that connection I apologize at the outset in the event that I fail to include in this article any anecdotes or items in his dossier that others of Walter's friends might consider characteristic and/or important. If I may repeat myself so early in the article, this is only my picture of Walter.

WALTER CARRIMAN was born on April 30, 1903 (and not April 20, as the *Herald Tribune* had it), on a farm in Mercer County, New Jersey. His full name was Walter Thomas Carriman, he being named after an Uncle Walter on his father's side and an Uncle Thomas on his mother's side. The first Carriman, Walter's grandfather, came to this country from England in 1841 and settled in New York City, where he was employed as bookkeeper in a tallow factory, and at the time of his death, in 1885, he was head bookkeeper. Walter's father, Albert Carriman, was born in New York City, a fact which was a source of great pride to

gamation, Albert Carriman took an understandable pride in having known a good thing when he had seen it so early in his business career.

As a travelling man, Albert Carriman covered the territory consisting of the State of New Jersey north of Trenton, certain counties in eastern Pennsylvania, and New York State west of the Hudson River and south of Kingston. It was through these travels that he met the lady who was to become Mrs. Albert Carriman and, in time, the mother of my friend Walter Carriman. She was a Miss Anna Bond, of Easton, Pennsylvania, and through her Walter was able to trace his ancestry to one of the Hessian mercenaries who were defeated at the Battle of Trenton. At the time of Walter's birth his parents were living temporarily at the farm of an uncle and aunt of the former Miss Bond, Albert Carriman having severed his connection with the coffee-and-tea house. In the following year Carriman *père* accepted a position with Strawbridge & Clothier, the great Philadelphia department store, and it was to that city that Albert Carri-

Strawbridge & Clothier, would say, "That is what you get for buying at Lit Brothers. It never would have happened at Strawbridge's." It is safe to say that Mrs. Carriman left the purchasing of sporting equipment to the male members of her household thereafter, and I have a sneaking suspicion that Lit Brothers lost a customer even though the glove was exchanged.

Walter attended the excellent public schools of the City of Brotherly Love and was graduated in the first third of his class from West Philadelphia High School, with the class of 1922, he having only just turned nineteen before graduation. As a boy he had been fond of baseball (*vide* the anecdote of the glove), roller-skating, and other sports. He kept up his interest in the Philadelphia Athletics until within a few years of his untimely death. However, his active participation in sports did not continue through high-school days, owing to defective vision, which necessitated his wearing spectacles. He was a candidate for track at W. P. H. S., but the training rules proved irksome to a lad of Walter's spirit and he dropped the sport in freshman year. (The truth is that Walter took his first cigarette at the age of fourteen and from then on was a rather heavy smoker.) He took a keen interest in cycling and made countless trips on his wheel

to Camden, a distance of some miles from his home, where he would pass the day with friends. When he was no more than fifteen, he, in company with several fellow-members of a Fisk Bicycle Club, once rode on their bicycles as far as Norristown, Pennsylvania, which is quite a respectable distance from Philadelphia. This fondness for cycling was a cause for concern with his mother, who was alarmed lest the strenuous sport have its effect on her son's heart. Who shall say that the mother's alarm was not without its prophetic aspect? But of that more anon. Suffice it to say that Walter had a well-balanced attitude toward athletics, whether as baseball "fan" or as cyclist.

ON the intellectual side Walter was somewhere between the studious and the casual. In pre-high-school studies his favorites were geography and arithmetic. Of the more advanced subjects his favorites were algebra and botany, with perhaps civics running a very close third. Indeed, Walter's "discovery" of the latter subject was responsible for his oft-avowed intention of becoming a lawyer. He could not, however, overcome his distaste for public speaking, and as he could not call himself a fully equipped attorney without being able to plead his cases at the bar, he gave up his legal ambitions. Walter also considered the advantages and opportunities for helping one's fellow-man that are inherent in the practice of mechanical dentistry, but this too he abandoned when he calculated the expense to his parents, who, truth to tell, were unable to undertake any such expense.

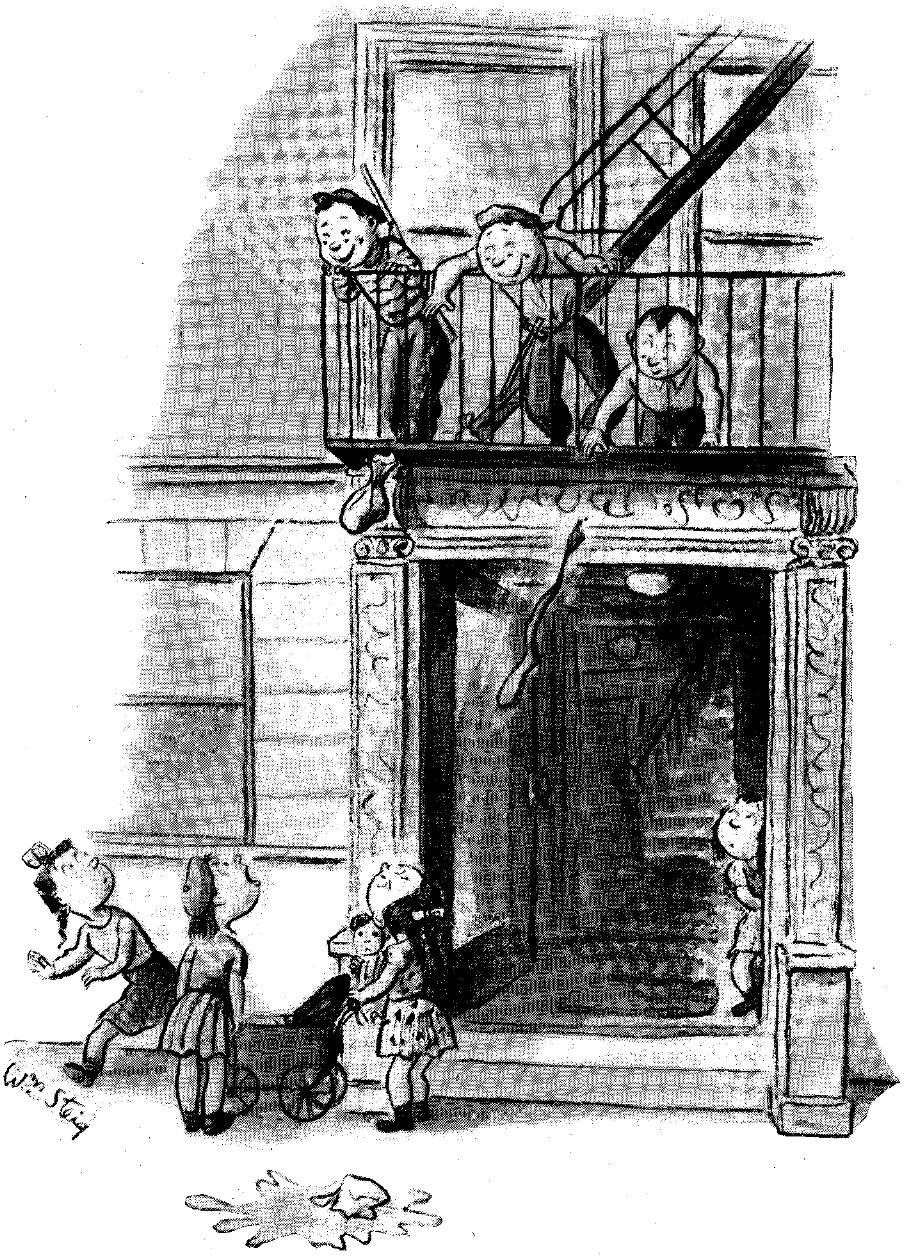
I think I may here interpose my own personal fund of information of Walter without offending the tenets of good taste. This I do because in the proper chronological order (or at least the conventional chronological order) it would be the moment to introduce the "romantic" element. I have no fear that Walter's relict will take offense at this passage in my writeup of her husband. Mrs. Walter Carriman is a woman of great character and she would be the very last to ask the exclusion of the fact (for fact it be) which I am about to disclose.

Some time after his honorable acceptance of his diploma from West Philadelphia High School, Walter attended a meeting of the Alumni Association, which was held at the Adelphia Hotel on Chestnut Street, in one of the ballrooms. Walter at the moment had just severed his connection with the vast Mastbaum enterprises, controllers of a great chain of theatres in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, and he was looking with a hopeful but at the same time disillusioned eye upon the "amusement capital;" namely, New York. As an usher at the Stanley Theatre on Market Street he had had ample opportunity to study the likes and dislikes of the patronage. Stanley Theatres had in their grasp a lightninglike intelligence, a fellow-feeling for the common man, an usher who was superior to the bribes and blandishments which come the usher's way—but, sad to relate, Walter eluded their grasp in one of those turnovers of personnel which the larger corporations seem to have established as good business practice. Walter had turned in his uniform (and surely the uniform was made for the man and vice versa) and only the caprice of the moment led him to accept the invitation to attend the Alumni meeting.

Walter took the trolley down to the Adelphia, presented his credentials as a paid-up member of the W. P. H. S. A. A., and rather to his surprise was greeted effusively by a Miss X, who was acting sergeant-at-arms for the meeting. Miss X, the only daughter of a highly respected official of the P. R. T. (Philadelphia Rapid Transit—Mitten Management), was an authentic classmate of Walter's, but in the period intervening between graduation and the alumni(ae) meeting the young lady had "blossomed forth." Walter hardly knew her—and I have his own word for this. The exuberance of her welcome overwhelmed him and the two classmates exchanged more than one reminiscence of the good old days. Walter employed his subtle charm, with the result that Miss X (who since has been happily married and the mother of several charming children) not only sat with him during the meeting proper but accepted his proffer of escort to her home on Pennypacker Street. So pleasant was this chance encounter that Miss X and Walter could be found at Roseland at least once a month thereafter. Miss X was a more than average dancer and Walter's subsequent pleasure in an occasional fox trot may be traced to this association. Luckily for all concerned, Miss X developed an attachment for a chap who was more her type, an automobile salesman from one of the great agencies on North Broad. Walter wished her well (so typical of him) and the parting was without recriminations.

ALTHOUGH I do not seem to have heard any comment on this rather important part of Walter's makeup, his versatility was to me one of his outstanding characteristics. Consider, if you will, the many-sidedness of Walter: his interest in baseball, roller-skating, bicycling, the professions, the art of dancing, the sciences, and the truly Old World manner in which he handled *l'affaire* X. Then in addition there was his extensive knowledge of the city of Philadelphia, which in area is one of the largest cities in the world. Further consider the adaptability of the man, as evidenced in the years preceding and following his happy marriage to the charming and understanding Miss Edith Hoe, of whom it so often and so truly has been said, "Still waters run deep." I shall touch upon his felicitous union with Miss Hoe in a subsequent paragraph. At the moment it is Walter's versatility and adaptability that I am moved to stress.

After forsaking the entertainment world, Walter identified himself with no less than eight widely differing enterprises. He sought and found employment with the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, whose proud boast it is that "In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads the *Bulletin*." Walter became one of the *Bulletin's* crack ad-takers, mastering in a short time the technique of accepting classified advertisements over the telephone, a post requiring infinite patience, a good ear, a cheery speaking voice, and a legible hand, the last, by the way, an accomplishment of Walter's which I seem to have overlooked in my "round-up" of the man's numerous good points. As visitors to his home are well aware, Walter was the proud possessor of a beautifully framed certificate attesting his mastery of the Palmer Method. In the *Bulletin* job Walter also exercised another of his accomplishments: he also was the master of the Pitman-Howard shorthand system, and for a time he wore the lapel button proclaiming him one of the P-H students. It goes without saying that Walter was a fine typist, making up in sheer accuracy a slight, hardly discernible lack of speed. Following his newspaper association, Walter was a food-checker at the fashionable Arcadia Restaurant, where many of the Main Line élite were wont to lunch and dine. His next job was as freight clerk on the Reading Railway, this interesting occupation including the mailing of arrival notices to firms and individuals who were expecting freight, often from the far corners of the country. One of the attractive features of this job was the awarding of passes to employees of certain standing, which were good on the Reading and on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, thus enabling Walter to make periodic trips to Atlantic City and to New York. Had Walter chosen to remain with the Reading for five years, he would have been awarded an annual pass, good on any railroad in the entire United States! But like his father before him, Walter had the knack of knowing a good thing when he saw it, and from the Reading he went into the service of the American Tobacco Company. In this post he served as a sort of good-will ambassador for the American Tobacco Company, his job consisting chiefly of giving away Lucky Strike cigarettes. American provided Walter with an automobile and he visited such great institutions of learning as Princeton University, Penn State, Bucknell, Muhlenberg, and many other colleges and universities. Walter next returned to the transportation field, serving briefly as a conductor on the street railways of Asbury Park, New Jersey, during the busy summer season. When he returned to Philadelphia in the fall of that year (1927), Walter announced that he was, as he put it, "tired of knocking around," and he had come



SMALL FRY

Bombing of Civilians

to the decision to settle down. Walter may have thought he was pulling the wool over our eyes, but we, his friends, could not help noticing that this decision happened to coincide with his now frequent references to a certain Miss Hoe, whom he had met in Asbury. This young lady, who was to play such an important part in the shaping of Walter T. Carriman's mature life, was engaged in caring for the two small children of a wealthy and socially prominent furniture manufacturer. Walter was not one to allow an inner turmoil to become public property, but one can imagine his sense of frustration, the turgid emotions of the emotional man who never loses control. He could not speak his mind or heart until he had the right so to do. Out of this grew the determination to find something and stick to it, and he became night clerk at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. The moment he was transferred to the day shift he was at last free to speak. He proposed and was accepted and the marriage took place at the home of the bride in Germantown. It was not a splashy, splurgy wedding, but a simple one, the beautiful double-ring ceremony being used, and the event was attended only by relatives and very close friends of the happy couple, who departed for Ocean Grove on a late-afternoon train. Upon their return they set up housekeeping in a cozy apartment in congenial West Philadelphia and for a time their life together was idyllic. Unfortunately Walter's employers saw fit to re-transfer him to the night shift and he stoutly refused to accept the change. He therefore cut himself off from the Benjamin Franklin just two weeks before the death of his father, who passed away quietly in his sleep, death being due to a coronary thrombosis. The young couple then moved into Walter's mother's apartment to relieve her loneliness. In due course Walter made an interesting connection as clerk at the ultra-exclusive Union League Club on South Broad Street. This opportunity to rub elbows with the powerful figures who, it may be said, really run Philadelphia was a source of inspiration to Walter, who, observing the great at such close quarters, became dissatisfied with his lot, for in their club these "tycoons" were relaxed, more or less like the rest of us, and this observation led Walter to conclude that what they could do, he could do. Accordingly he bided his time and at the right moment he resigned his position at the Union League and threw in his lot with the Prudential Insurance Company of America. Walter had found himself.

He remained with the Prudential until his last illness, an association of mutual advantage to Prudential and to our friend. Walter was a man who inspired trust and likewise he was of a quietly persuasive nature, a combination which had telling effect upon prospective investors in that safest of all investments (second only, of course, to War Bonds). He rose from collector to adjuster, through various other phases, until at his death he was said to be slated for assistant branch manager in one of Prudential's nearby agencies.

The years of progress with the well-loved company took Walter away from Philadelphia, scene of so many sad and happy moments in his life, back to the state of his birth, New Jersey, when he took a desk in the home office in Newark. Tragedy struck the Carriman home with the passing at a tender age of their only child, Irma, who went away when she was but two weeks old. But this, if anything, only brought the grief-stricken parents closer together. They lived quietly, Walter being engrossed in the work of providing protection for others

VARIATION ON A POPULAR THEME

"Don't sit under the apple tree
with anyone else but me,
anyone else but me. . . .
Don't you go strolling down Lover's Lane
with anyone else but me
Till I come marching home!"

I went strolling down Lover's Lane
with the girl next door to me;
we laughed and kissed each other's mouths
beneath the apple tree.

The worm eats outward from the core
and twists its way around. . . .
We strolled down Lover's Lane once more
and lay upon the ground,

close to the earth, and wrapped our arms
close, and marvelled why
the green-leaved apple boughs bent down
and hid us from the sky.

OH, don't sit under the apple tree,
the fruit is tunnelled hollow,
and don't you go strolling down Lover's Lane,
for who knows what may follow?

The girl next door, she never wrote
to say she moved away.
I sit across the curly sea,
a million miles away.

Now worms and consequence pursue
and bitterly abide
beneath the shiny apple skin,
beyond the buggy ride.

SO . . .
Don't sit under the apple tree,
its boughs turn bare and black;
AND . . .
don't you go strolling down Lover's Lane,
lest you stumble, lonely, back.

—Edward Fenton

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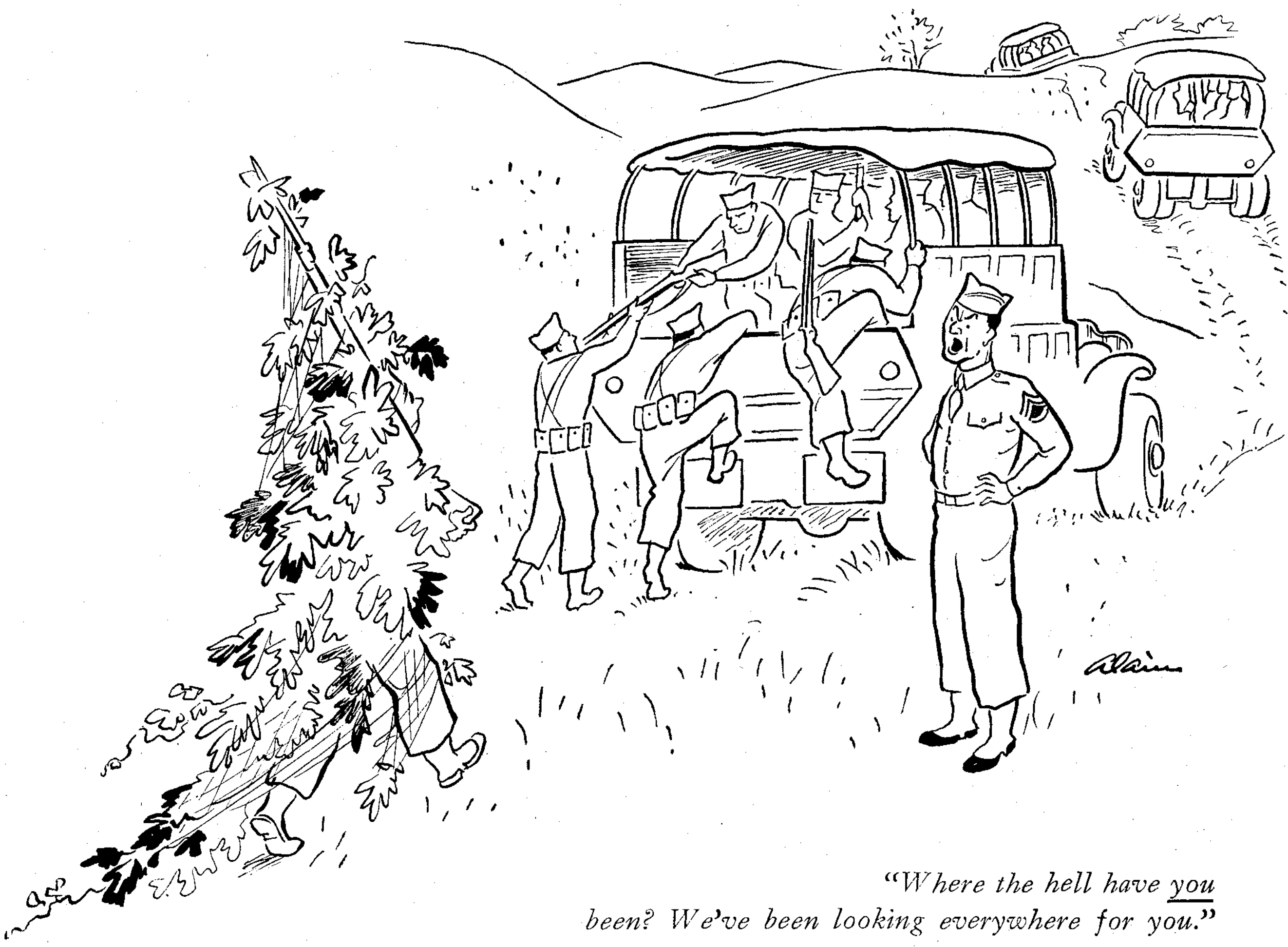

"*Where the hell have* you *been? We've been looking everywhere for you.*"

• •

bereaved. The Carrimans entertained on very rare occasions, preferring each other's company for the most part. Walter, who had a sly sense of humor, was a great admirer of Amos 'n' Andy until they went off the air, and his understanding of the "little fellow" made him a fascinated listener to the Major Bowes programs, and at his desk he often would give vent to a quiet chuckle as he recalled some wise and witty remark he had heard the night before while listening to Fibber McGee and Molly. He seldom missed a picture starring Gary Cooper, with whom, to be sure, he shared many attributes. He had no special preference among the ladies of the cinema unless it be the late Marie Dressler. He did also remark last year that he wondered what ever became of Polly Moran.

WALTER cast his ballot for Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932, proving that, lifelong Republican though he was, he recognized the need of a change. But Mr. Roosevelt failed to come up to Walter's rigid standards in subsequent years, and Walter became one of F. D. R.'s most outspoken critics. Walter was tolerant of all forms of religion, a fact to which his neighborly attitude toward Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Finkle and Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Lannigan bears testimony. The Finkles and the Lannigans were among the first to offer their sympathy when their neighbor passed away.

Walter had put on some weight in Newark, being tied to his desk and now and then complaining that he never got any exercise. For a man who had been so energetic in his youth, what with his interest in bicycling and other strenuous pastimes, the change to the sedentary life must have been too much for even that stout heart. If he had had any warning of an early demise, you may be sure that he kept it his own secret, for it was not his way to inflict his personal troubles on others. Save for an occasional cold and a painful attack of carbuncles when he was in his early thirties, Walter always seemed to enjoy good health. And yet perhaps the dark view his worried mother took of his bicycling may have been a kind of premonition. Perhaps in some way that most vital of all organs had sustained some hidden damage. Who is to say? At any rate, Walter came home that dreadful night last week. After dinner he complained of indigestion and announced to his wife that he would retire early. He prepared for bed. Mrs. Carriman, noticing that his distress continued, insisted upon telephoning the family physician, waving aside Walter's protests. When she returned to the bedroom after telephoning, Walter was unconscious, and by the time the doctor arrived Walter had yielded up his spirit.

Thanks to his foresight and the lessons he learned with Prudential, Walter left Mrs. Carriman comfortably fixed, although it seems probable that she will accept employment to fill the void that Walter's passing has left.

IN preparing this article I have been giving more than passing thought to the composition of a suitable epitaph for my friend. I jotted down quite a few, but the one which I like best, which in its simplicity seems to suit Walter the best, is this: Walter T. Carriman, A Real American. —JOHN O'HARA

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They left last evening for a wedding trip to Mexico City and Guadalcanal and on their return will reside at 915 Acacia Avenue.—*Whittier (Calif.) News.*

They sound flustered.

JUST SOME LITTLE THING

"NICE evening, ain't it?" called my neighbor, Mrs. Allerdyce, through the cool, September twilight. "Come on up and sit down a while."

I went up on the little porch and sat down on the railing because the boarders had all the chairs. They were great boys for just sitting around.

"You're quite a stranger," Mrs. Allerdyce said. "I hear your wife's having a baby."

"Not that I know of," I said. "What makes you think so?"

"Somebody must have told me," she said. "I don't know. This fella McNutly down at the fish dock, maybe."

"His name is McNulty, dear," I said. "I think he's mistaken, but I'll find out and let you know."

"Well, it's what I heard," she said. "You know all this bunch?"

I knew the boarders all right and the kind of lives they led with their demon landlady. She insulted them and overcharged them and threw them out when she got sick of them, but they'd got the idea that she was a picturesque old character, a wonderful, rather obscene joke that they'd made up all by themselves, and so they put up with her. They liked to think they had some extra perception when it came to humor, and it was probably just as well. They were quite a bunch and there weren't many other places on the Island they could go. At the moment Mrs. Allerdyce was in very good form.

"You know Mr. Desmond?" she said, pointing her toe derisively at a thin, brown young man with chemical hair. "He's a new one."

Mr. Desmond wasn't such a very new one. I'd seen him several times that week, squealing and splashing in the gentle surf. He wore a gold bracelet on his ankle and white trunks, fastened with a big gold safety pin around his waist. Like all the rest of them, he had a lovely, even tan and he put in a good deal of hard work on it. In a way, he was already something of a celebrity along the beach.

"Hello," I said.

He was charmed to meet me.

"You know what I do?" said Mrs. Allerdyce. "I take the screens out of his window so's he can *fly* in and out."

"Well, *really*," said Mr. Desmond, bridling.

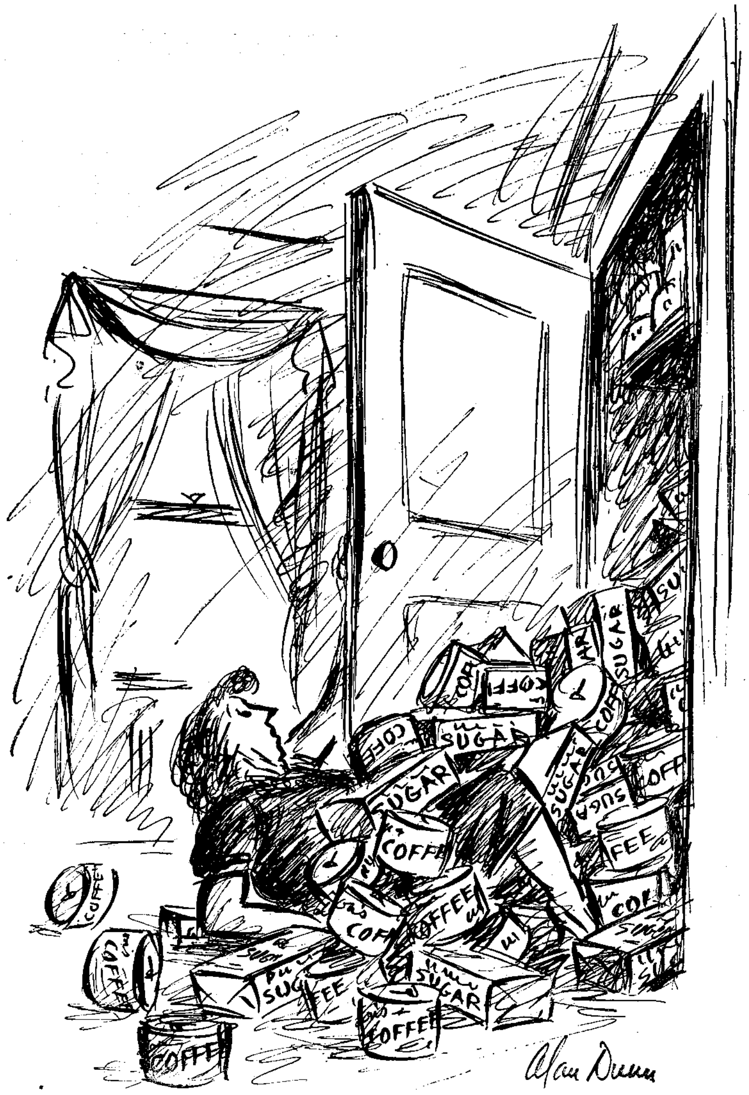
"I hope I'm not bigotive," said Mrs. Allerdyce, "but going swimming in them diapers."

"*Really*," he repeated, scarcely able to conceal his delight, and the other boarders giggled, too.

"Oh, go to bed," said Mrs. Allerdyce irritably. "Fly right up and go to bed. The bunch of you. Did I ever tell you the time one of them cut my hair?" she asked me.

"No."

"He was in the hairdressing business with some department store," she said.



" 'Goodness, Mae,' he says to me, 'your hair is a perfect shame and a disgrace. I got to cut it for you. You put me in mind of Moogly.' "

"Who?"

"Mowgli," explained Mr. Desmond. "In the Rudyard Kipling Jungle Books."

"All right, Doll Baby," said Mrs. Allerdyce. "So this fella, Charlie his name is, gets me wrapped up in a big sheet and he starts in. I'm just the type for one of them cute Dutch Boy cuts, he says, or anyway I got nothing particular to *lose* by it. Well, he's got the one side all off short and he's working on the back when this other one comes out—a good-looking fella, young—and starts right in making cracks. 'Really, Charles,' he says, coming over where he can see good, 'don't you think you oughta stick to sheep?' Charlie don't say nothing and the young one sits down on the railing where you are and lights a cigarette. 'Whyn't you cut it *all* off, Charles?' he says after a while. 'So's she can go be a nun.' "

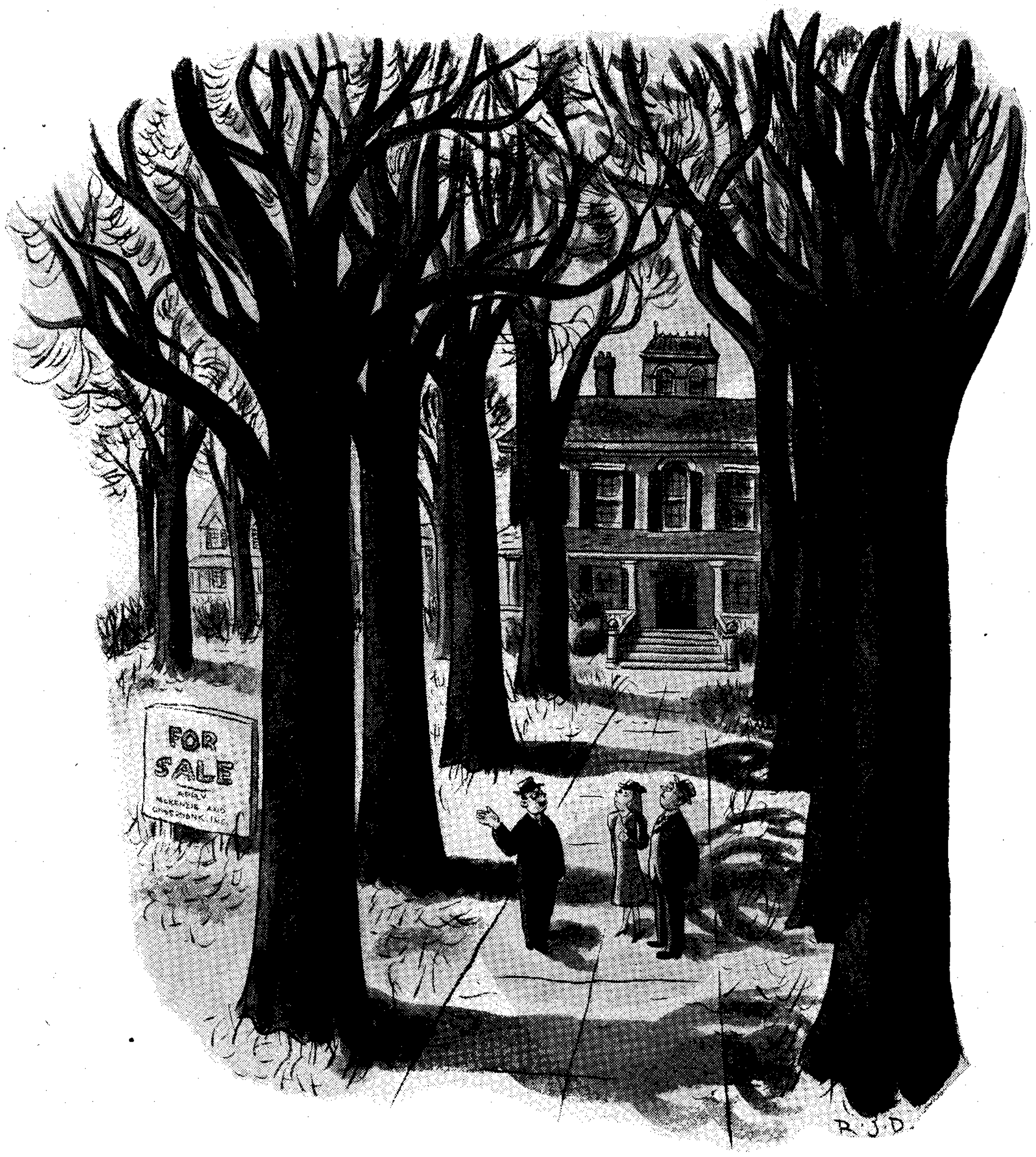
Mrs. Allerdyce was an able mimic and Mr. Desmond looked at her admiringly.

"Isn't she an old *scamp?*" he said to me.

"I get a lot of chances to practice around here," said Mrs. Allerdyce, smiling like a shark. "Well, he keeps it up like that, but Charlie still don't answer him back. He keeps on cutting my hair but he's clearing at his throat all the time and I know he's sore. Finally, I don't know what happened. It seems they both been to some party the night before and something has happened. You know how they are. Just some little thing."

She was talking to me, but I could see they were all listening. They looked pleased and excited. It was a very sophisticated conversation, and it was about them.

"Whatever it was," said Mrs. Allerdyce, "the young one keeps bringing it up. 'You oughtn't to sulk, Charles,' he says. 'It looks so stupid with that big, sad face. Mercy, I told Dick, I think



". . . and another great advantage—these lovely old elms would always make excellent firewood."

Charles is finally turning into a cow.' I had to laugh because that's what he does look like, a big, sad cow. 'So that's what you were telling Dick,' says Charlie. 'What *else* did you tell him, I wonder.' 'Wouldn't you like to know, dearie?' says the other one, the way they get when they want to be sarcastic—you know, really imitating a woman. 'I'm sure I don't give a good God damn,' says Charlie, but the young one just laughs at him. 'Temper, temper,' he says. He gets up and throws away his cigarette. 'I guess you might as well get used to it, Charles,' he says. 'You got used to it plenty of times before, didn't you?' Well, that done it all right. 'Oh, you *dirty* bitch,' says Charlie. 'Oh, you dirty, lousy bitch.' I see he's crying kind of, and then suddenly, so help me God, he goes after the young one with the shears."

Mrs. Allerdyce paused and savored her climax.

"Gee, was I scared for a minute," she said. "You could have heard me holler way up at the lighthouse. But of course, with them it don't amount to nothing much. By the time Mr. Allerdyce gets here, it's all over. The young one has got a little cut on his hand where he tried to grab the shears and Charlie is trying to wipe it off for him with a handkerchief. He's crying and the other one keeps pushing him away. Mr. Allerdyce takes one look at them and busts out laughing. 'All right, girls,' he says. 'Break it up. Go to your rooms.' Then he sees me and he has to sit down, he gets laughing so hard. I get up and look in the mirror and, boy, am I something! Half with this Dutch Boy cut and the other half all down my neck, like it was. 'Mae Allerdyce, the half-man half-woman,' I tell my husband. The worst of it is, when I go up to get Charlie so's he can cut the rest of it, he ain't there. He's left his rent money in an envelope on the bureau and he's gone. Naturally he takes his shears with him and I go around this way for a week before Mr. Allerdyce can't stand it no more and evens it up some for me with a nail scissors. Even then it looks fierce. Boy, would I ever have liked to get my hands on that Charlie!"

"He never came back?" I asked. "What became of him?"

"God, I don't know," Mrs. Allerdyce said indifferently. "What becomes of any of 'em? Maybe Doll Baby here would know. He was a friend of his."

"Gracious," said Mr. Desmond, his gentian eyes far out to sea, "I've barely laid eyes on the old horror."

He knew all right, though, and so did the rest of the boarders. It was another of the little secrets they had together—another of the shameful, delicious, terribly dangerous little secrets they had together and sometimes found so hard to keep. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Los Angeles Daily News*]

CAMP FANNIN, Texas, Sept. 7.—(U. P.)—Pvt. James Henry dressed in his fatigue uniform and went about his business.

The first private he passed snapped him a salute. Private Henry thought that was odd, but he returned the salute.

After about 10 privates did the same thing, Pvt. Henry became suspicious.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

BUSY MORNING

WE moved into the new regimental Command Post at eight o'clock in the morning. A command post, better known as a C.P., is a field headquarters. I was a member of the regimental reconnaissance platoon attached to the headquarters. We were thirty miles out of Messina in Sicily, working our way slowly along the north coast toward the Italian mainland. Usually the regimental C.P. is several miles back of the lines, but the colonel commanding this regiment believed in getting as close to the front as he could without actually outstripping his infantry. Right then the C.P. was only a mile and a half from the enemy, or was believed to be only that far. There was still some uncertainty about just where the front was. The C.P. was hidden in a fairly dense grove of trees between a road and the sea. The trees were no protection against anything serious, but they were good concealment. On the other side of the road was a series of ridges running at right angles to it, and the gullies between the ridges offered cover. It was about two hundred yards from the C.P. to these gullies.

The C.P. area had been an enemy motor park and it was full of abandoned Italian trucks with their tires removed. There were also a few damaged motorcycles. It didn't look as though the area had been used for troops, because there were no foxholes. The Germans and Italians always dug foxholes, even when they knew they were stopping for only a short time. The Germans dug good foxholes, and they came in handy when we took over, but the Italian foxholes were works of art. You could put an army into an Italian foxhole dug for one man. All they lacked was running water. You had to be careful getting into them, however. Often the Italians would booby-trap the holes before they left. I reached the area in a jeep driven by Lieutenant Samuel, the officer in charge of the reconnaissance platoon. Samuel was an easygoing young man from Colorado who was in real estate before the war. He drove our jeep skillfully down a steep embankment, through a bramblebush, and into the shade of a large elm tree in the grove. All around us trucks and other jeeps were being parked. A captain was walking around yelling, "Fifty feet between vehicles! Fifty feet between vehicles!" Samuel got out of our jeep. He had to see the regimental intelligence officer to get his assignment, he said. He walked off between the trees and I leaned back in my seat and took it easy. The day promised to be hot and muggy.

The parking area gradually filled up. As soon as the drivers had parked their vehicles, they started camouflaging them with the special camouflage nets they carried with them in their machines. Over in one corner of the area, at the edge of the grove, was a medical tent with a large red cross on it. Back of our jeep was a supply truck from which a mess sergeant was unloading boxes of rations and five-gallon cans of water. Everybody was working. The scene might just have been maneuvers in Louisiana or North Carolina.

After a while Samuel returned with one of his men, a private named Keith. "Keith and I are going up front," Samuel said. "Just the two of us." He told Keith to take the jeep away, fill it with gas, and meet him up on the road. The Lieutenant and I walked up there to wait for the jeep, and he explained the situation. It seemed that the enemy was directly ahead and close, but no one knew how close or in how much strength. The road crossed a dry river bed about two miles ahead and the colonel thought that perhaps the enemy had withdrawn across it. One company of the regiment was already advancing across the ridges on the river. That was Z Company. Two more were on their way up from behind the C.P. Samuel's job was to set up an observation post overlooking the river and see what he could see. As we reached the road, we saw another company—X Company—coming up from the rear. The men were strung out on both sides of the road at five-yard intervals. A tall, handsome lieutenant was leading them. Samuel waved to him. "Where are you headed, Johnny?" Samuel called.

"Where do you think we're headed?" Johnny said. He didn't stop walking, but he turned his head as he passed so that he could keep talking to Samuel. He looked a little like Gary Cooper, only younger, and very healthy. He had two rifles slung over one shoulder and I noticed that the soldier walking behind him didn't have any.

"I hear there's trouble up front," Samuel said.

"That's no skin off me," Johnny said. "I got orders."

"You shouldn't go up there without a reconnaissance," Samuel said. "Whose orders are they?"

"How should I know?" Johnny said. "All I know is that I got orders." He laughed and waved his hand. "See you later, Sam," he said.

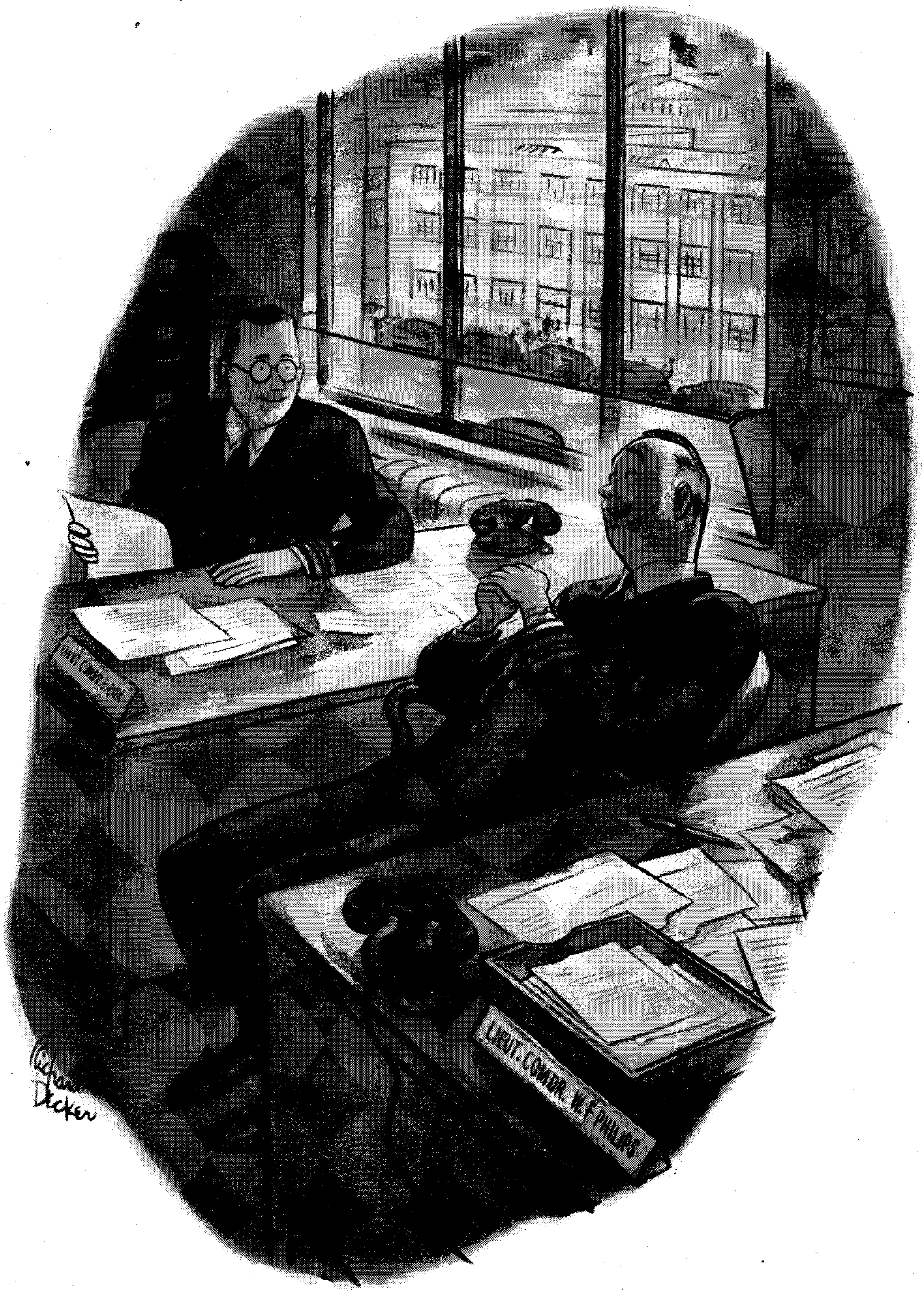
"See you later," Samuel said, and, turning back to me, he added, "Johnny's a good boy. We went to OCS together." He shook his head and said, "But he shouldn't go up there without a reconnaissance."

A little later, Keith drove up with the jeep. Samuel climbed in and they drove off. The company was still coming down the road, marching slowly, with the heavy, pushing step of men who are dead tired. The regiment had been in the line for a week now and most of that time had been spent hiking over the sheer, Sicilian mountains, carrying rifles and machine guns and mortars, chasing the enemy and never quite catching him. That had been the whole pattern of the war along this north coast: the Germans retreating, blowing up bridges, laying mines, blasting the road with artillery as they retreated, rarely making a stand unless they were sure of taking a heavy toll before they retreated again. They had made a stand two days before on top of a mountain, and this company marching down the road had climbed the mountain and taken it. First, though, these men had lain at the foot of the mountain for twelve hours while the Germans tried to blow them out with cannon. The company had had just six hours' sleep since then, and you could see it on the soldiers' faces and in the way they walked.

AFTER X Company was out of sight, I went back to my reconnaissance platoon, which was waiting for orders. There wasn't anything to do, so I decided to shave. I hadn't had a chance to shave for three days and some general had issued orders that we were to shave every two days. My musette bag was in one of the other jeeps and I went to get it. Sitting in the jeep, reading a two-month-old copy of *PM*, was the platoon sergeant, a New York boy named Vrana. He was a commercial artist who had joined the Regular Army five years ago because he thought the war was imminent and he wanted to get into it. He was a Czechoslovakian who had come to the United States when he was very young and he still spoke with a faint accent. I got my shaving stuff and propped the mirror up on the hood of the jeep. Then I filled my helmet from a can of water from the back of the jeep. I was just preparing to lather my face when there was a whining noise overhead. I put down my brush, Vrana put down his paper, and we both listened. There was a faint crash that sounded as if it were a mile back of us. "Now I wonder what *that* was," Vrana said. We knew what it was. It was an enemy artillery shell that had overshot us. But maybe if we were skeptical, it would go away. Then there was another whine, and the next crash sounded closer. "He's shortening the range," Vrana said. I rinsed off the brush, dried it carefully, and put it back in my bag. I emptied my helmet and put it on. There was another whine far off, but closer, and we both hit the ground as a shell crashed a hundred yards down the road. "This is not for me," Vrana said. He was reading his newspaper on the ground, half under the jeep.

All around the area, men were picking themselves up and looking at each other. Work had stopped. We were all waiting for the next one. It came. It started with the whine and grew into the sudden rush of air that meant it was very near. I was on my face when it hit, fifty yards away. I could see the dust rising at the back of the C.P., where it hit. "The gullies for us," Vrana said. We started for the nearest gully, two hundred yards away, at a slow trot. Everyone else seemed to be heading in the same direction. Then there was another whine, and still another, the low whistle rising until it became the violent, sucked-in whine that meant it was coming very close, and we were flat on the ground, trying to crawl right inside. "They got it," said Vrana. He meant the range. We stood up and started to run. Everybody was running. There was the whine again and I dove as though off a diving board and belly-flopped on the ground. The dirt was dry and gritty in my mouth. The whine grew louder and louder, coming straight at me, and I opened my mouth against it. There was a crash like the sky falling in, and the ground heaved and something whistled viciously over my head, and then dirt was dropping quietly around, like rain.

There was another whine, and another, and another. They came like death. There was nothing to do but press into the ground and wait. Three more came, one after the other. I put my face in the dirt and tried to dig deeper with my knees. There were three more. It was like trying to hold on to the rail of a ship in a storm, only there was nothing to hang on to, nothing. I thought of a leather handbag my wife and I had once seen in the window of John-Fredericks in New York. It was the most beautiful bag we had ever seen, simple and wonderfully worked, but it was too expensive, and I thought now, the shells falling like the end of the world: We should have bought the bag, we should have bought the bag. Another three came. It must have been a whole battery firing at us. Through the noise I could hear someone shouting, "Med-



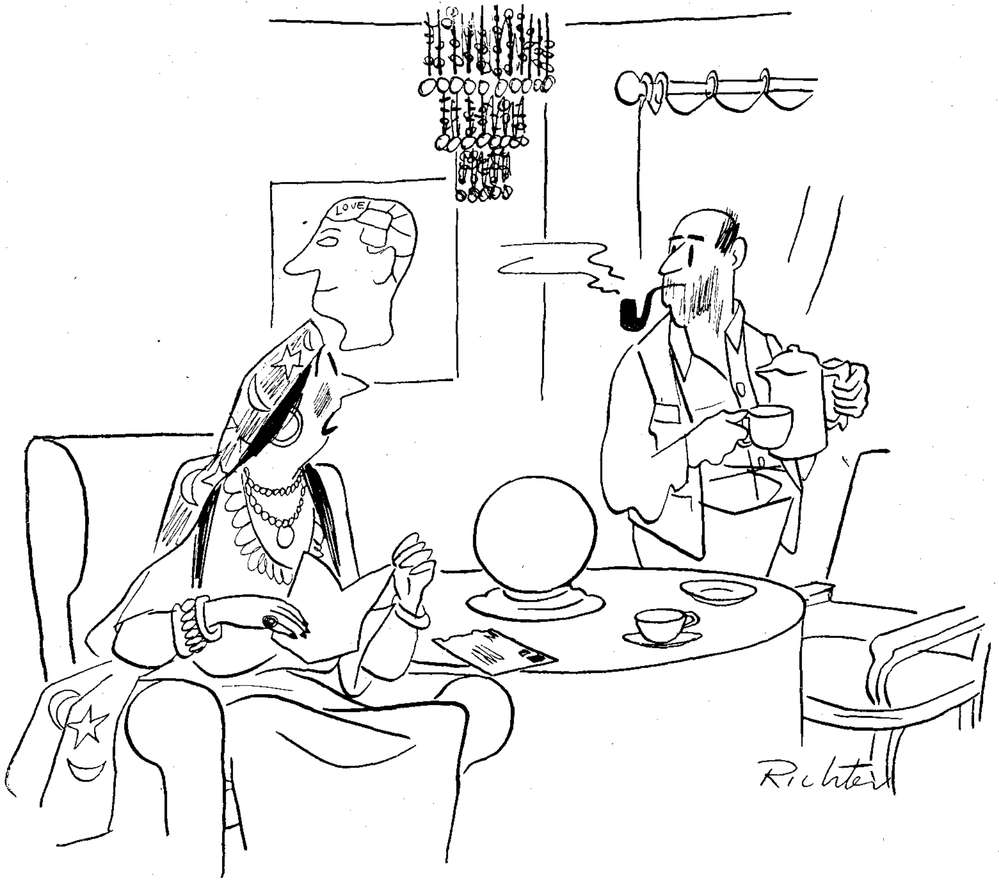
"You know, life at sea must be quite interesting—the boundless expanse of ocean, the sting of the salt spray in your face, the feeling of a powerful ship beneath your feet."

• •

ics! Medics!" There was a pause and I got to my feet and ran for the gully again, my breath coming short and painful. I didn't know where Vrana was. Out of the corner of one eye I could see another soldier running beside me, but I didn't know who he was. Everybody was running for the gully. It was the longest two hundred yards I have ever covered. I finally reached the road and started across it. There was a captain on the road, directing everyone into the gullies. It was the same captain who had ordered the jeeps fifty feet apart, but now he was wearing only one legging. I wondered what had happened to the other legging. The other soldier was ahead of me now. I followed him up a bank and down a little path. I thought I was going fast, but he was really travelling. Then we were in the gully, the protecting walls of the ridges rising on either side, and the soldier slowed up. "Son of a bitch," I heard him say, and then I saw the two stars on his collar. My God, I said to myself, it's a general.

I followed the general along the gully until I came upon Vrana, sitting with his back against one side of it. I sat down next to him. He was reading his newspaper. The gully was full of men from the C.P., most of them sitting or lying on the ground, waiting out the barrage. The shells were still coming and we could hear them whistle over our heads and crash in the C.P. area. They were coming about one every thirty seconds. A lot of the men were still breathing hard from the run; the rest were just sitting and talking. Next to me was a lieutenant with artillery insignia on his collar. He looked disgusted, and explained that he was supposed to be back with his battery and had just come up to headquarters on a liaison mission when the shelling began. "They're going to wonder what happened to me," he said gloomily. "They're going to think I went over to the goddam infantry." The men around him didn't take too kindly to this and began asking him where was this artillery support they had been hearing so much about. "Don't worry," the lieutenant said. "Don't worry."

"Who's worrying?" said a small, grimy private. "Am I worrying? Do I look like I'm worrying?" His face was smeared with dirt, which he had probably picked up when he hit the ground. "I'm not the worrying type," he went on. "I'm just curious. I'm the curious type. I just want to know when the hell I'm getting out of this hole."



"Why, Aunt Emma _is_ *coming! Sometimes I think I must be psychic!"*

Another shell whined overhead and crashed in the C.P. "They must have beautiful observation," the artillery lieutenant said, with professional admiration.

"Please!" the small private said. "How about *our* beautiful observation?"

There was a loud boom to our rear and everyone jumped. The artillery lieutenant just leaned back and smiled.

"Well, it's about time," the private said.

There was another boom and then a whole salvo. It was a highly reassuring sound. Our own artillery was firing back. Our observers must have spotted a target, because the guns let off two more salvos. We could hear the shells crackle overhead, going the other way. The enemy guns had stopped firing and after the third salvo our guns stopped too. For a moment all was peace and quiet. Then there was another whine and a shell burst in the C.P. This was immediately answered by another salvo from our guns. "Battery salvo," the artillery lieutenant said. "They must have spotted something." There was no answer from the enemy guns, and very gradually everyone relaxed.

When five minutes had gone by without any enemy fire, some of the men began climbing back to the road. The artillery lieutenant stood up and sighed. "Hope they didn't hit my jeep," he said. "I got five bottles of wine in it."

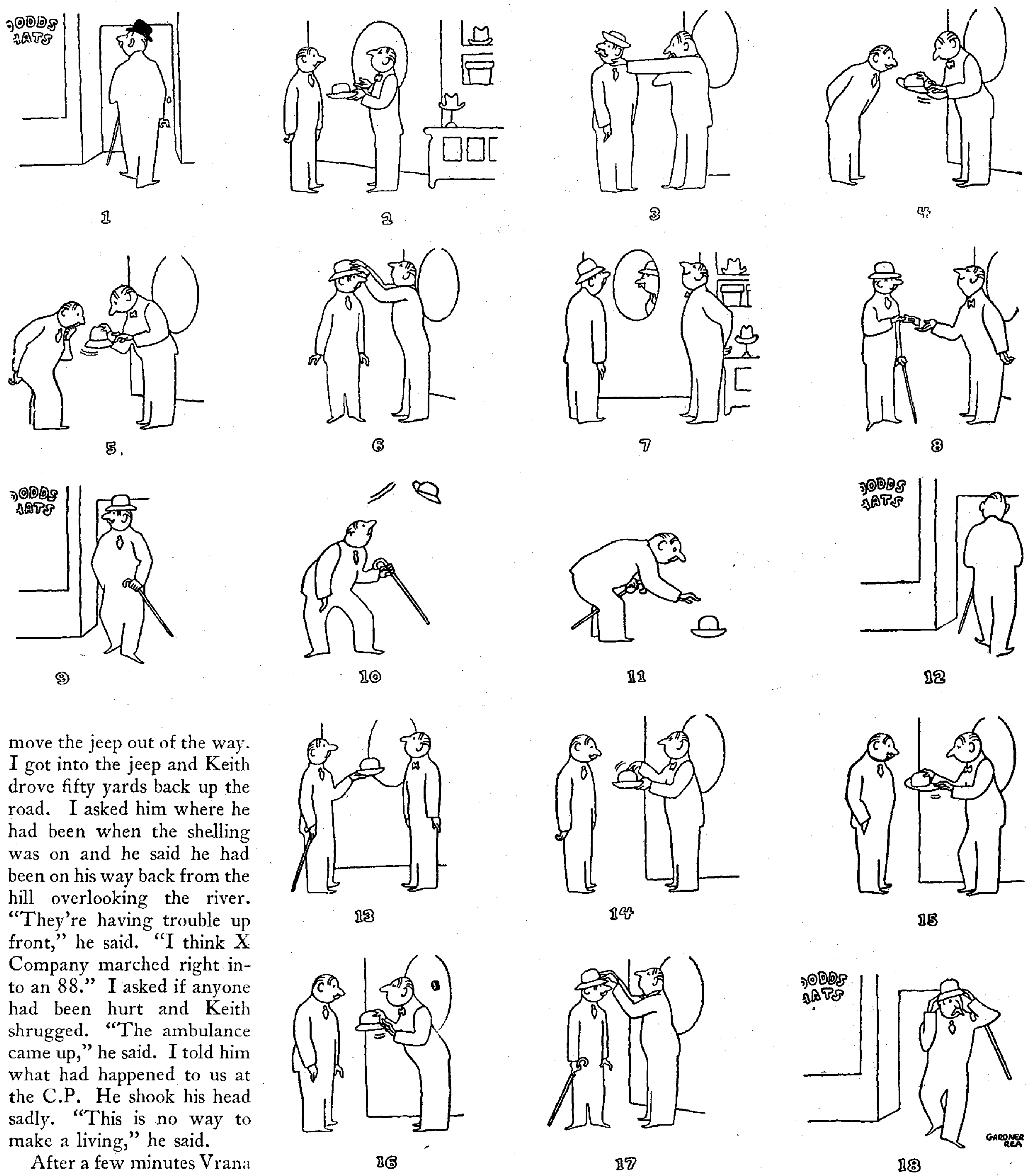
He moved off and Vrana and I stood up to follow him. "Might as well go back," Vrana said. We started toward the road. "Heigh ho, heigh ho," Vrana said. "Now off to work we go." He was still carrying his newspaper. "I wish they'd give me time to finish this damned thing," he said.

WHEN Vrana and I got back to the road we found Keith in Lieutenant Samuel's jeep, parked at the entrance to the C.P. "Where the hell have you been?" he asked Vrana.

"I've been getting my nails done," Vrana said. "Where the hell do you think I've been?"

"Well, the Lieutenant wants two more men up there," Keith said. "We've got an O.P. on top of a hill and he wants another observer and someone to work a radio." Vrana told me to go as the observer. "I'll get Verele for the radio," Vrana said, and walked back into the C.P.

The men were still streaming out from the gullies and the captain with only one legging came over and told Keith to



move the jeep out of the way. I got into the jeep and Keith drove fifty yards back up the road. I asked him where he had been when the shelling was on and he said he had been on his way back from the hill overlooking the river. "They're having trouble up front," he said. "I think X Company marched right into an 88." I asked if anyone had been hurt and Keith shrugged. "The ambulance came up," he said. I told him what had happened to us at the C.P. He shook his head sadly. "This is no way to make a living," he said.

After a few minutes Vrana came down the road with Sergeant Verele, a quiet, slow-talking farmer from Illinois. Verele was carrying a hand radio set, the kind that has a collapsible aerial. I asked Vrana if much damage had been done to the C.P. "They hit the medic's tent," he said. "Was anyone there?" Keith asked. Vrana nodded. None of us said anything. We all knew that the C.P. was a legitimate military objective and that you couldn't call your shots on the nose at seven miles, but it wasn't right for the medic's tent to be hit. "A couple of other guys were hit by shrapnel," Vrana said. He mentioned their names. There was nothing else to say, so Keith started the jeep's motor and Verele climbed into the back. "Your call is Item Roger One," Vrana said to Verele. "I'll be Item Roger."

"Check," Verele said.

Vrana stepped back and Keith turned the jeep around carefully, trying to keep off the dirt shoulder of the road in case it had been mined. He moved past the C.P. in second and then whipped into high. The jeep jumped forward and Keith pushed the accelerator to the floor. "Excuse the speed!" he yelled to me above the noise. "I think they got the road under observation."

We swept along the road. I held on

grimly. The road was full of curves, and Keith slowed down before each curve and then gunned the car as soon as he was around it. The idea was to cover the straightaways as fast as possible, before anyone could draw a bead on you. I crouched in my seat, trying to stick with the car and make myself as inconspicuous as possible. After a few minutes we sped past a lot of infantrymen, seated on the bank of the road. Some of them waved at us. Ahead of us the road ran down almost to the sea and then there was a long straightaway with what looked like a very sharp curve at the end of it. We came into this stretch, and some soldiers seated by the road yelled as we went past. "What did they say?" Keith shouted. I hadn't understood either, but Verele leaned forward and shouted, "They said there's an 88 trained on that curve up there!"

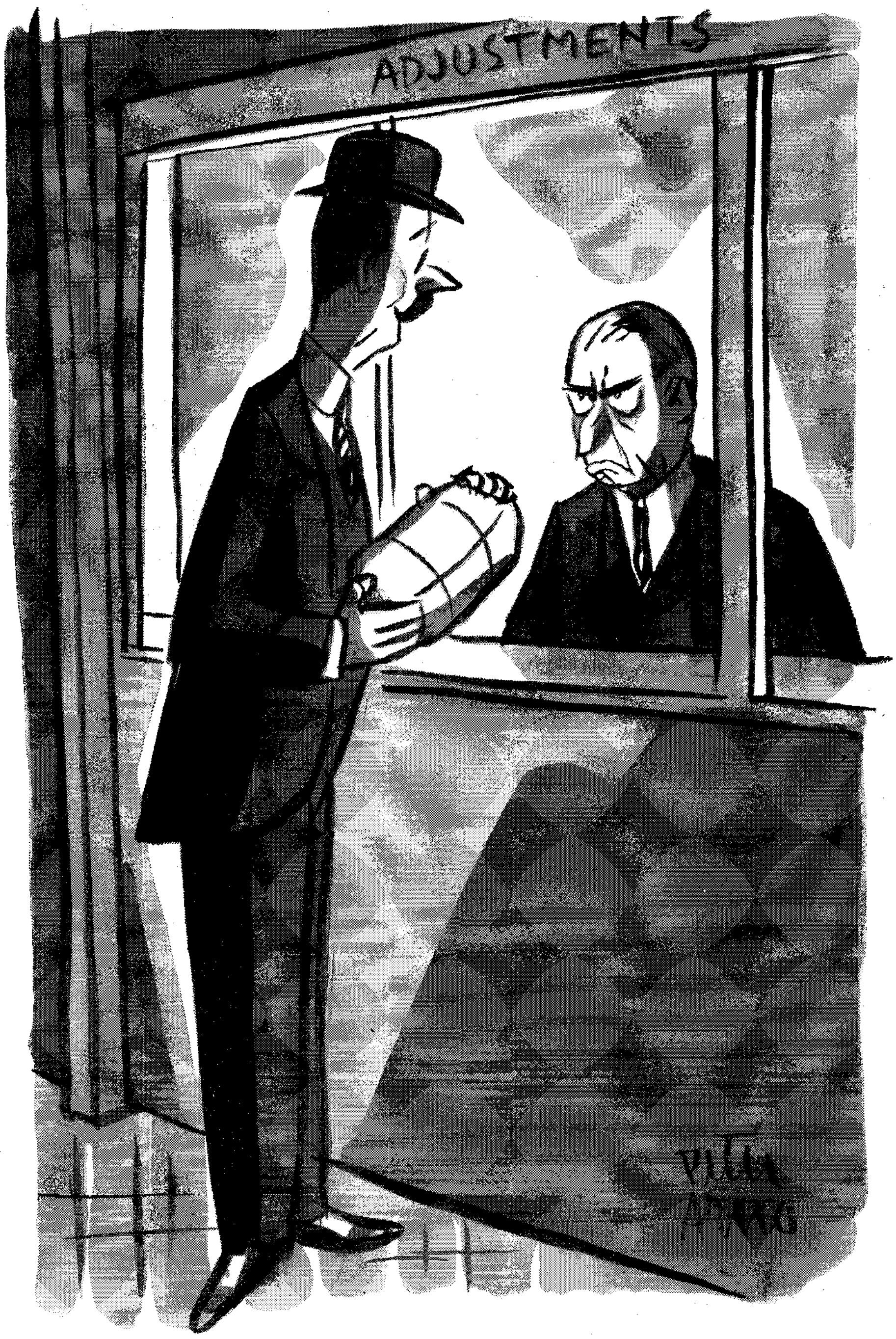
The road now was straight and flat, and I felt very naked. On our right there were fields running up to the ridges and on the left was a stretch of beach along the sea. Up ahead, past the curve, there was an old barge aground on the beach. There was no sign of life, but I knew how much that meant. We were nearing the curve and I tried to sink a little lower in my seat. Keith jammed on the brakes and pulled over to one side. "This is where we get off," he said. He hopped out of the jeep and started to walk up the road. Verele and I followed him. "Keep your eye on that barge," he said. "We think maybe they're directing fire from there."

We were almost up to the curve now. The fields on our right had become a grove of trees. There was a path going off the road into the wood. Keith started up it. It felt good to get some concealment. When we got into the grove, Keith stopped and took out his pistol. I took out mine too. I had my doubts about the effectiveness of a .45 against an 88-millimetre cannon, but it was nice having something in your hand. I only wished I knew what the hell was going on. Keith led the way slowly through the trees. Soon I saw why he had drawn his gun. There was a small house ahead of us. Keith made a wide circle around the house, always facing it. Once he stopped and we all froze, but nothing happened. The house sat there, dappled by the sunlight through the trees, looking quiet and innocent. We got past the house, and the hill became steeper. We passed over a burned spot where a shell had hit. The earth was blackened and raw. Then there was another house, but Keith led the way right past this time. Outside it were a table and a large easychair. The Germans had evidently had a C.P. or an observation post there. There were three mattresses on the ground and papers scattered around the table. There was also a large foxhole, practically a dugout. We walked past them all without touching anything. The hill was steeper now and it was hard climbing. There were onion skins and tomatoes all around; the enemy must have eaten well.

When we were almost at the crest, Keith stopped and whistled softly. There was a movement at the top and Lieutenant Samuel came sliding down. He was smiling. The first thing he asked was whether we had had a pleasant trip. His helmet was covered with twigs and leaves were stuck into the helmet net. "I feel like a woman with all this greenery on my head," he said. I wondered what he was so happy about. We all sat down on the hillside. Samuel took off his helmet and laid it beside him. Verele already had his aerial up and was trying to make contact with Vrana. "Item Roger," he called, his mouth close to the speaker. "Item Roger. This is Item Roger One." He pronounced the words very carefully, exaggerating each syllable. He had no success the first few times, then Vrana's voice suddenly came back, thin and metallic: "This is Item Roger."

"Ask him if there are any messages," Samuel said.

Verele relayed the question. There



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was a pause and then Vrana's voice said, "Artillery wants to know where they're hitting."

"O. K.," Samuel said.

"This is Item Roger One," Verele said over the radio. "Roger. Willco. Over and out." He was saying he had heard the message, would coöperate, and was now closing his set.

Samuel put on his helmet and stood up. "You stay here," he said to Verele. He started back up the hill and motioned to Keith and me to follow him. When he got near the top, he dropped down on his stomach and began to crawl, motioning us to do the same. We crawled to the crest of the hill and looked over.

We were looking almost straight down on the bed of the river, which was dry and rocky. There were two bridges across it, a wooden railroad bridge to our left and a stone highway bridge almost directly beneath us. Both of them had been blown up. The stone bridge gaped in the middle. The railroad bridge had also been blasted at the centre and the two ends leaned down toward the river bed. Across the river was a ridge like ours, dropping down to the sea in a series of hills, each a little lower than the one before, and there was a town on top of one of the hills. The highway disappeared over the ridge on the other side of the river. We couldn't see the road at all on our side.

There was nothing stirring, no sign of life anywhere, not even in the town. It was a little surprising after the violence of the shelling we had undergone and the reports of trouble with an 88 along the road. You expected more than a quiet, normal countryside. Samuel pointed to the bit of road we could see across the river. "That's where they had the 88," he said. "Right out in the middle of the road." I asked if he had seen it. "Sure I saw it," he said. The trouble with the 88 had happened just as Samuel and Keith had come up to the crest. They had seen the enemy gun sitting out in the road, across the blown-up highway bridge, waiting for X Company to come around that last curve, but there hadn't been time for them to do anything about it. The company had started to march around the curve before Samuel could get word down. Luckily, the enemy had been too anxious and had fired when only the first few men had come into view. Samuel didn't think many had been hurt. The 88 had fired only twice; then it had been pulled out of sight. "I think they were the rear guard," Samuel said. "They just wanted to get one last lick."

We lay there about five minutes and then we heard the whistle of a shell over our heads. It was going toward the enemy. We watched to see where it would land. We heard the dull crump as it hit, but we couldn't see where. Three more shells came over, crackling through the air, but it was the same with them. "They're shooting over the ridge," said Samuel, who was looking through field glasses. He turned to Keith and told him to relay the information back to Vrana. Keith slithered away and we tried again to see where the shells were landing. Finally we gave up and Samuel turned his glasses on the town, looking for signs of life or gun emplacements. The town still seemed dead to me. I lay down beside a rock and looked around. It was warm and lazy on top of the hill. Off to our left the Mediterranean glittered in the haze. I heard a cowbell ringing, very faintly. I picked up some dirt and let it sift through my fingers. A tiny lizard ran out from under the rock and stopped, his tongue flickering in and out. I threw the dirt at him and he fled back under the rock. I put my head on my arms. The civilian sun was hot and pleasant. I closed my eyes and Samuel said, "I can't see a damned thing. If you ask me, I think they pulled out."

There was a whine through the air and a shell crashed off to our left. I opened my eyes. A cloud of dust drifted up from the beach beside the grounded barge. There was another whine and crash, and this time the shell hit the water about twenty feet from the barge. I asked Samuel if it was our side or the other side firing and he shook his head. "Damned if I know," he said. "I think maybe they had an O.P. there and they had to leave some stuff they don't want us to get." I wondered if somewhere there was someone who always knew exactly what was going on. Shells were being put all around the barge, but none of them was hitting. Then one hit right on the bow. The whole barge shook and pieces of wood flew every which way. Another shell landed in the water and then one hit square in the middle of the barge. Half the vessel went flying into the air. "Give the gentleman a cigar," Samuel said.

There was no more shooting after that. Samuel and I turned our attention once more to the ridge opposite us, but there was nothing doing there, either. "I'm sure they pulled out," Samuel said. He looked hard at the town. "Wait a minute," he said. He handed me the glasses and told me to look where a dirt road, winding down the ridge, entered the lower part of the town. People were walking up that road. "They look like doggies to me," Samuel said. It was hard to tell. They walked like Americans. "I'll bet it's Z Company, that came across the ridges," Samuel said. Once we had spotted the men, we could see them without field glasses. There were six of them, walking up the road. "They're our boys," Samuel said positively. "That means the Jerries *have* cleared out." He began to wriggle back down the hill. I followed him. We stood up when we got far enough down, then slid on our feet to where Keith and Verele were sitting. Samuel told Verele to get Vrana on the radio and have him tell the colonel that Z Company had entered the town across the river. Verele tried, but this time there was no answer. Samuel thought for a minute and then told Verele to drive back to the C.P. and tell the colonel himself. Verele pulled in his aerial and started down the hill toward our jeep.

After a while, Samuel said to Keith and me, "We may as well go back, too. We're not doing any good up here." He led the way down the hill, not using the course we had taken coming up. We passed more mattresses and Keith said, "They must have had officers sleeping here." We cut across a field at the foot of the hill, fifty yards down the road from where we had entered. A gate in a stone fence opened onto the road. Samuel started for it and then stopped. "That's a bad idea," he said. He hopped over the stone fence onto the road. No one was around. We had just started back to the C.P. when a jeep came toward us. In it was a very young lieutenant from regimental headquarters who was in charge of the wire section, which had the task of laying wires for our field telephones. He couldn't have been more than twenty. He stopped alongside us. "How's it going up there, Sam?" he asked. Samuel told him the highway bridge was blown up. "That means we won't be able to lay wire until the engineers have cleared," the lieutenant said. He was just growing a mustache; the little hairs were blond and fuzzy. "Nothing to do but wait," he said. He backed up the jeep and turned it around. He put it into gear to start off, then stopped. "You hear about Johnny?" he said to Samuel.

"What about him?" Samuel said.

"He was killed leading X Company around that curve," the lieutenant said. "An 88 got him."

The young lieutenant started off, clashing the gears as he went into second. "He's going to strip those gears," Samuel said absently. Samuel, Keith, and I silently started along the road again. Presently Samuel said, "I told him there was trouble up here." The road was still deserted. On our right, the beach dropped off to the sea, sparkling in the sun, waiting for the bathers. "He never should have gone up without a reconnaissance," Samuel said. He shook his head. "I wonder whose orders they were."

We walked around a curve and there were the infantrymen, still sitting along the road. They were eating now, cooking cans of meat over other cans filled with burning gasoline. They looked at us expressionlessly as we went by. I figured this must have been the company that got it. We passed a soldier sitting by himself, with a bandage on his forehead, and he asked us what was doing up front. Samuel said that the Jerries had retreated.

"I thought they'd *fight* here," the soldier said. His face was lined with sweat and dirt and he looked very tired.

"No," Samuel said. "They retreated."

The soldier lay back and closed his eyes. "Good," he said softly.

WE began to encounter a lot of activity, and before long we had to walk along the edge of the road. Vehicles were coming past us, going toward the river. The rest of the regiment was moving up, following the enemy. We passed some engineers who were clearing mines off the sides of the road. They were futuristic men, with the strange mechanical apparatus fastened to their chests and the long detector rods stretched out before them, looking like shuffleboard poles. They were using the poles like divining rods, working carefully and silently, so carefully that it looked like a slow-motion movie. The only sound was the sudden hum of one of the contraptions when it located a mine. We walked past the engineers and past an artillery battery setting up beside the road. "I guess they'll send me to that town this after-

THE NECKTIES illustrated are merely representative of a wide choice in Brooks Brothers' English Wool Challis—including both Bow Ties and Four-in-Hands in many designs and color combinations. Each pattern shown—red and black on a cream or white ground—is available, but not unlimited in quantity. We suggest, therefore, that—in ordering by mail—a number of alternative choices should be specified. For your convenience in ordering, the sample swatches below are reproduced actual size.

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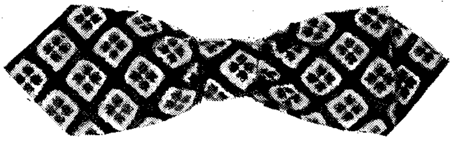

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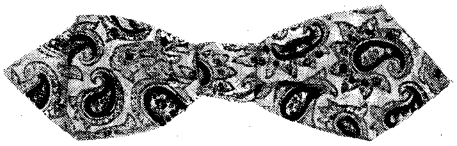

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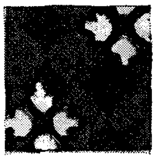

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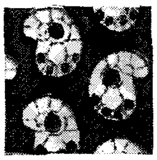

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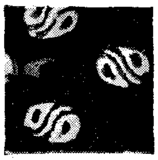

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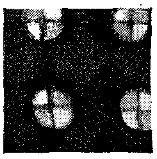

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"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
Life Magazine
ROBERT REUD & PAUL CZINNER present
ELISABETH BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLL'S
By Martin Vale with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH THEA. 45th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-5969
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT
KISS and TELL
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Robert KEITH • Joan CAULFIELD
BILTMORE, W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
with ERIC BLORE
SENOR WENCES · CHRISTINE AYRES · SARA ANN McCABE
Nadine GAE · Tommy WONDER · Jack McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50. (No Perf. Mon.)
TWICE SATURDAY & SUNDAY 2:35 & 8:35

Josephine HULL · Effie SHANNON
in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
"A violently funny and batty murder play."—Time Magazine
HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

noon to set up another O.P.," Samuel said to Keith and me.

More vehicles rushed past us—the engineers to restore the blown-up bridge, the sappers to clear the road of mines, the anti-aircraft guns to protect the men. I asked Samuel what time it was. "Eleven o'clock," he said. I asked him if he was sure, and he nodded. "It seems like four in the afternoon," Keith said, and sighed. "I feel I've done a day's work already." A truck roared past, pulling a howitzer. "I would like to sleep for two years," Keith said.

There was the sound of a plane and we stopped, suddenly wary, but the sound went away. "I wonder what we have for chow today," Samuel said. I said I didn't know. I wasn't very hungry; I was just tired. We walked along and suddenly there was a loud explosion back of us. We stopped. It was a sound we had all heard too often. "It's a mine," Keith said. "Some poor bastard stepped on a mine." We started to walk again, but now it was different. Keith was walking beside me, his jaw tight, shaking his head a little from side to side.

An ambulance passed us, racing toward the scene of the explosion. "God damn them," Keith finally said. "God *damn* them." We were almost to the C.P. now. I could see the men packing the stuff back on the trucks to move up again. "I hope we have time to get something to eat," Samuel said.

—WALTER BERNSTEIN

•

She paused and lifted a hand to shake her steady, rather large and shiny-lidded eyes. She seemed puzzled.—*From "The Punch and Judy Murders," by Carter Dixon.*

She hasn't got anything on us.

•

Don Cameron, trainer of Count Fleet, was offered the most talked-about cold of the season for nothing when it was just a youngster. Cameron didn't think it was worth the feed bills.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

Feed a cold, that's what they always say.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Jefferson* (*Iowa*) *Bee*]

The Rev. M. Dwight Walker and family returned Monday evening from Ottumwa where they spent the weekend visiting his parents. Rev. Walker will occupy the pulpit of the Central Church of Christ next Sunday. He will speak on the subject "Lets Go Somewhere Else!"

MICHAEL TODD'S MUSICAL HITS!
ETHEL MERMAN
in
SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
COLE PORTER SONGS
ALVIN, West 52 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
"SEASON'S SASSIEST MUSICAL!" —Esquire
THAT ROBUST INSTITUTION
STAR AND GARTER
with
PROF. LAMBERTI
"IT'S SUPER-DUPER!" —Coleman, Mirror
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 ST.
Mats. Thurs. and Sat.
Staged by HASSARD SHORT

"A Triumph" —BARNES, Herald Trib.
JAN KIEPURA — MARTA EGGERTH
in THE NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
Conductor Isaac Van Grove
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

IRVING CAESAR presents
WILLIE HOWARD
in a new musical
MY DEAR PUBLIC
"For my money Willie Howard is the funniest comic in town." —Ed Sullivan, News
Evs. inc. Sun. Mats. Sat. Sun. 46 St. Thea. W. of B'way

"A JOYFUL AND ELECTRIC ENTERTAINMENT" —Barnes, Herald-Tribune
OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A TRULY AMAZING PLAY."—Rascoe, World Tel.
THERON BAMBERGER presents
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT
RALPH BELLAMY · SHIRLEY BOOTH
BARRYMORE, W. 47th. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"BARGAIN OF THE TOWN."—Mantle, News
50c $1 & $1.50 Plus Tax · Sat. Nights Only 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
SECOND EDITION
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
America's Only Ice Theatre
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No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled

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Early to Bed
BROADHURST THEATRE W. 44 ST.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Evenings 8:30

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ERIC KNIGHT'S beloved novel
"LASSIE COME HOME"
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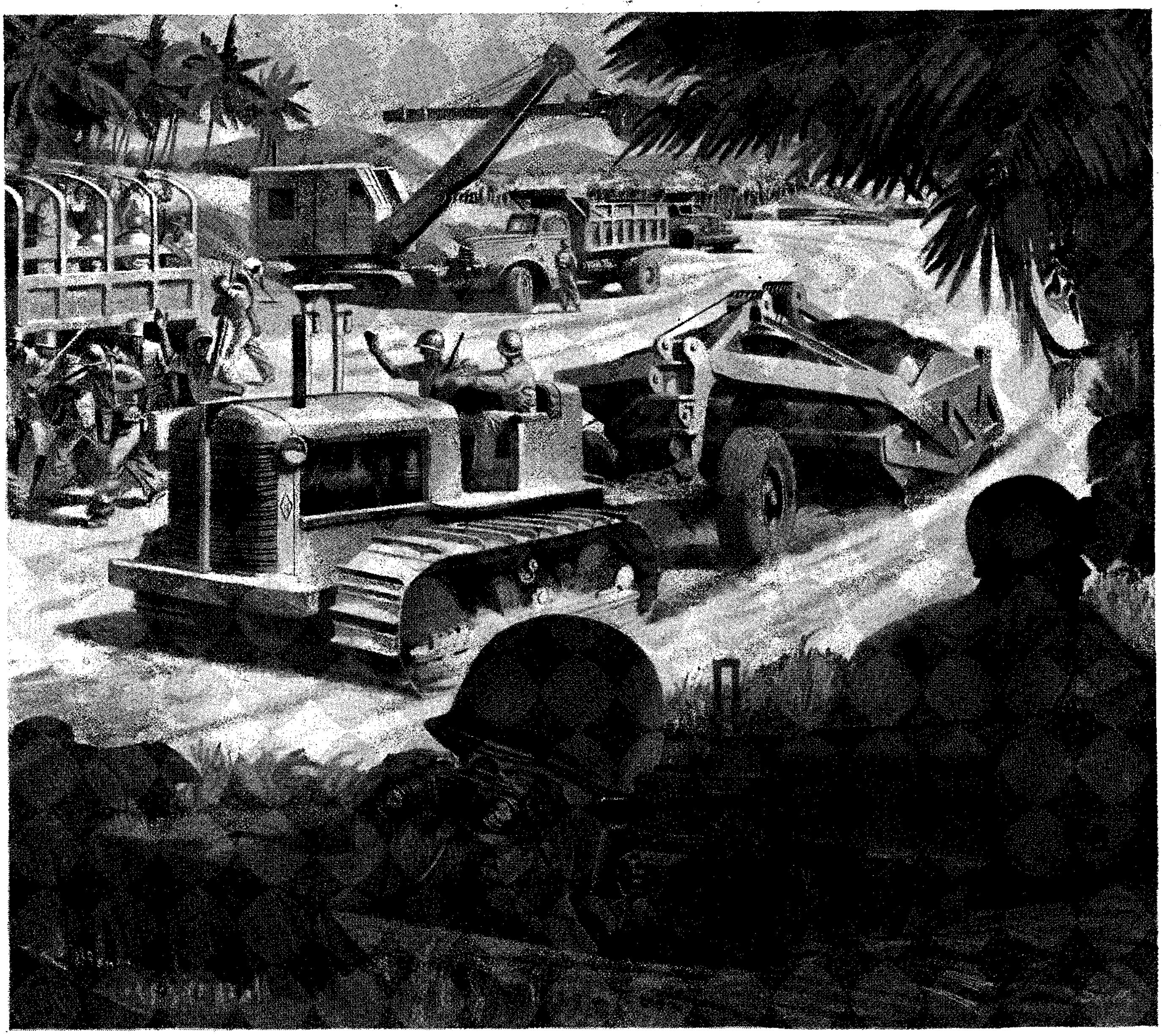
GALA STAGE SHOW • SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600



PREVIEW OF TOMORROW'S POWER

IF you want a glimpse of how tomorrow's hard jobs will be done, look at what is doing the tough war jobs today—such jobs as building airfields in the jungle.

Look in tanks and trucks, in landing barges and patrol vessels, in tractors and auxiliaries. You'll find General Motors Diesel Engines packing them with power.

This grueling service is emphasizing the virtues of GM Diesels—highlighting their ruggedness—showing how little fuel they use, and low-cost fuel at that.

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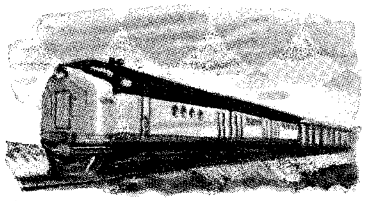

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And today you may be certain that as long as there's a micrometer and a microscope left in the world, our men will do their best to give their brothers in the air a straight steer—by Fisher.

armament
~~BODY~~ BY Fisher

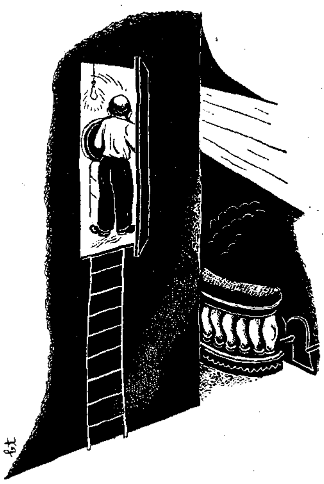
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE THEATRE

PYGMALION AND MARY MARTIN

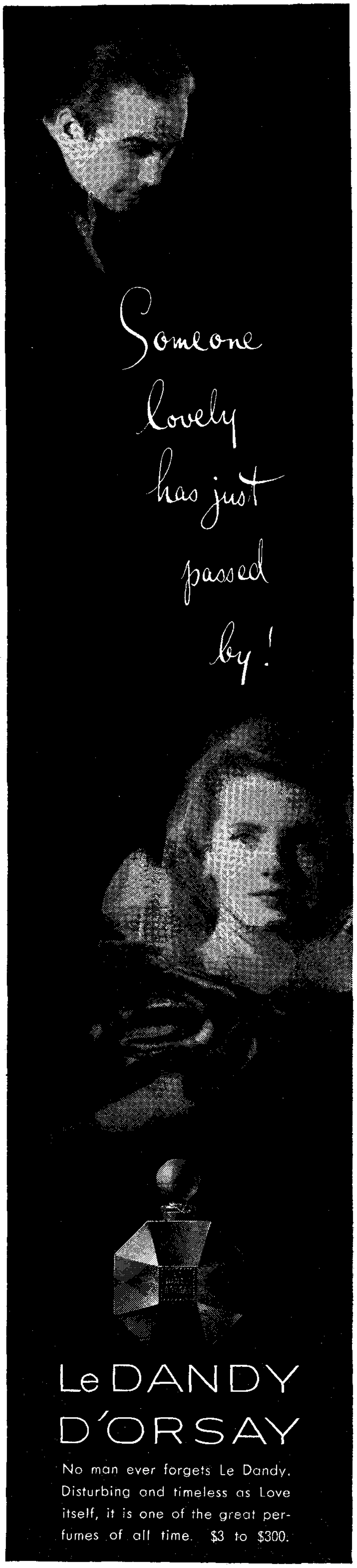
IN almost any other season, a musical comedy like “One Touch of Venus” might have come to town and been reviewed strictly on its merits, which, I hasten to say, are considerable. This year, however, when the shock of any literate entertainment is such that even the sternest critics go down like the tin ducks in a Sixth Avenue shooting gallery, I’m afraid it is in for some pretty exuberant opinions. In a sense, this is unfair both to the play and the customers, since people who have been led to expect a genuine miracle are apt to be a little discontented with any other grade of merchandise, and their subsequent comments may well be damaging at the box office.

As far as I can tell, the actual facts are about like this: “One Touch of Venus” isn’t another “Oklahoma!” by a couple of country miles, contrived charm not being exactly the same thing as sunny inspiration; the humor provided by Ogden Nash and S. J. Perelman, who are responsible for the lyrics and the book, is neat and expert, but it hasn’t the distinguished peculiarity you might have expected and, my chum Kronenberger of *PM* to the contrary, it isn’t really subtle enough to daze Proust; Kurt Weill’s music, while reasonably fetching, doesn’t compare with the scores he wrote for “Knickerbocker Holiday” and “Lady in the Dark,” and from time to time you may even be troubled by what seemed to me too many echoes from the past.



This is the negative side of the report. For the defense, I can say that Agnes de Mille’s ballets again strike me as completely enchanting—interludes of lovely, humorous magic guaranteed to melt even such hardened and supercilious first-nighters as Mrs. Brulatour and Mrs. Katzenberg; that Mary Martin, back from Hollywood with scarcely a bruise to show for it, has discovered authority and, since she already had beauty and a voice, is now perfect in almost every respect; that Howard Bay’s sets have a stylish, filigree-and-wormwood air about them that reminds me of the hilarious interiors sometimes drawn for this magazine by Miss Mary Petty; and that, while all the costumes are in handsome taste, Mainbocher has done something really spectacular with Miss Martin, who is, of course, well worth the bother. Altogether, while “One Touch of Venus” is a mild disappointment in view of all the promising talents involved, it is still a very decorative, engaging, and intelligent piece of work, almost good enough to wipe out the memory of that trio of recent musical nightmares, “Bright Lights,” “My Dear Public,” and “Hairpin Harmony.”

For those who like all the details, the show at the Imperial is derived from a story by F. Anstey called “The Tinted Venus.” It is about a statue who falls in love with the barber who has brought her to life and her pleasures and perplexities in twentieth-century society. Her mortal itinerary takes in a studio of modern art, an arcade in Radio City, a bus terminal, a bedroom in a boarding house, another in a fancy hotel, and still another in a seducer’s private mansion, a barbershop, a cell in the Tombs, and the village green in Ozone Heights, so you can see she gets around. In addition to the barber, she is obliged to deal with his fiancée, a cross, stocky girl whom she causes to dissolve; the proprietor of the art gallery, who has base, artistic designs on her; and a variety of subsidiary characters, who haven’t a great deal to do, which is unfortunate, since they include two of the best wry comedians on the stage—Paula Laurence and Teddy Hart. The barber, while I think of it, is played by Kenny Baker, a recruit from the films and radio, who has a nice voice and what I guess you’d call a boyish personality, and the art lover is John Boles, who has a nice voice, too. Mr. Boles is at his best in a barbershop quartet, sing-



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Houston LEVY BROS.	*St. Louis* STIX, BAER & FULLER
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randoms *by Stetson* are a bountiful investment for your precious shoe coupons. . . . The amount of breezy, free-striding style that Stetson has packed into these classic shoes will open your eyes. And how you will welcome their unfailing comfort as constant companions!

Ask to see **randoms** *by Stetson* at the stores listed. The Stetson Shoe Company, Inc., South Weymouth 90, Massachusetts.

More by the pair . . . less by the year

ing something called "The Trouble with Women," and at his worst in the romantic passages with Miss Martin, when he looks and sounds to me as if he were just leading up to selling her a little insurance.

Of the Nash-Weill songs, I admired "Speak Low" and "That's Him," both of a relentlessly tender nature, and "I'm a Stranger Here Myself," a neat, lyrical statement of Miss Martin's queer predicament. "Dr. Crippen," stemming in mood from the "Pore Jud" song in "Oklahoma!" and musically from both Mr. Weill's own "Jenny" and B. G. De Sylva's "Eadie Was a Lady," is nevertheless a funny and effective stunt number, and "Very, Very, Very," a topical item entrusted to Miss Laurence, seems to me the one really characteristic specimen of Nash in the show. Any technical discussion of Miss de Mille's choreography will have to be handled by somebody else. I can only say that I thought it was superb and pay my deep respects to Sono Osato, a marvellously limber girl of cryptic nationality, who led the dancers and alarmed and fascinated me almost unbearably. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

◆

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
(TREACHEROUS SHAWL DIVISION)

[*From "Late and Soon," by E. M. Delafield*]

Valentine Arbell . . . put on . . . a thick Chinese shawl of embroidered silk of which the fringes caught in every available piece of furniture whenever she moved. —*Page 19*

Valentine disentangled the fringe of her shawl from the arm of her chair . . . —*Page 20*

. . . Valentine disentangled the fringes of her shawl from a chair back. —*Page 26*

The fringe of her shawl caught in a piece of furniture and she released it. —*Page 28*

. . . the fringes of her shawl catching here and there as she moved.—*Page 34*

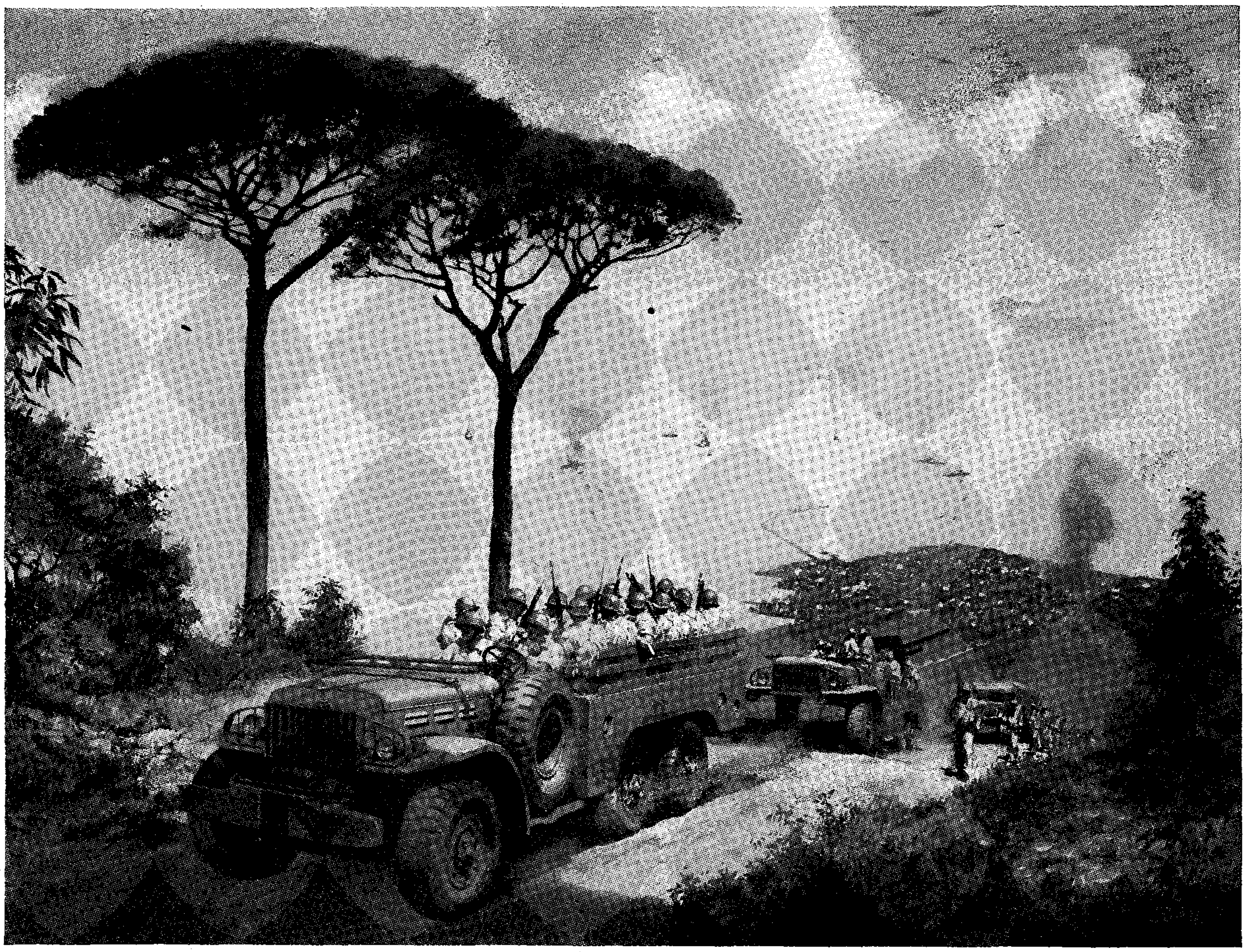
. . . Lonergan noticed that the long fringes of the embroidered Chinese shawl round her shoulders became continually entangled in pieces of furniture as she moved. He saw the unhurried gestures with which she patiently disentangled them, again and again. —*Page 54*

. . . Valentine, gently unplaiting the fringes of her shawl from the arm of her chair . . . —*Page 59*

Her slim fingers automatically disentangled the long silken fringes of the Chinese shawl caught in the back of her chair. —*Page 172*

The fringes of Valentine's shawl were caught in a chair-back and she mechanically began to disentangle them. —*Page 198*

. . . Valentine, the fringes of the shawl released once more . . . —*Page 200*



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SHIPS, guns and battle trucks . . . These are the primary invasion tools with which Dodge is so strongly identified today.

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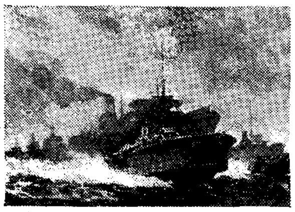
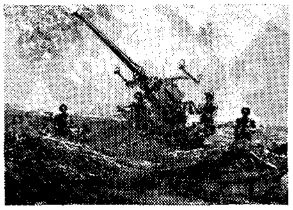
This is today's chapter of the Dodge military story which goes back to General Pershing in Mexico and the original A.E.F. under his command in France.

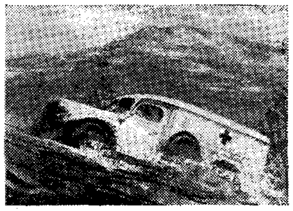
The story comes dramatically down to date in the American landing actions of today, and in the efficient conquest and victory which follow the landings.



The making of the Sperry Gyro-Compass is one of the most intricate and precise manufacturing jobs ever undertaken.



Parts for the Bofors 40 mm. Anti-Aircraft Cannon were put in quantity production by Dodge men in Dodge plants.



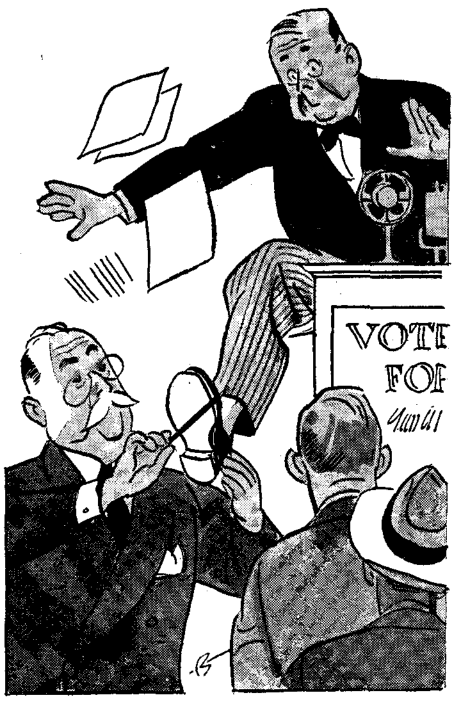
The Dodge ambulance is a thoroughly insulated and ventilated vehicle of mercy serving in every American theatre of war.

Listen — to Major Bowes every Thursday, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

DODGE

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

[BACK THE ATTACK — WITH WAR BONDS]



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No test of a candidate's discernment and sound judgment is as sure as *the pencil test* applied to his *shoes.*

If he's a man of mental substance, naturally he wears fine shoes. Shoes disclose their real quality via the pencil test. Look for *flat soles*—the infallible sign of highest quality. They mean soles that wear evenly, slowly, and uppers that keep their shape always.

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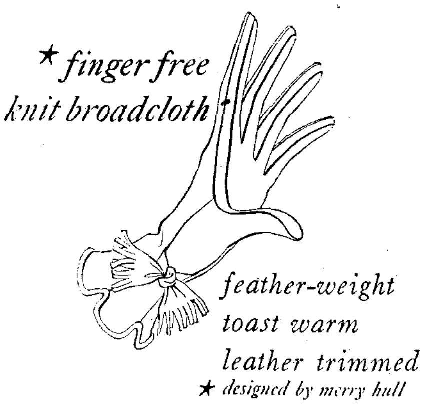
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Room for Improvement

AN attempt has been made, in "Behind the Rising Sun," to portray Japanese home life and show what makes the Japanese people the strange lot they are today. The picture is advertised as being based on a book of the same title by James R. Young, but the title is about the only thing that's the same. There's a small school of thought that might call this a point in the picture's favor. Be that as it may, what has come out on the screen is, taken by itself, an example of a good idea frittered away through bad technique and a galloping urge for sensationalism. The story (as conceived by Emmet Lavery, the author of the screen play, and not by Mr. Young) is about a young Jap who goes back home from an American college just before the war and is subjected to the conflicting influences of his father's admiration for the New Order and his own American background and American friends in Japan. The main technical flaws are the unconvincing makeups and spurious accents which are sported by non-Japanese actors (Tom Neal, J. Carrol Naish, Margo, and others) playing Japanese rôles. A gaudy bit of sensationalism is a long grudge fight between a welter- or possibly middleweight American amateur boxer and a hulking Jap judo expert. This episode doesn't have much place in the plot and is filled, besides, with pugilistic improbabilities.. Elsewhere in the picture are some probably authentic incidents of Japanese torture, but apparently they weren't considered hair-raising enough in themselves, and so this unlikely roughhouse was added. If anybody has the information and the inclination to write a movie about inside Japan, he needn't think the possibilities have been exhausted.

INSIDE Czechoslovakia is dealt with, not for the first time, in "Hostages," which brings Luise Rainer back to pictures and tosses in Paul Lukas, Oscar Homolka, William Bendix, and Katina Paxinou. This is another one about the Czech underground, a subject whose possibilities, whether they're exhausted or not, are still being steadily exploited. They have been done pretty well by in "Hostages" except for places here and

FINE GLOVES



DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS
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there, especially at the end, where the thing suddenly and surprisingly assumes the aspects of a farce. The problems of the boy and girl, for example, are resolved by one villain's simply marching into a room and shooting another and marching out again. Whether you will like the picture or not depends largely on whether you can adjust yourself to this peculiar change of pace and whether you like what Miss Rainer does with her eyes. Mr. Lukas is good, as usual, Mr. Homolka is better than usual, and Miss Paxinou has, in two rôles, become typed. As in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," she is a strong-minded lady guerrilla, although this time she works in town instead of out in the mountains.

A GOOD-LOOKING collie is the heroine of "Lassie Come Home," a Technicolored picture with Roddy McDowall, Nigel Bruce, Edmund Gwenn, Donald Crisp, Elsa Lanchester, and Dame May Whitty in the supporting cast. This might be a fair treat for the young, since the story is a nice one about a boy and his dog and contains plenty of good, plausible excitement to boot. On the other hand, adults with a strong pride in their species may object to the fact that human beings are constantly stooging for this collie in the most shameless fashion. Dame May Whitty, especially, acts like the complete end man. Also, there may be just a shade too much gorgeous English and Scottish countryside for old and young alike.

THE current remake of "The Phantom of the Opera" is by no means a sample of the march of progress in the film world. The old version had Lon Chaney, who scared you plenty, and the new one has Claude Rains, who somehow doesn't. Of course, the new one also has Nelson Eddy, who may frighten you some if you're sensitive.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

A STITCH IN TAMMANY

INTERNATIONAL LADIES GARMENT WORKERS UNION BUYS TAMMANY HALL.—*Headline in the Times.*

Where once the sacred tiger roared
  And petty bosses trembled,
Now seamstresses with cutting board
  And needle are assembled.

The order changeth, all transmutes,
  In life's unending serial:
Now ancient ghosts wear union suits
  And Tweed is a material.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Cool as a cucumber
MENNEN LATHER SHAVE MENTHOL-ICED
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Squeeze the tube or dip into the jar for your morning pick-up! A special cooling agent in Mennen Menthol-iced Lather Shave does the trick. Makes your face feel like a million—while doing a super job of softening the stubble. Then your razor glides through in a waltz. Get this refreshing morning lift at no extra cost!

Novel [illegible] rogram
Ed Sul [illegible] ntertai
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7: [illegible] T 9:15 [illegible] T
[illegible] CWT 8 [illegible] WT

OF ALL THINGS

It now seems likely that the promised conference between Russian, British, and American representatives will be held in Moscow. At any rate, Stalin is ridding the country of bums in case any nice people should want to drop in.

•

The hard-boiled tax program suggested by Secretary Morgenthau probably can't be put through in a campaign year. Congressmen know which side their bread is margarined on.

•

Citizens of New York who neglected to register will live to regret their apathy. When November comes, they will find that they have deprived themselves of their privilege of voting against Aurelio for the Supreme Court.

•

The Allies keep on winning victories in the Pacific and the map keeps on showing that it's still a long way to Tokio. The smartest thing the Japs ever did was to have their homeland so far from the scenes of their defeats.

•

The prettiest wedding of the autumn was that of Western Union and Postal Telegraph. There were many obstacles to the match, but at last love found a way.

•

In the first year of the war, our armed forces used eighty times as much petroleum as they did in the first year of the last war. This helps to explain why the gas-station men are sitting alone with their thoughts.

•

The Chicago *Tribune* is carrying on a little private war with the British Empire. Thus far, however, there have been no casualties on either side.

•

History students aren't surprised to hear that the Germans are looting the Eternal City. Sacking Rome, it will be recalled, is a quaint old Teutonic custom.

•

The news from Nebraska is that Commander Stassen may be a candidate for the Republican nomination for President. It's a question, though, how much stumping he could do in a thirty-day shore leave. —Howard Brubaker

Young-Timers Bright Magic
jumper-dress by day...décolletage-dress by night

Imaginative two-in-one!
Jumper of wool-and-rayon (75% - 25%).
Coral, emerald, gold, 26.95.
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in black for the gold jumper, white for the emerald and coral, 9.95. Sizes 10 to 16.

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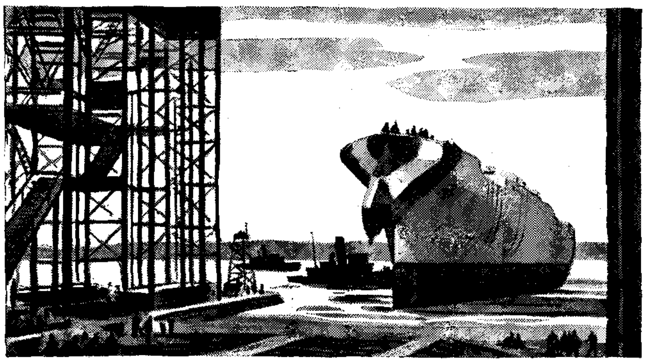
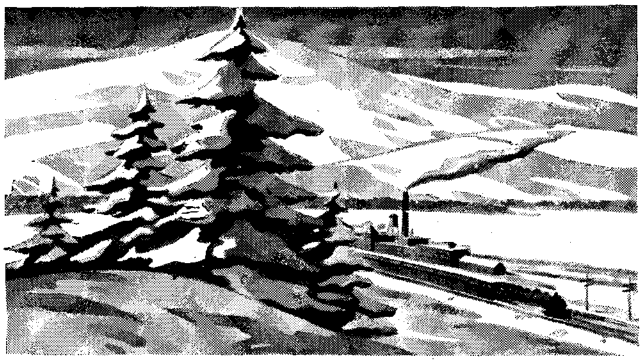
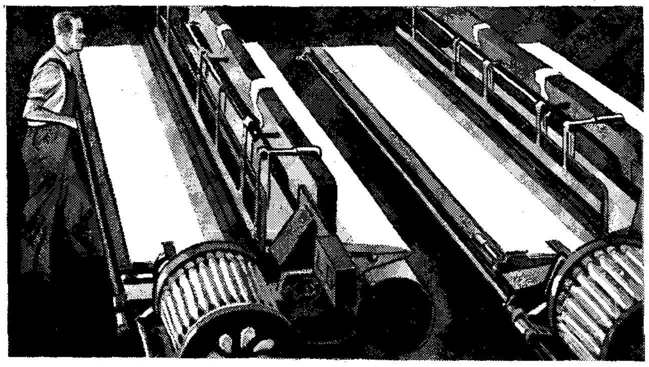
"WHAT'S YOUR CONCEPTION OF NEW ENGLAND?"

We asked Four Soldiers



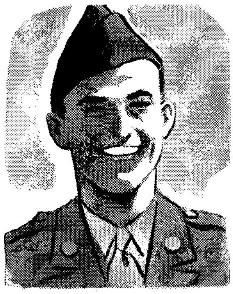




" 'Fore I came North," the Texan confided, "I visualized New England as a nice enough little settlement on the stern and rockbound coast. I had no idea what your mills, factories, shipyards were doing to turn out the stuff we need to fight with. Why, everywhere I go I see cities, villages and towns working 'round the clock. And, the *variety* of war goods! They go all the way from tiny fuses and bomb parts to finished ships of war. I've never seen a friendlier bunch of people."

"Rats," the Floridian soldier said, "I had New England doped out *all* wrong. Listening to our tourists talk about the discomforts of home, I concluded New England had 8 solid months of Winter, with the other 4 a happy interim for skate-sharpening and ski-waxing. Now I'm here, I find New England's a horse of another color. Your climate's wonderful—no two days the same. Your scenery's beautiful—you've got big cities, tiny villages; whopping mountains, rolling hills; seacoasts, farm land, forests—everything! And how I love to watch you Yankees hustle!"

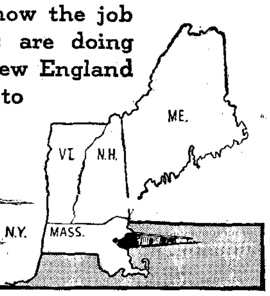
"New England?" the Californian said, "Sure I've seen your historic shrines, but more, I've had a chance to see 'close-ups' of your scientists at work in industry and university. Of course, most of the research and new development works are military secrets but, believe me, when this war is over New England will have a right to be proud of what its chemists, engineers and professors have done to help polish off the Axis crew."



"Fellows," the soldier from Maine said, "you've all got something there. But New England's all those things and more. Sure, it's still a year-round recreational land for those who need a rest from Wartime strain. It's an arsenal, make no mistake—supplying war materiel to the Army and Navy and produce to the nation. There's nothing Early American about the plants along the Boston and Maine lines in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and New York State that hum 24 hours a day,—and nothing unneighborly about the way New Englanders are pitching into their war jobs.

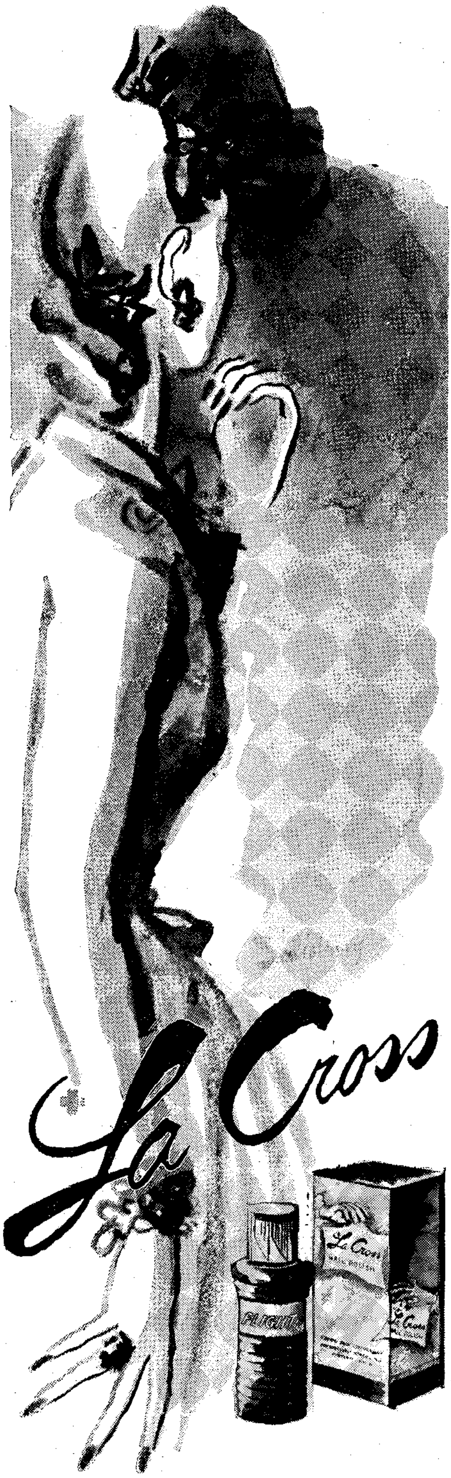
"But the biggest thing about New England today is its forward-looking managements and peoples. New England has the skilled labor, the 'know how' to produce and the transportation facilities to make it the ideal spot for new and old companies—now and after the War."

We at the Boston and Maine know the job the shippers and manufacturers are doing along our line. We believe that New England will continue through its industry to serve the world in the days of Peace just as efficiently as it is in the days of War.



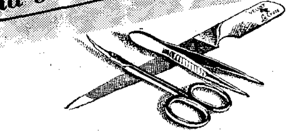
BOSTON and MAINE

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



basis for beauty

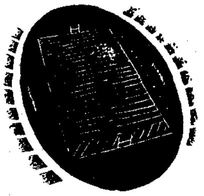
A fine manicure depends on good tools and quality polish. LA CROSS, America's finest manicure implements and hand beauty aids.



Schnefel Bros. Corporation
Rockefeller Center, 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Est. 1903

FOOTBALL

Fortunes of War



THE resources of a mighty democracy being infinite, it was entirely feasible for a conscientious reporter to spend last Saturday afternoon in Philadelphia watching Pennsylvania beat Dartmouth 7–6 in a tight little game of football, to walk (not run) to the Thirtieth Street station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to dash the ninety-five miles down to Baltimore in ninety-two minutes while comfortably munching a pair of lamb chops in the buffet-parlor car of the Embassy Express, and to dust out to the Municipal Stadium and see all but the first five minutes of another tight little game of football in which Navy beat Duke, 14–13.

Pennsylvania and Navy are, at the moment, this department's favorite godchildren, and it was a pleasure to be able to see them both play the same day and to see them both win, as their godfather had confidently expected they would. Occasionally, of course, good teams are lucky teams too, and last Saturday Penn and Navy were very lucky boys indeed. Both teams escaped being tied in the closing minutes of their games only because the opposition couldn't come through with a successful try for point, and Penn escaped being beaten only because Dartmouth was suffering from a bad case of split personality. In midfield, Dartmouth kept unleashing a series of forward-pass and lateral plays that caused admirers to think back to the days of the devastating Dartmouth teams coached by Jess Hawley, and in scoring territory Dartmouth kept turning conservative with a determination which caused those same admirers to think sadly of the Yale teams that Tad Jones used to coach. For instance, when a penalty gave Dartmouth the ball on Penn's one-yard line, no one could think of anything more constructive than trying three times in a row to break through the centre of an obviously unbreakable Penn line. Penn, given the same opportunity against Dartmouth, scored on a looping, involved maneuver on the very first try, and then proceeded to demonstrate the thesis that a good team occasionally needs a bit of luck to help it along. McKernan went into the game to try for the point after touchdown, swung his right foot at the ball as it

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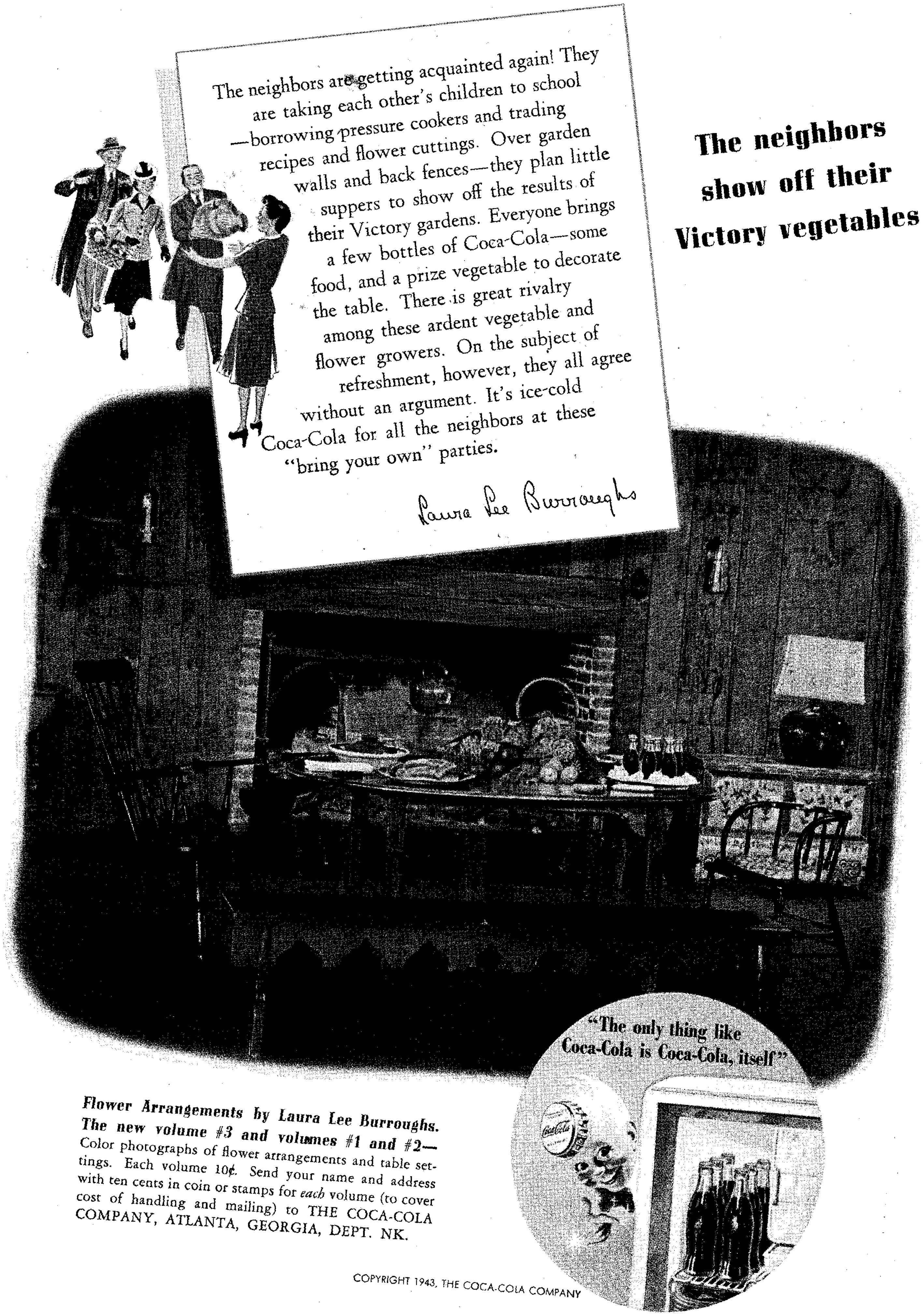

The neighbors show off their Victory vegetables

The neighbors are getting acquainted again! They are taking each other's children to school—borrowing pressure cookers and trading recipes and flower cuttings. Over garden walls and back fences—they plan little suppers to show off the results of their Victory gardens. Everyone brings a few bottles of Coca-Cola—some food, and a prize vegetable to decorate the table. There is great rivalry among these ardent vegetable and flower growers. On the subject of refreshment, however, they all agree without an argument. It's ice-cold Coca-Cola for all the neighbors at these "bring your own" parties.

Laura Lee Burroughs

Flower Arrangements by Laura Lee Burroughs. The new volume #3 and volumes #1 and #2— Color photographs of flower arrangements and table settings. Each volume 10¢. Send your name and address with ten cents in coin or stamps for *each* volume (to cover cost of handling and mailing) to THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GEORGIA, DEPT. NK.

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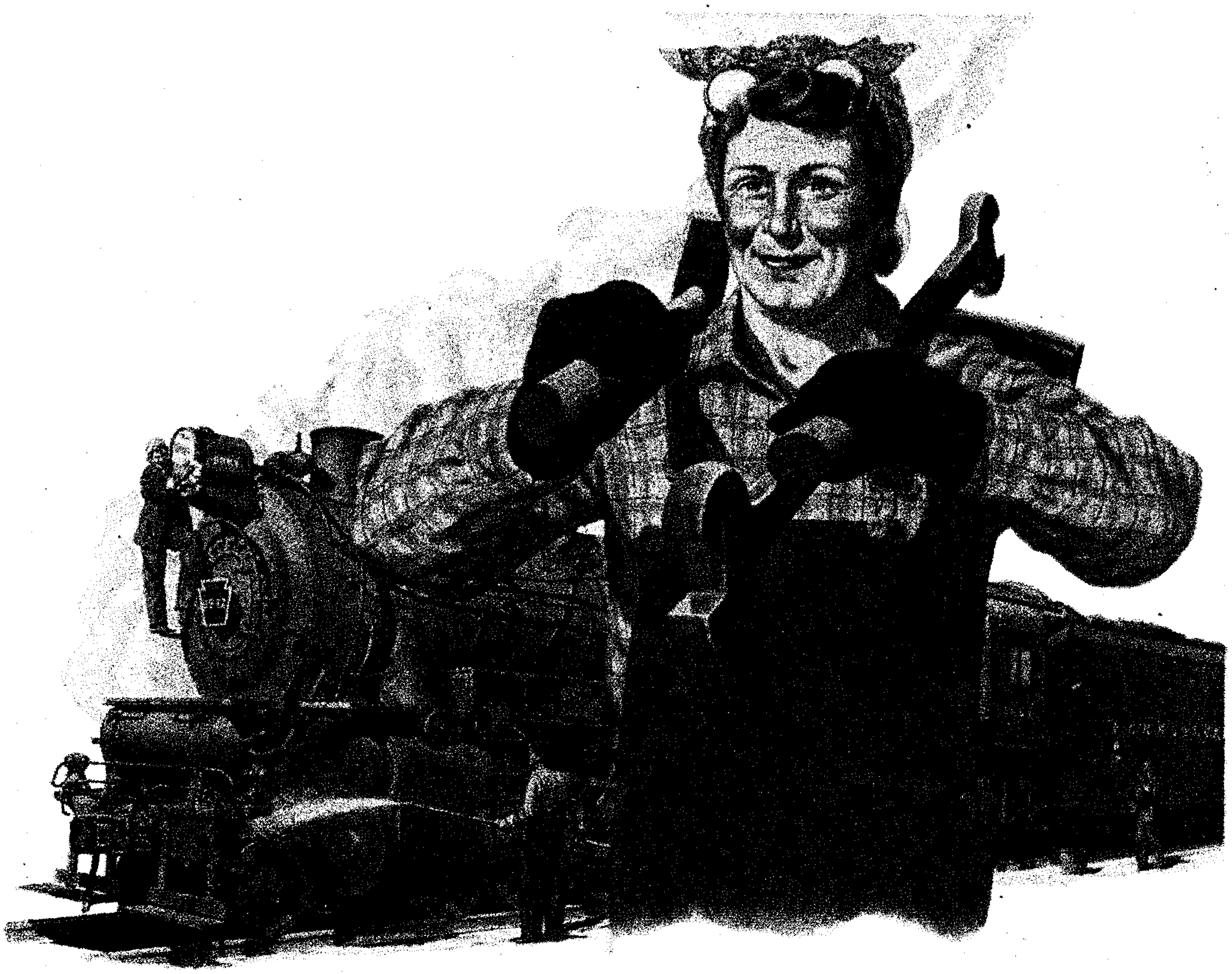


Meet *MRS.* Casey Jones

CASEY'S gone to war . . . so Mrs. Jones is "working on the railroad!"

She is putting in a big day's work oiling and swabbing down giant engines, cleaning and vacuuming cars, handling baggage, selling tickets, moving through the aisles as a trainman.

In fact, she is doing scores of different jobs on the Pennsylvania Railroad—and doing them well. So the men in the armed forces whom she has replaced can take comfort in the fact Mrs. Casey Jones is "carrying on" in fine style.

Since the war began, Pennsylvania Railroad has welcomed thousands of women into its ranks of loyal, busy and able workers. They are taking a real part in the railroad's big two-fold job of moving troops and supplies and serving essential civilian needs during the war emergency.

You will find these women, not merely in expected places, such as offices, telephone exchanges and ticket windows . . . you will find them out where "man-size" jobs have to be done: in the round house, in the shops, in the yards, in the terminals, in the cars.

We feel sure the American public will take pride in the way American womanhood has pitched in to keep the Victory trains rolling!

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

★ *35,661 in the Armed Forces* ☆ *53 have given their lives for their country*

BUY UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

came back to him, and completely missed it. As the Dartmouth team poured in on him, he took another hasty swipe at the ball and somehow succeeded in lifting it over their upraised arms and, in turn, over the crossbar between the goalposts. As it turned out, that desperate second attempt won the game.

Kasprzak, the best passer I've seen this fall, got his training in an odd way. He spent most of his football career sitting on the Columbia bench and watching Paul Governali, whom he understudied, do his stuff. This year, if the Marine Corps hadn't transferred Kasprzak to Dartmouth, he would probably have been Columbia's particular bright star, though it seems unlikely that Columbia's badly depleted squad could give him the protection Dartmouth did on Saturday.

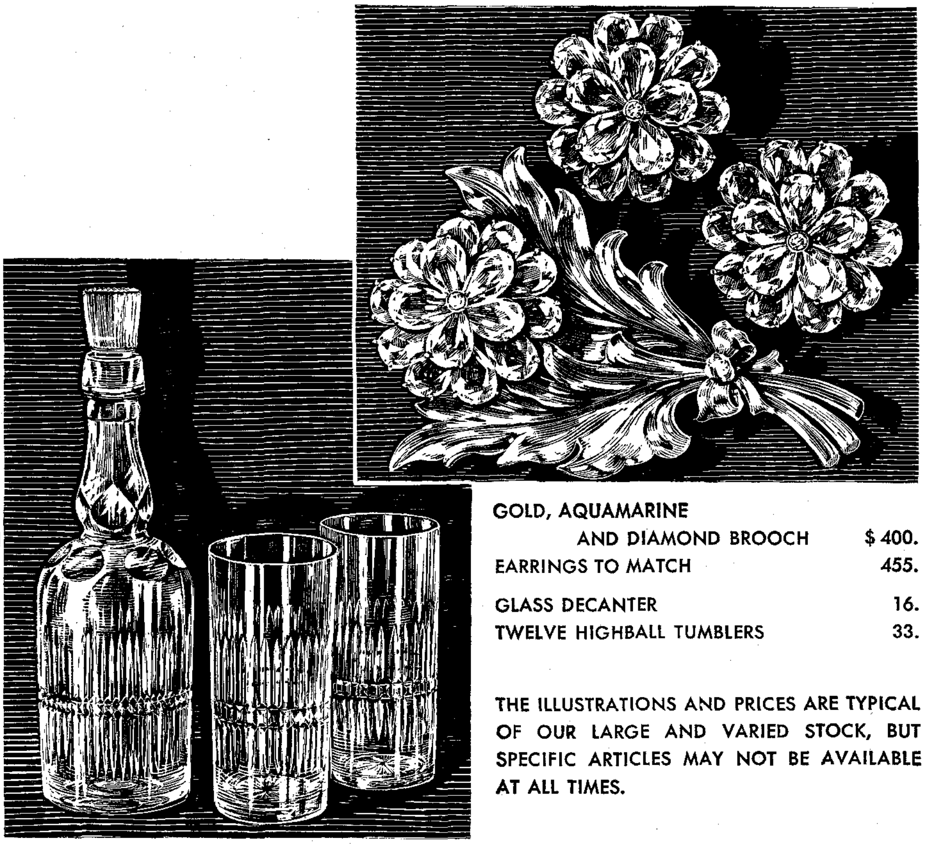
Dartmouth, too, scored a touchdown, just before the game ended, when someone suddenly recalled that Penn's one weakness is its pass defense. Two enormous heaves by Kasprzak, the Dartmouth quarterback, did the trick. The second was really something—Kasprzak, a Penn tackler's arms already around him, letting fly with the ball and Bartnick gathering it in and tumbling over the flag at the corner of the field with two Penn players hanging on to him.

RETROSPECT: Dartmouth is a team that doesn't yet know its own strength. It will, however, miss Andrejco, ordered South by the Marine Corps. Against Penn, Andrejco really did run like a mad bull. . . . Joe Kane, of Penn, finally spoiled Kasprzak's record of not having thrown a single intercepted pass this season. . . . Duke, at its best, just wasn't up to Navy's best. Most of the time, moreover, Navy seemed to be saving itself with an eye to the future, while Duke was going all out in an attempt to win. . . . Old-Football-Players-Never-Die Corner: Chick Kaufman, who with his brother Les played on one of the great Princeton teams of the thirties, turned up as field judge of the Penn-Dartmouth game.—J. W. L.

•

"CRYPTOGRAPHY," by Lawrence Dwight Smith (Norton, $2.50), an absorbing introduction to the science of secret writing, is an immediate must for the young man with a yen for the Military Intelligence. In the simphers, wklv lv d idvflqdwlqj phers, wkly lv d idvflqdwlqj errn.—*Philadelphia Record.*

All right, all right, it's a must.



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. . . AND WE CAN DO IT!

Folks are complaining that the supply of Carstairs White Seal whiskey is a mere trickle at times. But look! We're making no whiskey these days—just war material. The Perfectly Balanced Blend is coming from *reserves alone.* To make it last out the duration, it must be shared fairly and in lesser quantities. Then the Man Who Cares will continue to enjoy White Seal . . . some days a trickle, perhaps—but always a GOOD one!

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

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MAJOR PROCTOR

FIENE and Hunter, their faces hot and dirty after a fifteen-mile hike, were first to reach the tent. The canvas was raised on one side, and the wind, which had come up an hour before, was blowing in dust.

"What did I tell you?" Fiene said, halting inside the doorway. "Would Proctor lower the canvas? He'll just lie up there while the wind blows in half of Florida!"

There were three single beds in the tent and a double-decker. Proctor, in a pair of shorts and with a cigar in his mouth, lay in the upper, calmly looking down at Fiene and Hunter. They were both in their early twenties. Proctor was close to forty. He was short and had a round, fat body. The day he arrived some wit had tagged him "The Major" and the name had stuck.

"It'll take an hour to sweep this place clean," Fiene said. He looked at the bench and table nearby, on which a heavy coat of dust had appeared.

"Don't stand there like dumbbells," Proctor called from his bunk. "Go outside and lower that canvas. It's getting hard to breathe."

Fiene and Hunter hurried outside and lowered the canvas. When they came back, Bishop and Kelner were in the tent. The four of them removed their gas masks and rifle belts and began to undress.

"Well, how's the Major?" Hunter said.

"Taking it easy," Proctor said.

"He'll always take it easy," Fiene called out. "Look at him—lying up there like a naked woman."

The others laughed.

"What else do they expect you to do, Major?" Hunter said, unlacing a shoe.

"I don't know. Do I bother anyone? No! Do I steal anyone's knife, fork, spoon, mess kit? No! Do I ask anyone to carry me to the latrine? No!" Proctor extended a palm and looked blank.

"You're too comfortable," Fiene said.

"You didn't have to go on that hike," Proctor said. "Look at me. I went up and volunteered for latrine police. I did a couple of hours' work and I was free. I took a shower, I shaved, I came back here, I took a nap."

"Tell me," Fiene said, "do you miss *one* easy detail?"

"Don't be jealous," Hunter said. "If you went after them the way the Major does, you'd get them too. The Major wasn't made for the obstacle course."

"You said it," Proctor called out.

Fiene frowned. "Look at that ladder! That's a sweet piece of work." Again there was a burst of laughter.

Resting against the double-decker was a rough ladder which Proctor had constructed from boards picked up about the camp.

"The only man in the Army who needs a ladder to reach his bunk," Fiene said. "Can't we get rid of that thing? I'm tired of hiding it every time inspection rolls around."

"You have nice soft beds, all of you," Proctor said from his bunk.

"You came last, so you sleep upstairs," Fiene said.

"Day after day I wait for some good Samaritan among you, some religious and God-fearing man, some athlete, to give up his bed." Proctor smiled happily at the four young men. "That's all right," he said. "I haven't lost hope."

"We like you up there," Fiene said. He walked over to his bed, which was below Proctor's, and slapped the mattress with both hands. A cloud of dust blew into his face. "Holy smoke!" He straightened up, his hands to his eyes. "Why didn't you lower the goddam canvas?" he shouted at Proctor. He walked a few steps and then staggered backward. "I'm blind, blind!" he said in a low voice, and sank down on his bed.

"Plutocrats, all of you," Proctor said, rolling over on his back.

Hunter removed a towel and soap from his foot locker. "We like you, Major," he said. "Every one of us. Don't listen to what Fiene says."

"Fiene's blind," Proctor said. "No man can tell what terrible things will happen if you keep me up here."

"Stop squirming around," Fiene called out, raising his head. "If you don't lie still, you'll move out of here the first of the month."

"What's *that?*" Kelner said.

The men were suddenly aware of a large photograph in a silver frame resting on a shelf near Fiene's bed. The photograph was of a woman with white hair, shell-rimmed glasses, and a sad smile.

Kelner looked up at Proctor. "Your mother?" he said. Instantly he knew he had made a mistake.

A low, peculiar sound came from the upper bunk. "That's my wife," Proctor said. The other men were silent and stared at the photograph. It was so different from the pictures of the young and smiling girls tacked up over their beds. Daily contact with Proctor had made them grow less and less aware of the difference in their ages.

"Not a bad-looking woman, is she?" Proctor asked, sitting up on his bed. "She's had white hair ever since she was seventeen. Hereditary. Her mother had white hair the same way. But look at her face. You can't say she hasn't got a nice face."

"She isn't bad at all," Hunter said. "So that's who you write to every day."

"Every day," Proctor said, "without fail. If she didn't hear from me one day, she'd be worried to death. We sure were happy together. Fourteen years married and we never had an argument. No man can say we weren't happy."

"No, you can't," Hunter said.

"She could stand everything," Proctor said. He began to climb down the ladder. "Didn't say a word when I was drafted after fourteen years of married life. Didn't say a word when she saw me in uniform at the reception centre. Not a word in any of her letters. But you remember those pictures we snapped two weeks ago outside the tent? Remember the one where I stand holding out my mess kit? She cried. She could stand everything, but when she got that picture she cried. That was the only thing she couldn't stand."

From under Fiene's bed he removed a pail in which underwear was soaking.

"What the hell's going on here?" Fiene demanded.

"Now for my laundry," Proctor said. With the cigar still in his mouth, he lifted the pail and marched out of the tent.

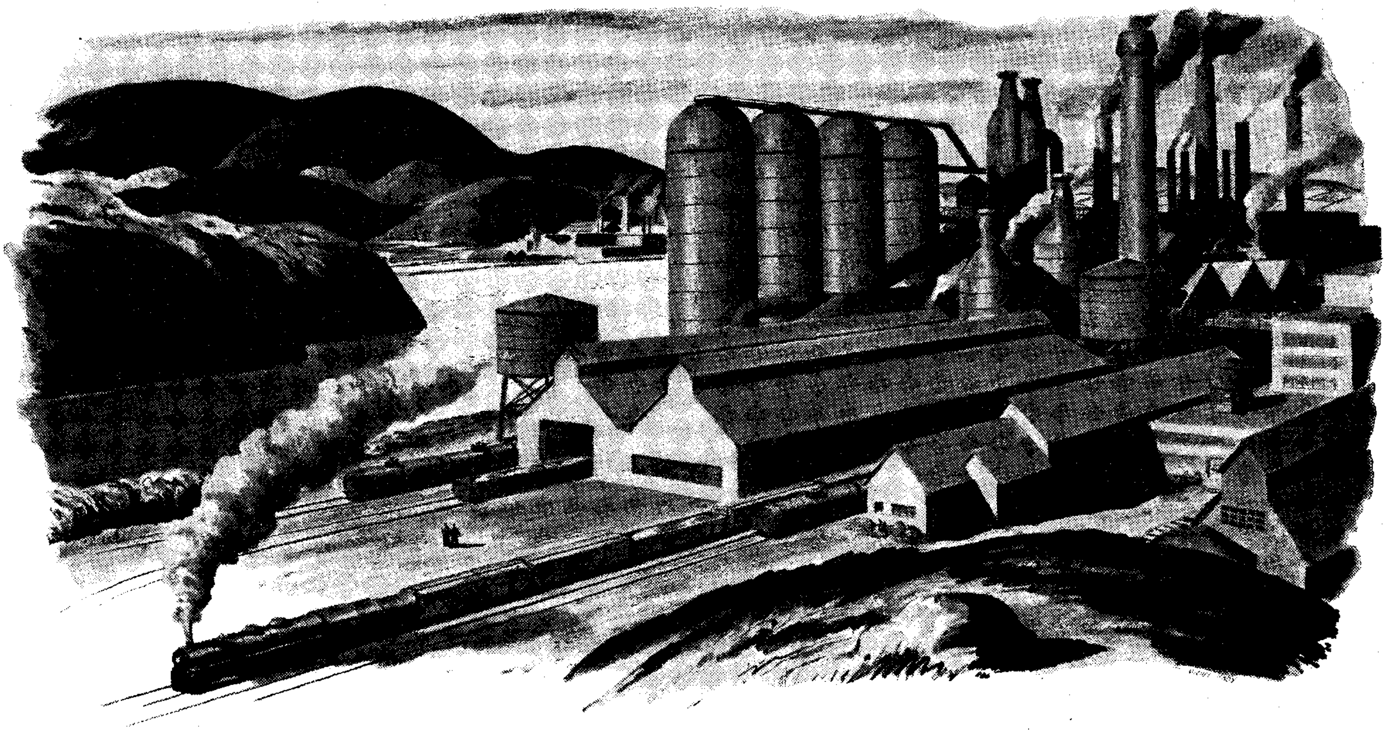
"WHERE'S the Major tonight?" Hunter asked as he and Fiene came into the tent three days later.

"Out doing his laundry," Kelner said. He was sprawled out on his bed. "You should know that. What does he do every night?"

"With all the time the Major has now," Fiene said, "you'd think he'd grab a broom some week. All he does is live here."

"He's happy now," Hunter said. "That latrine detail seems like a steady job. I used to feel sorry seeing him get up each morning and start chasing an

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS



The promise of the new *industrial* West

Less than a century ago the West was gold and furs and sheltering Missions. The trail-blazer fought toward this goal and he was followed by the pioneers in covered wagons.

Here in this new-discovered land S. P.'s first tracks were laid in 1863.

Agriculture, mining, stock-raising, lumber—these became our chief industries. Great cities sprang up along the Coast, and year-round the tourists came to view our scenic marvels. But still the West was "new country"...

Then America marshalled its might for war. And overnight the western states began to grow giant-size industrially. An estimated million and a half new "settlers" hurried west to help make tools of war.

Today 51 per cent of America's shipbuilding industry is on the West Coast. Aircraft factories here turn out about half the nation's planes.

A steel mill in California now makes 900 tons of pig iron daily and the state produces a mounting tonnage of steel. Steel plate is also manufactured in Utah . . . huge Texas is humming with many types of industrial activity.

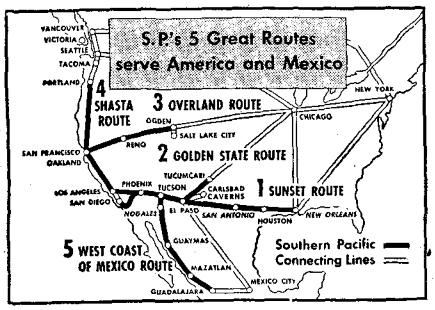
Entirely new are the aluminum plants of the Pacific Northwest . . . magnesium plants in California.

•

This railroad grew up with the western country. We are part of it. Every mile of S.P. track is west of the Mississippi. With more miles of line than any other U. S. carrier, we serve the great sweep of West and South from Portland to New Orleans.

Our big job has always been to carry west-grown fruits and vegetables east. To move lumber, sulphur, copper, potash, cotton and wool, to eastern manufacturing centers. To bring back finished goods.

Now our task has broadened, as has our opportunity. We serve the West's new manufacturing industries as well as western agriculture and producers of raw materials. *Ahead of all we serve our country.* S.P. is moving a record load of war freight, military supplies and fighting men. Short of manpower and equipment, we are doing our best with what we have to work with.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When this war is over it seems certain that our West will be "home" to more people. And new manufacturing here will help create more stabilized, diversified employment.

S.P. is doing its utmost to well serve these western industries now geared to war production. And we know that good railroad service will be needed in the conversion of industrial production from war to peace. We plan to give good service then, too.

Strengthened for war and with an enlarged capacity, our railroad will continue to be an important factor in the progress of this western country.

A. T. MERCIER, *President*

S·P

The friendly Southern Pacific

Headquarters: San Francisco

One of America's railroads—
ALL united for Victory!

LISTEN: OCTOBER 16, 1943

Last Sunday afternoon the "New York Philharmonic-Symphony" passed three more milestones: one marked the start of the 102nd season of America's oldest and best-loved symphony orchestra; another marked the radio-bow of Dr. Artur Rodzinski as musical director and conductor of the orchestra; a third marked the first regular season of the "Philharmonic" in which it has been broadcast over 118 CBS stations under the sponsorship of United States Rubber Company. The music was fittingly handsome, the Vice-President of the United States spoke during the intermission, and the new director-conductor walked out of Carnegie with a hefty ovation under his arm. He will conduct 20 of the 28 Sunday concerts of the winter series. Bruno Walter will conduct six. Howard Barlow will conduct two.

To the corner of 57th Street and 7th Avenue Rodzinski is no stranger. He has often appeared as guest-conductor of the "Philharmonic." He comes to New York from Cleveland, whose orchestra he led for 10 years. Born in Dalmatia, of Polish parents, Rodzinski studied in the Vienna Academy of Music, then conducted operas and symphonies in Warsaw so well that Leopold Stokowski invited him to the United States as a guest-conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. He left Philadelphia to conduct the Los Angeles Philharmonic for four seasons. In the fall of 1933 he was appointed conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra.

★

The concerns who sponsor CBS network programs apparently have deep convictions about the desirability of furnishing good radio to the American people not sporadically but regularly. For those sponsors have been on the network's air for a total (so far) of 16,854 weeks...some of them with several programs five days a week, some with fewer and on fewer days, some with one program a week. The total of solid entertainment that has thus been granted free to the people is a considerable item in the inventory of the American standard of living.

★

A dark-haired girl of 19 came to CBS one July day in 1940 and asked nervously for an audition; she had never sung on the air nor had she much of a repertory. She was respectfully dismissed—but CBS couldn't forget her voice; asked her back to sing again; advised her to get a good teacher, and study hard. A year later she returned for audition No. 3. She had become an extraordinary soprano. She's singing now on the *American Melody Hour*. Her name is Eileen Farrell, and she lines up alongside many another great artist who first enchanted people on CBS air simply because CBS makes discovery and encouragement a major enterprise.

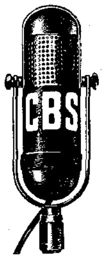
★

Of the 3,072 counties in the 48 United States the county most fraught with radio receiving sets is Cook, Illinois. Cook has 4,063,342 people; they own over a million radios. The island of Manhattan (which is New York county, New York) had in 1940 only 1,889,924 people, perhaps has more today on account of visitors from the mainland—and commuters who can't get gas and who have moved in town—and has something like 515,992 radios. The county with the smallest population seems to be Armstrong, in South Dakota, with 42 inhabitants and 9 radios.

If you are a CBS client, the network's Research Department will surprise you with piercing intimacies about the 3,072 counties that fill in the span between Cook and Armstrong. CBS will tell you, for instance, the CBS net circulation in each of the 3,072 counties—that is, just how many people listen, day and night, to CBS stations. No other network provides such accuracy of analytical service for its clients. But CBS clients like it because it helps them save distribution-waste for the consumer by more efficient application of their costs to the areas to which they send their products. They are gracious enough to call CBS research the best in radio.

★

This is CBS the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM



easy detail. Every morning was a problem."

"I've nothing against him," Fiene said, "but why must he always clutter up the tent? Every night his fatigue pants hang somewheres else. There's his upper plate in a cup of water. There's his ladder. There's the goddam picture of his wife. Eight boxes under my bed—I'm writing his wife to stop sending those lousy cookies. The bastard can't bear to throw out a box. Look at the rungs on that ladder." Fiene sank down on his bed. "How he starts from the bottom and reaches his bunk is beyond me! Christ, if I went up it, I'd land anywheres in the camp!"

"I'm giving him my bed," Hunter said. "I think I'll tell him tonight."

Proctor came into the tent. He was in his shorts and carrying a pail of wash. "I'm letting it soak a while," he said.

"The son of a bitch is always doing his laundry!" Fiene shouted, standing up. "And he never wears anything! I don't get it!"

Proctor bent down and pushed the pail under Fiene's bed.

"He hangs up laundry all around the tent," Fiene said. "The Proctor Hand Laundry—that's what they call this tent!"

From a box on a shelf Proctor took a cigar and stuck it in his mouth. "Have a cigar," he said, offering one to Fiene. "Go ahead." Fiene turned away. "Some people are never satisfied," Proctor said. He returned the cigar to the box and then labored up the ladder. Stretching out on his back, he lit the cigar. "A hell of a way to live, this Army," he said.

"What's the matter, Major?" Hunter said. "I thought life was easy now."

"It's not like home," Proctor said, shaking his head. "I'd come home from work and supper was waiting for me. There it was, all ready to put on the table. I'd finish my supper, I'd get into my bathrobe and sit down by the radio. I'd take off my shoes. I'd light my cigar. Everything nice, everything quiet. Anything I'd want, my wife would bring me. What more could a man want?"

"You should have stocked up on kids," Kelner said. "You wouldn't be in the Army."

"No man could say we weren't happy," Proctor said. "Not one argument in fourteen years. She's some woman, my wife. I'm lying here fifteen minutes. Then I'm getting down and I'm writing her a letter." He raised his head and glanced at his watch.

"Major," Hunter said, "we've got a surprise for you. This is going to knock you cold. We're swapping beds with you."

"You can't kid me." Proctor shook his head.

"Here it is!" Hunter pointed to his bed. "All yours."

"If you prefer a southeast breeze," Kelner said, "you can have mine."

Proctor lay quietly on his back.

"You can even have Fiene's," Hunter said. "What do you think of that?"

"Go on, take my bed," Fiene said.

"Take your pick!" Hunter spread out his arms. "Here they are, Major—all four!"

"My God!" Proctor said, suddenly sitting up. "All four!"

"On one condition," Fiene said.

"On one condition," Proctor repeated, and went back to his pillow.

"—that for once you climb down without the ladder!" Fiene shouted. "I want to see you climb down without the ladder."

"Is that fair?" Proctor asked.

"You can do it, Major," Hunter said, as Fiene quickly removed the ladder.

Bishop came into the tent. "Stand back," Kelner called out. "The Major's coming down without his ladder."

"Good God!" Bishop said.

Grinning, the four men formed an arc before the double-decker. On the upper bunk Proctor slowly rolled over to his hands and knees. He crawled forward and took hold of one of the wooden posts of the double-decker. Then he stopped and looked down at the floor. "No, it's not like the old days," he said.

"Stand back!" Hunter shouted.

Proctor put one foot over the edge of the bed. Holding on to the post, he carefully lowered his foot, reaching down for Fiene's bed.

"The Major doing a split," Bishop said. "Not bad."

"Come on, a little more," Hunter said.

Proctor's foot crept nearer and nearer to the edge of the lower bed. Suddenly his eyes bulged and he lost his hold on the post. As he went down, he seized his blanket in panic, dragging it with him. He didn't strike the floor hard; part of his blanket was turned under his mattress and this offered enough resistance to break his fall.

"Get up!" Fiene shouted over him. "You're not hurt. Get up!"

Proctor lay there motionless with his eyes wide open.

"Major, are you hurt?" Hunter said, bending down over him.

"My arm," Proctor said.

"Go to the orderly room," Fiene

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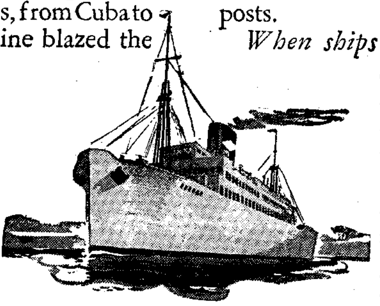

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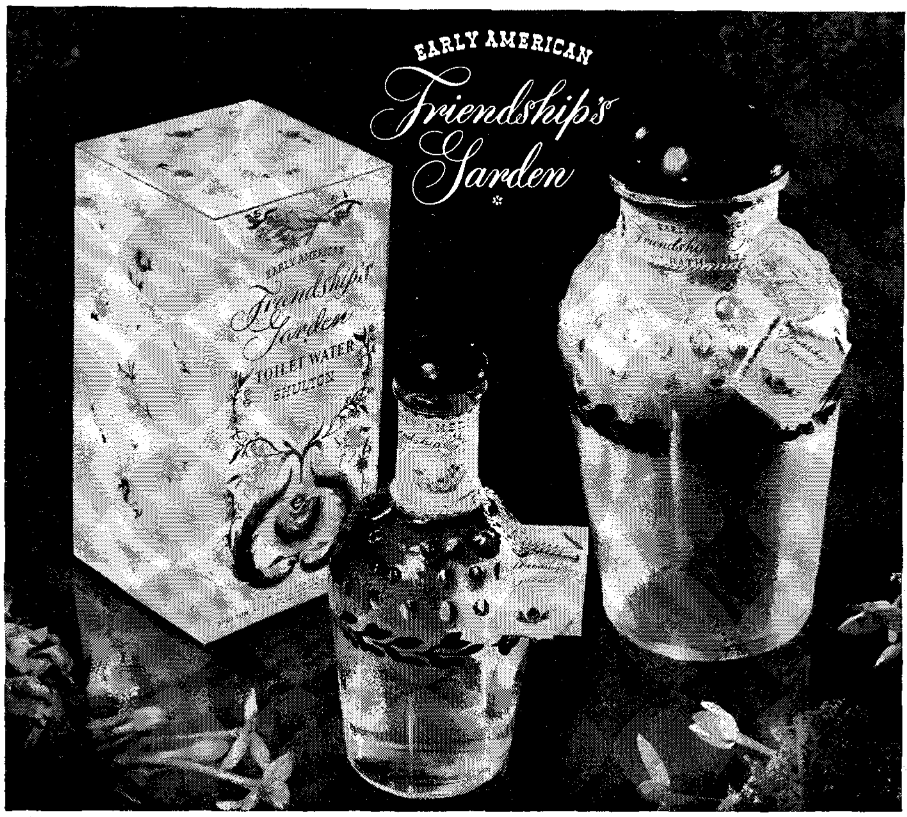

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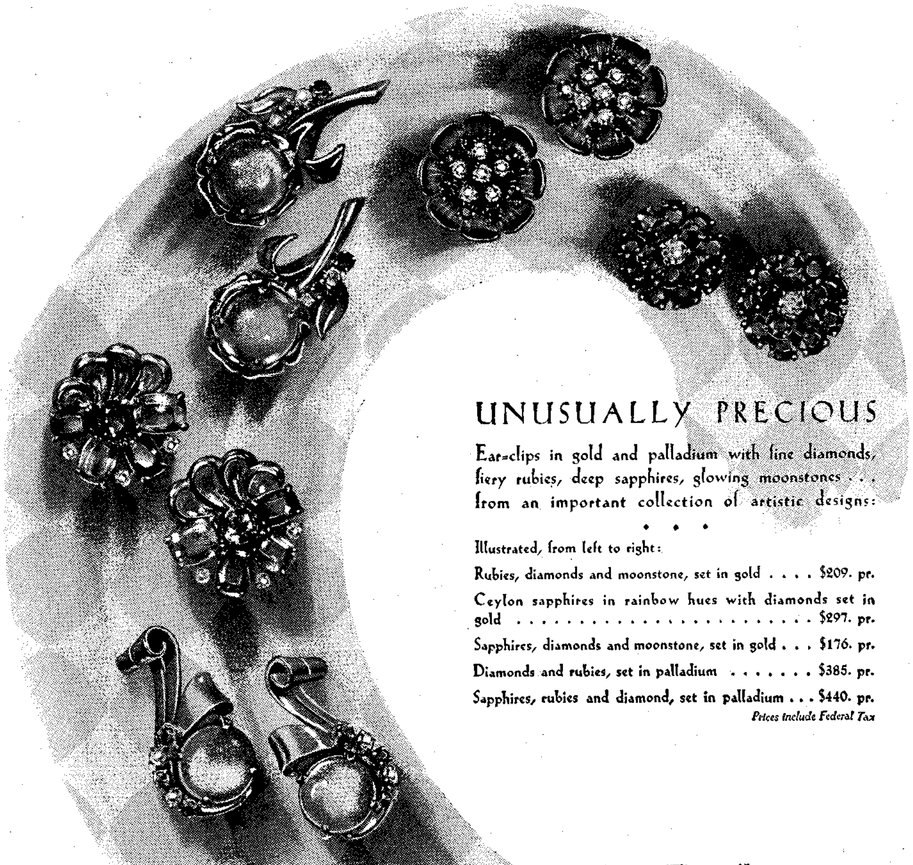

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said to Bishop. "Phone the dispensary."

"I DON'T think there's a thing wrong with him," the medical sergeant said, twenty minutes later. The medical sergeant was squatting and holding Proctor's right arm. Two privates stood near the door, one holding a stretcher. Outside, a small crowd of soldiers had gathered.

"My arm," Proctor said.

"Of course, there's no being sure." The medical sergeant stood up. "There may be a fracture. We'll take him along and have the captain look at him." He studied Proctor, who lay absolutely still. "What's he lying like that for?"

Smiling, the two privates came over with the stretcher.

"Got a cigarette?" the medical sergeant said. Fiene extended a pack. "I'd swear there isn't a goddam thing wrong with him," the medical sergeant added with conviction.

"You'll be all right, Major," Hunter said.

After Proctor had been carried out, the medical sergeant returned to the doorway and spoke to Fiene. "He says to send a letter to his wife. Says she'll be worried stiff if she doesn't hear from him."

"Oh, goddam it!" Fiene said.

"If you want, I'll do it," Hunter said.

"I'll do it!" Fiene said. He took a box of stationery from his shelf and sat down at the table, then he got up to fish for his pen in the clothes on his rack. Then he sat down at the table again. "What'll I tell her?" he asked.

"Tell her he sprained his wrist and can't write," Hunter said.

"She'll think he's dying," Fiene said, and jumped up from the bench.

The other men looked at the picture of Proctor's wife, at the large, sad eyes behind the glasses. Fiene alone did not look at her. He walked back and forth in the tent, glancing now and then at the table. Finally he stopped short and looked about, as if for something to do. He pulled off his tie and threw it on his bed. Then he took off his shirt and threw that too on his bed. He stood directly under the light, his naked shoulders broad and powerful. "I can't think of anything to tell her," he exclaimed. "All I know is he never belonged in this goddam Army!" —SGT. BEN PASSEN

•

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A NEW YORK CHILDHOOD

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I WAS born, or I think I was, on June 20th, 1866. The reason for the doubt is that I was born in Ringwood, New Jersey, before any record of births was kept in so rural a district. For some reason, the question of my age came up once, and my mother, although she remembered perfectly well the day and the month of my birth, was not at all certain of the year. A relative of ours who happened to be present during the discussion said she was sure it was 1866, because my father had been United States Commissioner at the Paris Exposition of 1867 and she remembered holding me up for him to see when he came home late that summer, and she was certain I could not have been much over a year old at the time. This is the nearest I can come to proof that I was born at all.

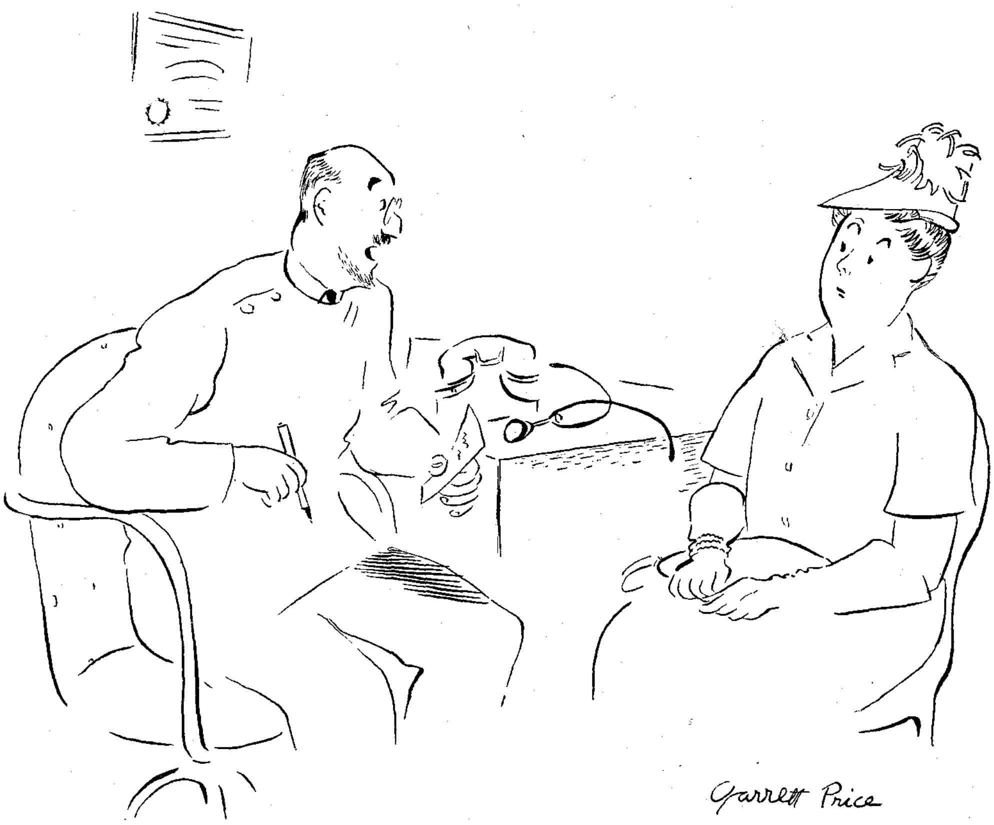
My mother's father, who was Peter Cooper, had a house at No. 9 Lexington Avenue, where my family lived during most of my childhood. The first memory I have is of meeting my sister Nellie, who was always thought to be two years older than I was, in the hall of my grandfather's house, punching her in the stomach, and getting punished for it. I must have been about four then, but of course there's no way of knowing. I remember my grandmother, Mrs. Cooper, well. She died in 1872, when I presumably was six. In addition to my sister Nellie, I had two other sisters and two brothers.

Mr. Cooper's house was a large, rectangular, four-story brick building, fronting a hundred feet on Lexington Avenue and extending a hundred and ten feet along Twenty-second Street. The site on which it stood is serving at the moment as a parking lot for Army trucks, patrolled by an armed sentry. The house had a high-stoop entrance leading to a hall down its centre, on one side of which was Mr. Cooper's study and bedroom and on the other the parlor, library, and dining room. The servants' dining room, the schoolroom for us children, and the kitchen and laundry were on the ground floor, level with the street. There was a yard in back of the house and a stable beyond that. Above the stable there was a workshop and a large gymnasium, where my two brothers—Cooper, who was older than I was, and Erskine, who was younger—and I spent much of our time. It was there that we were instructed in gymnastics by the gym man at the Y.M.C.A. After Mr. Cooper's death, in 1883—four years before my father, Abram Hewitt, became Mayor of New York—my mother had the house done over by Stanford White, who did away with the stoop entrance and made the house more suitable for entertaining.

Mr. Cooper once told me that his grandmother, a Campbell, who lived to a great age, had told him that she could remember well the paling fence, broken at intervals by blockhouses, which was built across Manhattan Island to keep the Indians off. It stood near where Chambers Street is now. Mr. Cooper himself, when a small boy, was almost drowned in Collect Pond, which was later filled in and became the site of the first Tombs. He was rolled over a barrel to bring him to. My mother and her brother, Edward Cooper, when they were children, lived in a house at Twenty-eighth Street and Fourth Avenue and used to fish in Sunfish Pond, where Madison Square now is. Their father, who had many business enterprises and made money in all of them, made most of it from the manufacture of glue. His first glue factory was at Madison Avenue and Thirty-first Street, conveniently near his house. Later this factory was shut down and another was opened on Maspeth Avenue, over in Brooklyn.

IN the seventies, Twenty-second Street, like many other streets, was paved with large, round cobblestones, some of them over a foot in diameter and sticking up an inch or two higher than the others. There were mud holes everywhere. When trucks or carriages passed along the street their iron tires made a dreadful noise. Telegraph poles, strung with wires which often came down in big storms, lined many of the streets all over town. I remember that once every telegraph pole, as far as I could see along Lexington Avenue, fell into the street during an ice storm. The wires became tangled in the wheels of passing vehicles and there were many serious accidents that day.

Stray dogs and cats were everywhere, many of them almost starving. Ashes and garbage were placed in open barrels on the sidewalk. Ragpickers winnowed this material for rags and often overturned the barrels into the gutter. My brothers and I could always get all the fine, flat steel wire we wanted from the discarded hoopskirts that were thrown into the ash barrels. The streets



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were never well swept. It was impossible to keep such uneven pavements clean. Once my father, coming up from downtown in the Broadway omnibus, got off at Twenty-second Street and Broadway. There was a large mud puddle in a hole in the pavement right where the stage stopped. A very fat woman got off just behind him, slipped as she alighted, and fell on him, pushing his face into the puddle and nearly drowning him. He was in a fairly bad frame of mind when he got home.

Cyrus Field's stable was next to our house on Lexington Avenue. When his coachman washed his carriage, the water ran across the sidewalk, down the gutter, and all the way to Third Avenue. My brothers and I watched for this event, so that we could sail pieces of wood in the water and build dams along the gutter. There was always plenty of dirt to make the dams with.

We played a good deal in Gramercy Park, but the gymnasium was our favorite place. When my grandfather's stable was built, the second floor had been made into a greenhouse, with about three feet of earth covering the flooring. My mother had the greenhouse turned into a gymnasium for us and, thinking the roof over it would be too high after the earth was removed, told the workmen to build another floor about thirty inches above the old one. We children soon discovered the space between the floors and cut trap doors through to it. This became our secret hiding place.

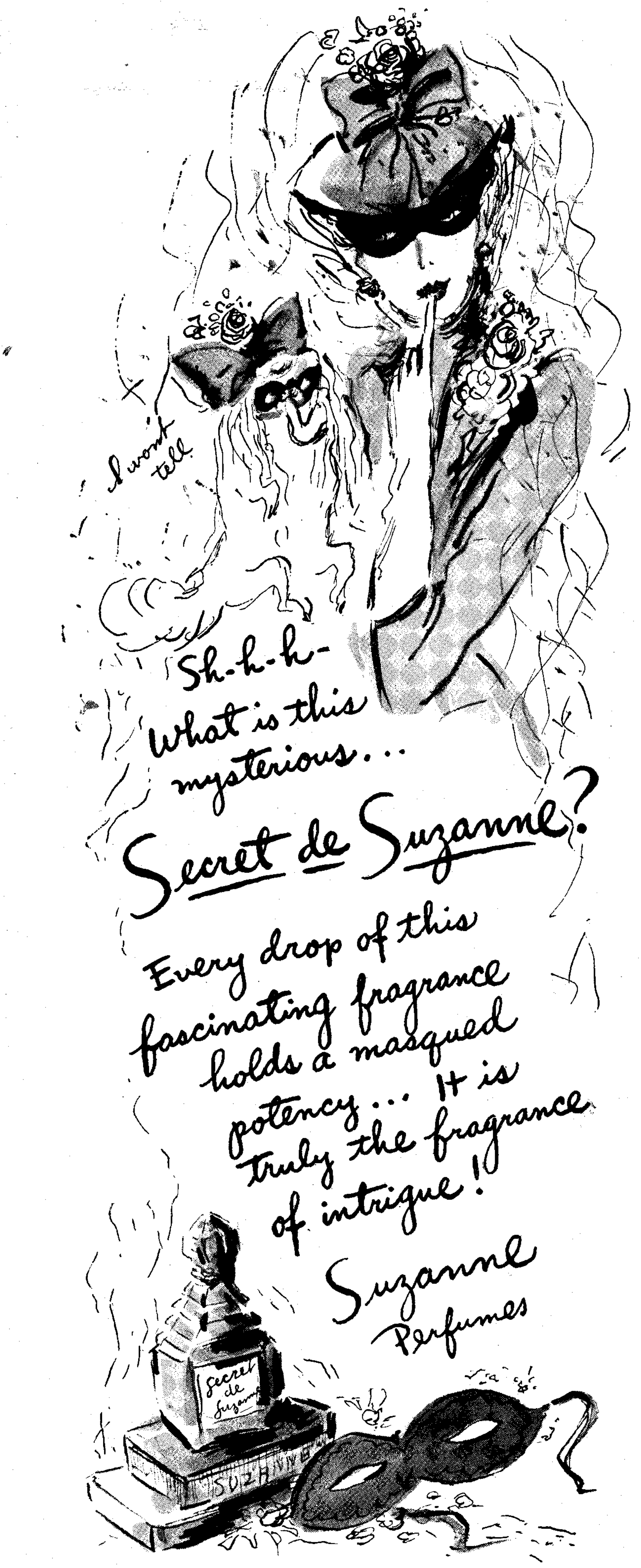
IN those days boys amused themselves with games and pranks instead of with toys and movies. No doubt things are easier for the parents of this generation. Occasionally the police would come after us because of our misdeeds. We always hid under the gymnasium floor and were never caught there. We used to hear their heavy tread above us as they looked around, and you can bet that we kept quiet. When they came for us, my mother always sent them up to the gymnasium, telling them we were there and knowing perfectly well they wouldn't be able to find us. They always thought we had gone down the back stairs. Whenever the police managed to catch us outside, they took us to the police station, where we would remain until my father came home from downtown. He would go to the station house and get his badly scared sons out of jail.

One of our favorite sports involved attaching a fine silk thread to a lamppost near the house and leading it into the house through one of the parlor windows, which we had opened a trifle. Then all we had to do was to wait for a promising pedestrian. It took a certain amount of skill and sense of timing to catch a man's top hat and knock it off, but the height of professional excellence was to snap a cigar out of a man's mouth without his seeing or feeling the thread. If we were clumsy, of course, the victim knew what was up and came to the house after us. When we saw him start toward the front door we would break the thread and close the window, so there would be no evidence of our crime.

Another game, which I invented myself, was most successful. It was an old trick to drop red-hot pennies on the sidewalk and watch people pick them up. My idea was much better. I took a five-inch spike, filed the head off, and soldered on a quarter in its place. Then I drove the spike into a crack in the sidewalk paving until the quarter was just flush with the stones. Everyone who came by tried to pick the quarter up. Most people just broke a couple of finger nails and went on, but a few men broke the blades of their pocket knives trying to pry the quarter loose and then walked away swearing. Finally, an oldish, gray-haired man, after breaking the blade of his knife on the quarter, went up the block, returned with a paving stone, and pounded the coin into pulp. It was the end of the quarter, but the game had lasted all one Saturday afternoon.

Whenever there was any damage in the neighborhood, such as broken windows or ripped-out doorbell wires, people sent the repair bill to my mother, who always paid it, since she thought we probably were responsible. Actually, we were not always to blame, for there were other boys in the neighborhood as bad as we were. I don't see how my mother ever put up with us, but she was never cross and never scolded us. My grandfather used to lecture us on the evil of destroying property, but we had once heard him tell my mother not to bother about us, as we would all grow up after a while.

ONE day there came a perfect snow, heavy and sticky enough for rolling big snowballs. My brother Cooper suggested that the flat roof of the gymnasium would be a fine place to make a snowball, so we went up there and rolled one. It was about thirty inches in diameter. We rolled it close to the edge of the roof along Twenty-second Street, above the stable doors. As we were looking down, a drunken man came by below us. Cooper could not help giving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the snowball a shove and it fell right on the helpless fellow. I wonder that it didn't kill him. When he dug himself out he was sober enough to get a policeman, who came in to arrest us, but we hid under the gymnasium floor and all was well.

I recall another day when we went coasting on the street until the snow melted and put an end to our sport. We still wanted to coast, and Cooper suggested that he and I try the sled on the stairs leading from the second floor to the front door of the house. We got on the sled together, Cooper in front and I behind. We thought that since the stairs were carpeted the sled would go slowly, but instead it zipped down, crossed the hall, and crashed into a large panel of the front door. Fortunately, it broke and let us both through without a scratch. As we came out onto the front stoop, there was my mother with her arms full of packages, and we barely avoided hitting her. She wasn't very cross, but just the same she locked us up in our rooms for a day.

The police often chased us into Gramercy Park and it became necessary for us to have some means of escape besides the gates, which could be watched. The park was fenced in, as it is today, with high, cast-iron bars. Using a bracket saw, Cooper made some openings in the fence by cutting through the base of a bar here and a bar there. The bars he sawed could be pushed aside just enough for us to squeeze through and then be pushed back into place. Along the fence there was thick shrubbery, which hid us from whoever was chasing us inside the park. All we had to do, once in the park, was to make for the bushes, crawl along the fence until we reached one of the sawed-through bars, and wriggle out. Of course, after going to all this trouble, we had to cook up something which would make the police chase us.

Cooper had read in a book about a device called a horse fiddle, which was supposed to make an unearthly noise. We set to work building one. We had an elaborate machine shop above the stable, with a steam-driven lathe and drill press, and we had been given instruction by professionals, so a thing like the fiddle was no problem to us at all. It consisted of a wooden box about four feet long, three feet wide, and two feet high. Its corners were reinforced with strong wooden blocks, glued and screwed into place. The bow was a plank two inches thick and twelve feet long, planed smooth and thoroughly glossed with rosin. There were no strings on the fiddle. The rosined bow simply rested on the top of the box and was slid back and forth, by main force. The ensuing vibration of the sides of the box produced a highly satisfactory sound. It took ten of us to work the fiddle properly—two sitting on the centre of the bow to hold it down on the box, and four more on each end to pull it back and forth. We tried it in the gymnasium and found it worked fine. The noise was simply awful.

About ten o'clock one night we took our fiddle into the park and started playing it. A few minutes after it began to bellow, we heard all four gates of the park opening in a hurry. Cooper threw two giant firecrackers into the box of the fiddle and tipped it over, and we ran for the bushes. The people who had come to investigate were all standing around our horse fiddle, wondering whether it had made the awful noise, when the firecrackers went off. There wasn't much of the box left to pin the guilt on us, but there were shrewd guesses about who was to blame and we had to lie quiet for a few days.

The neighbors finally decided to put a watchman in Gramercy Park because we made so much trouble there, such as hoisting a bench up on the flagpole and then tying the rope to the top of a tree. The only way that adults could get the bench down was to cut the top of the tree off. We thought that was wonderful. The watchman eventually made it difficult for us to carry on and we decided that he must go. He had a small shack, like a sentry box, to sit in at night, and this gave us an idea. In addition to a couple more giant firecrackers, we got hold of a small can of gunpowder and placed the whole business under the shack one day when the watchman wasn't around. That evening, when he had retired to his shack, we ignited our charge. The shack fell over on its side and the watchman came out and beat it for the gate. They could never get another man to stay there.

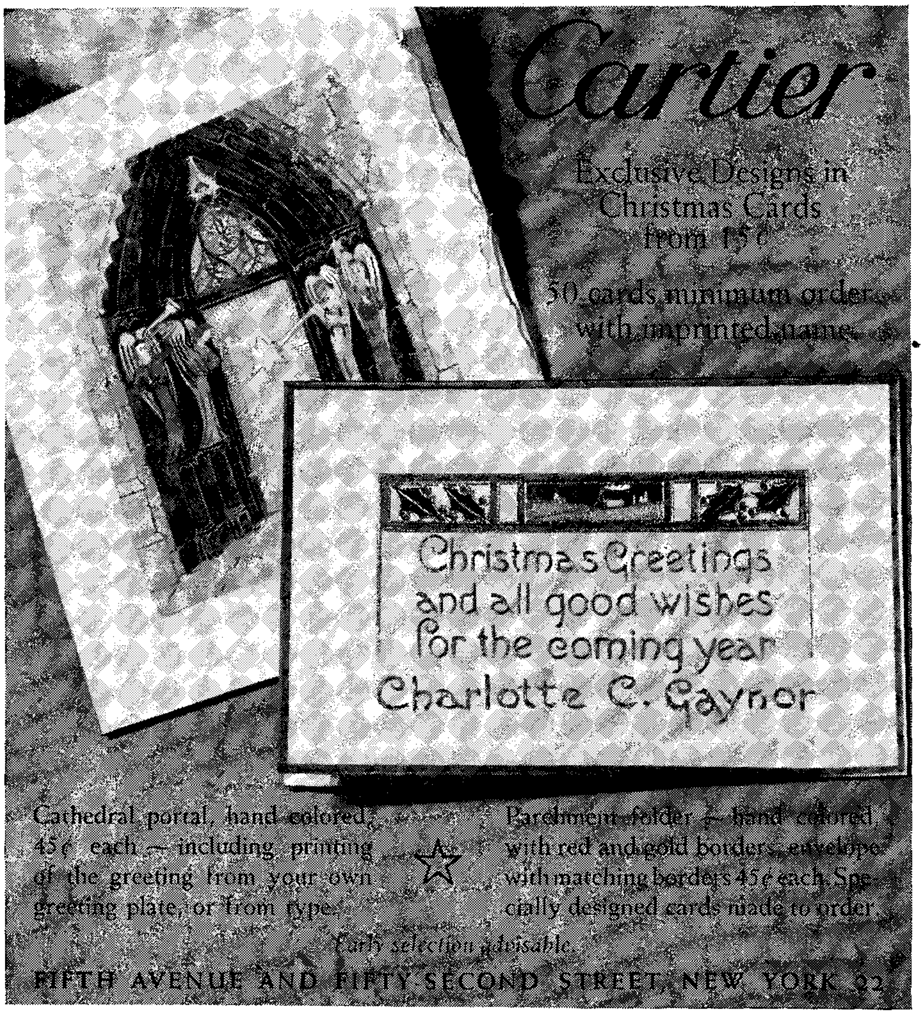
A RELATIVE of ours named Daniel Tiemann owned a country place along the North River, around 125th Street. It was quite a farm, which took in the present Claremont Avenue section. There was a large white house which stood below a hill, and a long avenue bordered with English walnut trees ran up to it from the river. In the spring and autumn we used to drive up there on a holiday or a Sunday for lunch. It was a seven-mile journey, which took all morning, and the latter part of the trip was over dirt roads through open country. Mr. Tiemann had a very large family and, with the guests, there were often as many as thirty at lunch. Mr. Tiemann had a big paint factory nearby, on Broadway, and it had proved very profitable. He had been Mayor of New York in the fifties and had established the city's system of oil-burning street lights, an improvement in which he became interested after being waylaid one night in the dark on his way home.

A few years after his administration, the municipal finances got in such bad shape that the city had no money or credit, and City Hall and the park around it were put up at auction and sold. Mr. Tiemann bought in the building and the land for $50,000 and held them until the city was able to redeem them, several years later, at the price he had paid. He was proud of having made no money on this transaction.

ALMOST every distinguished person who visited New York came to see my grandfather. Ole Bull, the famous Norwegian violinist, stopped in every time he was in the city and played his violin for us. He made the most beautiful violin music I have ever heard. His instrument was an Amati, fitted with a very flat bridge which allowed him to play on all four strings at once. He used to walk up and down the room playing old-fashioned tunes, such as "Home, Sweet Home" and "Coming Through the Rye," in full harmony, as though the violin were a church organ.

One day Alexander Graham Bell came to call on Mr. Cooper. He had with him a device he called a telephone. My grandfather invited my brother Cooper and me to come into his study and see it, and Bell showed us how it was made and how it worked. Afterward Cooper said he didn't see why we couldn't make one, so we set to work in our machine shop. Cooper made the coils and magnets and I made two ear- and mouthpieces of wood. I also went to a Third Avenue tintype photographer and bought a piece of black-enamelled iron for the diaphragms. When we had made two telephones we tried them out and found we could talk back and forth over them. Then we had to find a place to use them.

My brother Erskine had scarlet fever and was quarantined. We decided we'd like to talk to him, so we ran the necessary wires under the hall carpet and got his nurse to run them into his room and up to his bed. The device worked perfectly. When old Doctor Herrick came to see Erskine, he was amazed and could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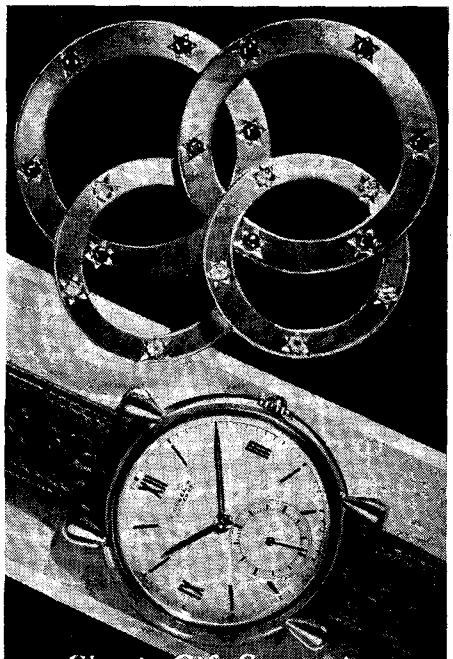

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scarcely believe that such a thing existed. He had, quite naturally, never seen a telephone before, or even heard of one. We later strung a wire across the street to the house of a playmate of ours. Our wire crossed the telegraph wires on the poles outside, and the telegraph company's linemen soon took it down, but we had held conversations with our friend over it for a week. I have no doubt this was the first house-to-house telephone in New York.

Thomas A. Edison brought his first phonograph to the house to show it to Mr. Cooper. Edison likewise explained to us just how his invention worked. It consisted of a revolving roller, wound with a sheet of tinfoil, and a needle attached to a diaphragm which travelled along the roller. It looked very simple, and Cooper and I decided we'd have a try at this too. We had material to make the diaphragm left over from our telephone operations. The main difficulty was with the roller, and we couldn't figure out how to make one. Then I thought of the cook's rolling pin, and stole it from the kitchen while she was in the laundry. Before long we had a machine rigged up that would squeakily repeat "Hello" and a few other words which we had recorded by shouting into the mouthpiece. I remember having gone to Barnum's Museum the year before and seeing a Swiss talking machine, which worked little better than ours. Barnum had a sign on it saying that he would pay $10,000 to anyone who could produce another machine that would talk. He retracted his offer when he heard of Edison's phonograph and before we could take him up on his challenge. We regarded that as a mean trick.

Christopher Latham Sholes, the man who made the first typewriter, brought it to my grandfather. It was a sad affair, completely enclosed in a mahogany box about six inches high and wide and about a foot in length. It wrote very poorly and seemed to be so complicated and expensive to build that Mr. Cooper was not especially interested. As a matter of fact, it was years before a practical typewriter was invented.

When Red Cloud, chief of the Sioux, came East to see General Grant, who was then President, about a treaty of some sort between the Sioux and the government, he visited New York and made a speech at Cooper Union. It was well received by his audience, even though an interpreter had to translate the whole thing. Mr. Cooper thought Red Cloud was as good an orator as he had ever heard. The chief, in Indian

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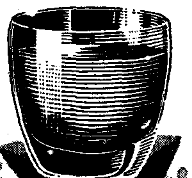

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costume, came to our house for a reception. After he went back West, he sent Mr. Cooper an Indian buffalo robe as a present. The leather was beautifully tanned and on it the history of the Sioux had been painted in lines of sign pictures two inches high. For a while we children studied the pictures and tried to figure out what they meant, but finally we lost interest. Grandfather then put it in his gig for a lap robe, and used it until it wore out. What an interesting curiosity it would be now.

WHEN I was a small boy, Mr. Cooper still took a very active interest in his glue business. Every morning, even after the factory was in Brooklyn, one of the men came to his house, bringing a record of the business done the day before. One morning he was very late. When he arrived he said that the ferries were not running because the East River was frozen over. He had walked across. I don't think it's ever been as cold again in New York.

The great blizzard of '88 came along while I was a student at Princeton, but I happened to be home on the day it started. Hoping to get back to college, I took a cab to the ferry, where I was told that no trains were running out of Jersey City, across the river, so I took the same cab home. The next day the snow on Lexington Avenue near our house was six to eight feet deep. Where the drifts were even higher, people had to tunnel along the sidewalks. There was a tunnel at the corner of Twenty-first Street and Lexington. I recall that a horse car was stalled not far away on Fourth Avenue. The horses had been unhitched and led away. All I could see was the small smokestack of the car's stove projecting above the snow. Even the roof of the car was covered. When the sidewalks had been cleared enough for us to get about, I walked over to Broadway and up Fifth Avenue. The shops had signs saying, "Will reopen when the flowers bloom in the spring." It took New York over a week to dig itself out and many people died of exposure or the cold.

WHAT went on in the streets about Gramercy Park was very different in those days. Men drove great herds of Texas longhorn steers across Fourteenth Street from the docks on the North River, up Irving Place, around the park, and on to the slaughter houses on First Avenue. Often a steer went on a rampage and had to be lassoed or somehow cornered. I remember a particularly vicious one which the drovers could not catch. A policeman shot sev-

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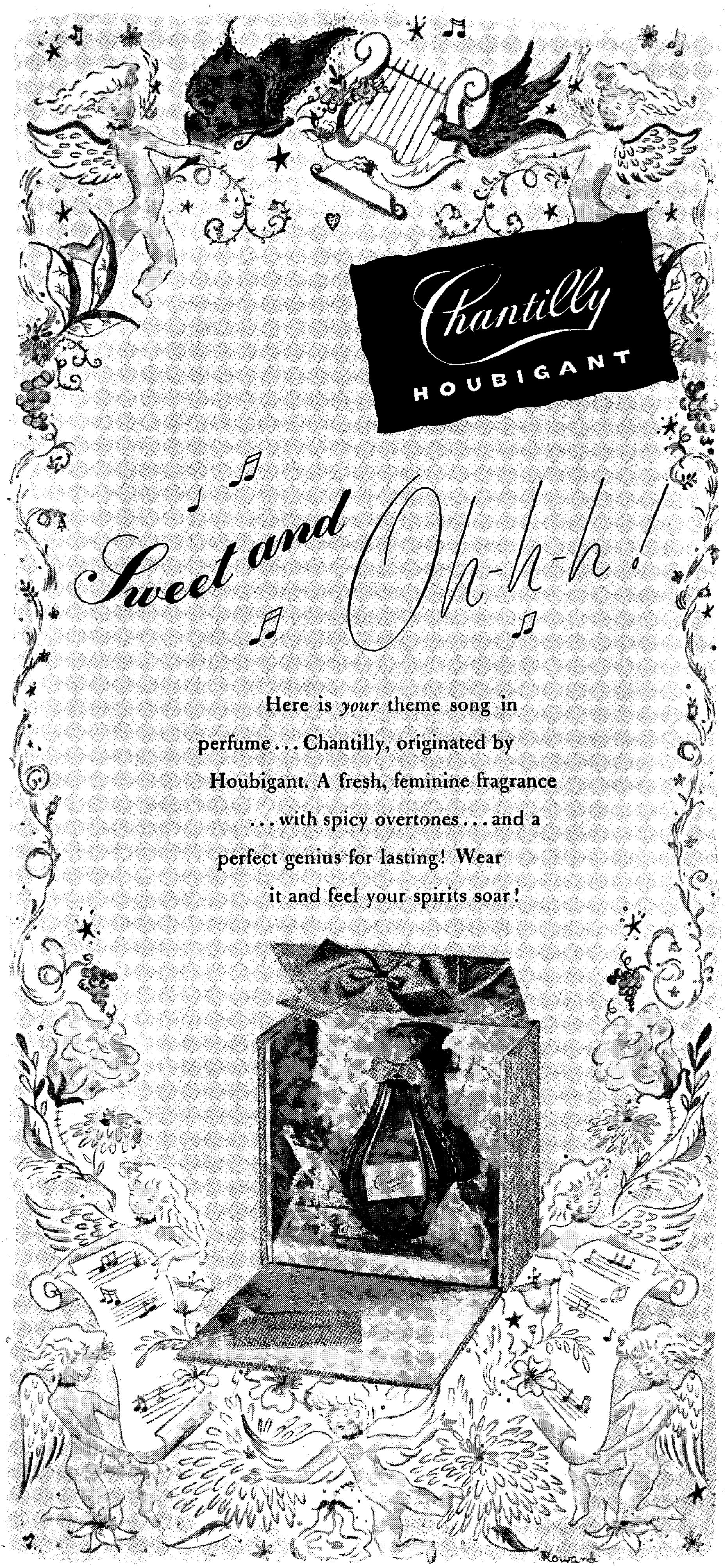
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eral times at him, but missed. Finally a man in a big sombrero jumped down from the porch of the Gramercy Park Hotel, on the east side of the park, and asked the drovers if they minded if he killed the steer. They said no. He ran up behind the animal, seized its tail and passed it between its hind legs, and gave a sideways jerk. The steer went down and the man cut its throat with a bowie knife. It was all over in an instant.

Twenty-fourth Street, between Lexington Avenue and Third Avenue, was a great horse market in those days. It was all stables. The hostlers used to trot the horses up and down on Lexington Avenue for the customers. Sometimes, when the horses were hitched to light sulkies, the drivers got them moving too fast, and I saw several runaways go right through Gramercy Park's iron fence.

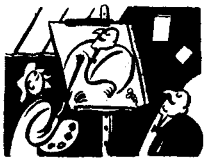
I remember well when the first horse cars were put on Twenty-third Street, replacing the old stages. They were small, one-horse cars, and were themselves replaced later on by two-horse cars as business increased.

FINALLY came the day of the horseless carriage. Mrs. Hamilton Fish, the Congressman's mother, who lived across Gramercy Park from us, bought an open electric car, which looked magnificent. The demonstrator delivered it at her house and showed her how to run it. The lever which turned on the power was at the driver's side. All you had to do was to push the lever forward to go forward, back to go backward, and upright to stop. This was considered simplicity itself, but the car's makers did not know Mrs. Fish.

The first time she took the car out alone she started toward Third Avenue. Just as she got under way, a big Negro crossed the street in front of the car. Mrs. Fish wanted to slow down, but she pushed the lever further forward, so the car kept going. It hit the Negro and knocked him down. She pulled the lever back—too far back—and the car slowly reversed and ran over the Negro again. This got Mrs. Fish really rattled. She moved the lever forward again—too far forward—and ran over the Negro a third time. Fortunately the car was not very heavy and the man was not hurt much. Before Mrs. Fish had time to move the lever again, he got up and yelled, " 'Fore God, Ma'am, you sure is going to run over me!" Then he disappeared around the corner at high speed. Mrs. Fish managed to stop the car and left it right there. That was the last ride she ever had in it.—EDWARD HEWITT

THE ART GALLERIES

Impressionist, Surrealist, and Romantic



SOMETIMES it seems as if a special prescience takes hold of the artist who is destined for an early death. One thinks of Mozart, turning out his fabulous series of operas, symphonies, sonatas, and chamber music, and one can't help feeling there must have been some instinct at work behind all that furious energy, telling him that he had less time than most mortals to complete his work and that he'd better hurry if he wanted to get it all done before death overtook him. One thinks, too, of Vincent van Gogh, whose paintings are now being shown in a big loan exhibition at Wildenstein. Everyone, I suppose, knows the artist's pathetic, fantastic story—his youthful, monkish wanderings in the Low Countries, his brief period as a recalcitrant student in the art schools, his flight to Arles, the friendship with Gauguin, the amputated ear, the madness—but it isn't till one glances at his chronology that one realizes into how terribly short a space of time all his artistic activities were crowded.

He was born in 1853 and he died, only thirty-seven years old, in 1890. His painting career, however, was even briefer than that. He apparently always sketched a little, but his youth was divided between random jobs and a desire to be a preacher, and it wasn't until 1880 that he determined to be a painter. Even then there were delays, false starts, and discouragements. He still didn't know quite what he wanted artistically, but whatever it was, the conventional art schools didn't provide it and he went from Brussels to Antwerp to Paris, undergoing one influence after another and then discarding it. Time was slipping by. Finally, in 1886, he fell in with the Impressionists in Paris, and though he never accepted the more hard-and-fast rules of their movement, it certainly helped him onto the right track. But if the Impressionists insisted on light and color in their paintings, why not go where the light and color were at their strongest? In 1888, with only two more years to live, van Gogh went to Arles. In those two years he painted over four hundred pictures and established a style that is as com-

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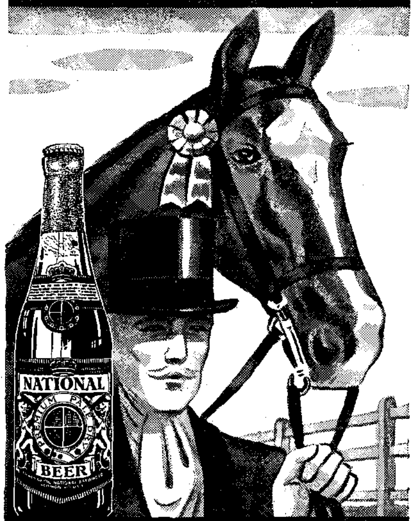

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pletely personal as that of any other painter who ever lived.

One of the most interesting things about the show, a wisely selected and thoroughly comprehensive one, is its inclusion of a number of van Gogh's early canvases—paintings, incidentally, which are rarely exhibited hereabouts. Van Gogh's whole artistic career was, in a sense, spent in pursuit of the sun, and it is instructive to note the swift progression from such dark, sombre pieces as "The Weaver" and "The Water Mill," both painted in 1884, through the lighter and livelier "The Avenue Saint-Cloud" and "The Bridge at Asnières" of his Paris period, to the outbursts of sunny ebullience—"The Plain at Auvers," "The Road Menders on the Boulevard de Saint-Remy," and the unusually meticulous "The Restaurant Rispal"—which he produced in the Midi. Van Gogh was, of course, primarily a colorist, and yet, looking at these later pictures, I was struck by the relatively restricted palette he employed for them. "The Road Menders," for instance, is done mainly in three or four tones of ochre, touched with pure yellow and green. There is a "Landscape at Saint-Remy" that is almost exclusively mauve and violet, and "The Plain at Auvers" is restricted to yellows and greens. There is no question, of course, but that a good deal of van Gogh's power derives from the impact of pure color, yet the narrow range of the paintings made me wonder if even up to the time of his death he was not experimenting and had not really plumbed all the possibilities that his palette afforded. Had he lived and kept his senses, had he learned to broaden his range a little, what even more magnificent studies in color and sunlight and movement might he not have given us?

AT Art of This Century, there is another loan exhibition, this one of early paintings by Giorgio de Chirico. Chirico's life, it occurs to me, represents a queer, inverted sort of parallel to that of van Gogh, for if the latter's significant production was mainly crammed into his last ten years, Chirico's was contained in the years between 1910 and 1918, when he was still in his twenties—after which, for reasons that have never been adequately explained, he renounced the Surrealist method that he himself had perfected and has latterly devoted himself to depicting pink horses and ornately togaed Roman youths. His works of those early years, however, have had as widespread and profound an influence as have those of any other

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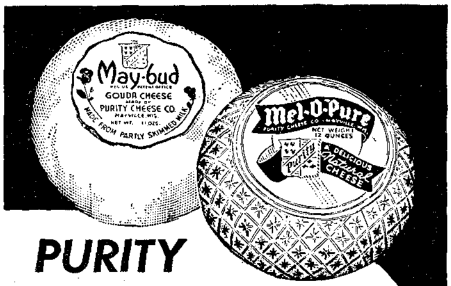

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artist of modern times. Coming on the scene at a time when the prevailing mood was classic abstractionism, he converted it almost single-handed into the romanticism which Surrealism represents. More than that, he devised and was the first to use a large part of the technical devices still employed by Surrealists—the introduction of mysterious symbols, the juxtaposition of incongruous details, the dream atmosphere—and, it must be added, he used them with an assurance and authority that few later members of the school have equalled. I think that perhaps no one else in the whole history of painting understood the mechanics of mood evocation as clearly as Chirico did or used his knowledge as boldly. Sometimes, indeed, as in "The Amusements of a Young Girl," which is in the show, there is a touch almost of cynicism, a tongue-in-cheek touch about the boldness of the method. In others, however—"The Rose Tower," for instance, just not quite Böcklin in atmosphere, the epochal "The Torment of the Poet," "The Double Dream of Spring," and the really majestic "The Melancholy of Departure"—he achieves moods of mystic suggestiveness that are as difficult to define as they are unmistakable in effect.

THERE'S a small show, slightly precious but still quite nice, of nineteenth-century American paintings at the Julien Levy. Here the effort has frankly been to dig up pieces that would appeal to modern taste, particularly to that part of it which is already looking beyond Surrealism to a revival of the rococo. This has naturally sent the organizers of the exhibition rather far afield, but if a number of the examples turn out to be quite untypical of either the period or the artists, the collection does indicate that nineteenth-century American is a field that still holds many surprises for the intelligent. I liked J. F. Kensett's small, precise, and gracious "Long Island Landscape," as well as Jasper Cropsey's glittering "Niagara Falls" and the thoroughly baroque "Evening Calm on the Hudson" by T. Chambers.

—ROBERT M. COATES

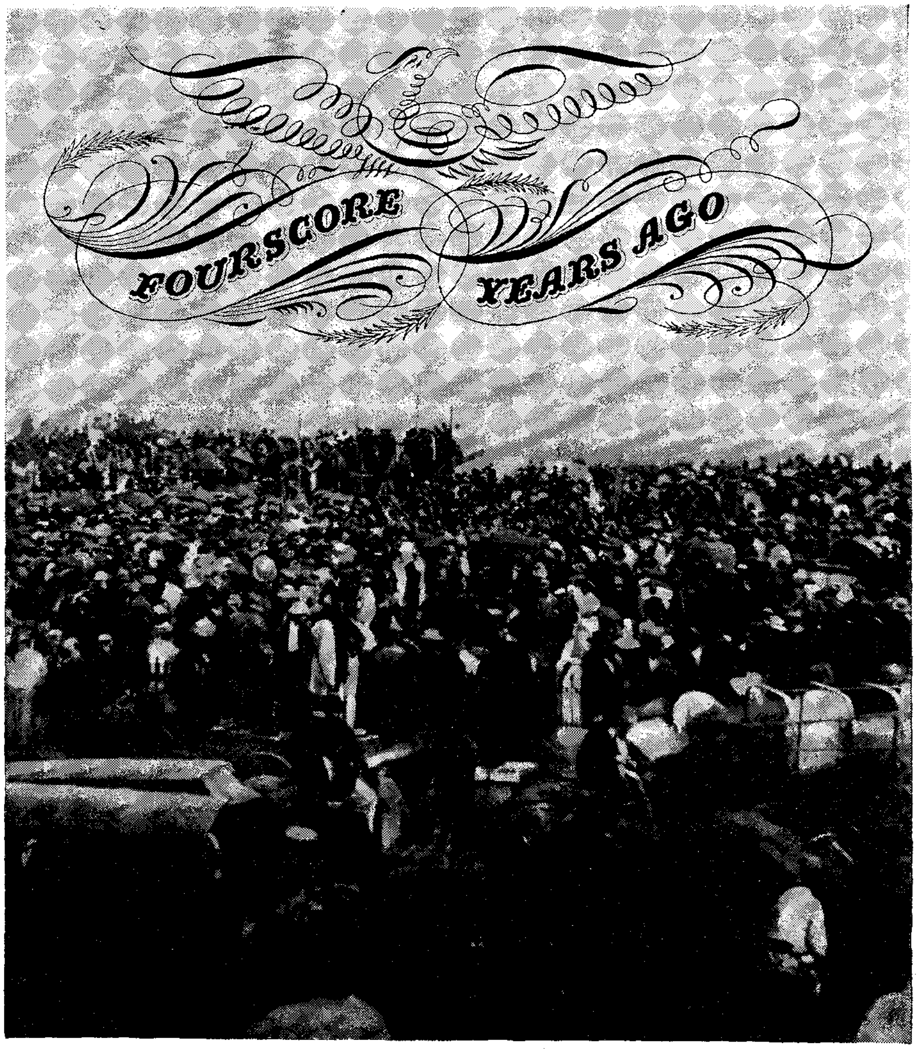
•

Mrs. H. writes: Will soft drinks hurt an 8-month-old infant?

REPLY

Not to be compared with an open safety pin jabbing into the skin. Not a good hygienic practice, however.—*The News.*

Next question.



The scene of the Gettysburg Address

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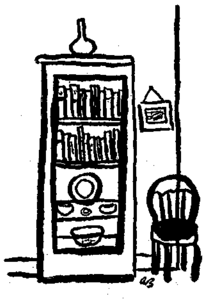
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

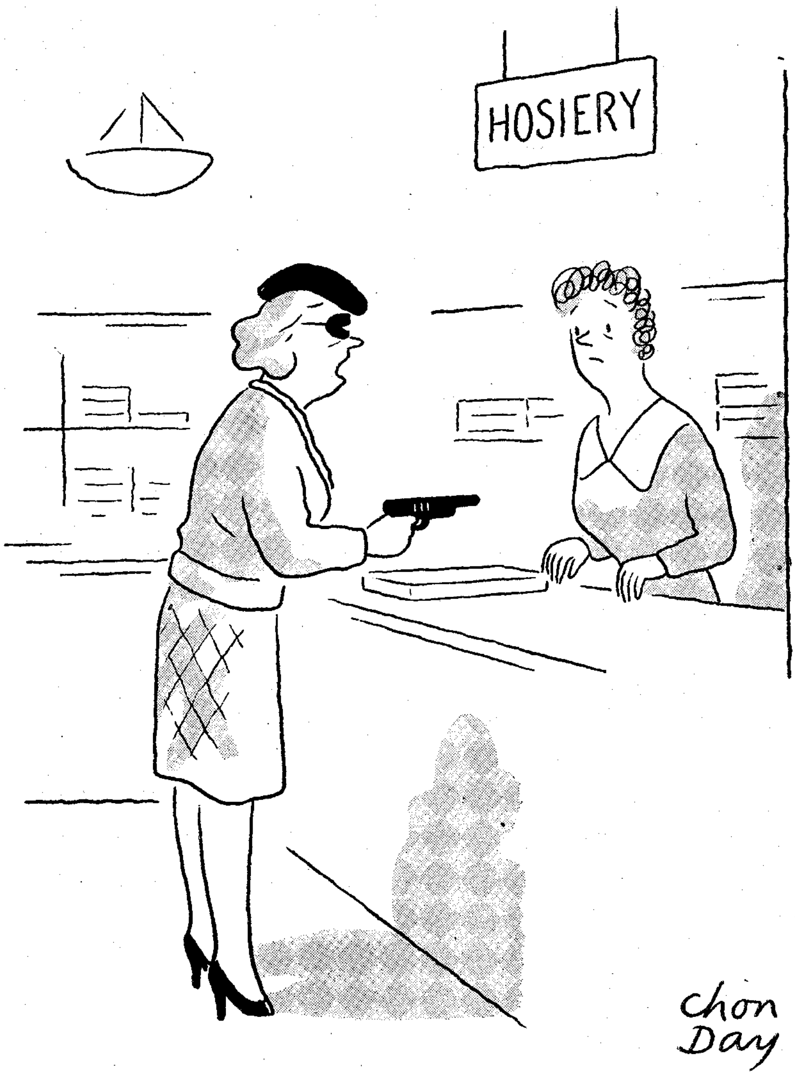


MATCHING its mood to the expansive one of patrons who have got past the difficulties of moving and fall renovation and are ready to indulge themselves in a little casual shopping, the Going-Gone Shop, at Lord & Taylor, has spread out to about three times its original size and filled itself up with some of the most attractive antique furnishings seen around town this year. Of course, only those who have spent a quiet and thrifty summer, devoid of any unseemly extravagance, have any right to do more than window-shop in a spot like this. The less deserving should regard its wares solely as museum exhibits and get their fun out of just looking.

Expansion hasn't changed the shop's habits any. Prices are still subject to an automatic weekly reduction of ten per cent, and you may still put in a sealed bid for any piece at next week's, or next month's, price, though there's the chance that someone else will snatch it before it gets down to your figure. Naturally, with a system like this, prices aren't especially low to begin with. In the American Empire group, for instance, it's not unusual for the typical pedestal sewing tables of the period to make their début at $110, or for little upholstered love seats to appear at twice that much. The other day I saw a magnificent sofa, with a massive, carved mahogany framework and upholstered in red-and-white striped satin, starting off at $500. Even furnishings of far less pretentious eras, and out of the kitchen instead of the parlor, start high. Dry sinks of the pump-and-bucket age, brightened up with shiny lacquer so you can make plant stands or playroom bars out of them, will cost you $100 or thereabouts if you're too covetous to dare try a lower bid.

The American Empire things and the Early American kitchen trappings represent the extremes of the shop's taste. In between there's an almost bewildering assortment of stuff from practically any period you can name and for every part of the house, including children's rooms and the porch. Don't, especially, miss the rockers and rocking benches. Then there's the music-box collection, which I doubt can be matched anywhere within miles, unless dealers in such trinkets have been holding out on me. Lord & Taylor have table-type music boxes, with drawers full of discs or cylinders; they have old Regina uprights, pride of the century's early days, one of them as tall as the daddy of all grandfather's clocks; they have music boxes with bell, drum, and castanet attachments (some of these have so much going on at once that you can hardly make out the tunes) and even one with a pipe-organ sound effect, like a carrousel. They have, too, a hurdy-gurdy, on which you grind out the tunes by hand. These emerge with all the good old heart-rending disharmonies and irresponsible tempo. This treasure is probably inspiring frantic bidding right now unless some sentimentalist, overcome by nostalgia, has already happily carted it away for the original asking price of $75.

THE Corner Shop, at Macy, has spread out, too, in order to make room for more of those odd and often even unidentifiable bits of very early Americana for which there is such a clamor right now. Fine eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English antiques still come first with the Corner Shop and probably always will. However, the people there have given in, somewhat reluctantly, and are ready to accommodate you if an old New England butter churn made over into a coffee table is what you want. There are plenty of such whimsical trophies in the new American collection. There are also a great many things which make more sense, such as banks of tiny drawers from old apothecary and grocery shops. One of these might be set against a kitchen wall and used to house a fancy cook's assortment of herbs and spices. Old schoolroom desks could make country-house dressing tables. The hutch tables and pine four-post beds are very good indeed, and the Lazy Susan dining tables, ranging from $179 to about a hundred dollars more, are finds. They're the big, round kind, with a revolving disc at the centre, large enough to hold all the serving



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dishes for a full family or party dinner. Tables like this are usually in pine and accommodate up to twelve or fourteen diners, who can all readily help themselves from the turntable.

Elsewhere in Macy (on the sixth floor, to be both specific and helpful) there is great enthusiasm over needlepoint, centring on some new designs —modern ones, but involving ancient and beautiful Chinese symbols of longevity, fertility, and other things the Chinese are always wishing each other. Macy, the story goes, hopes that our wartime brides will want to work on them now, while their men are away, so that they'll be all ready for use in that postwar home (prefabricated, so help me, if Macy's model house is at all prophetic) after they get back. The needlepoint business started out mildly enough a while back with four fruit designs for chair seats. You get the painted canvas for one seat, and yarns to work the design, for $3.74; background yarn is extra. The seats fit a $14.98 Macy chair, of simple, pleasant, modern design, and lacquered dark green to blend with the Chinese color scheme. The seat covers were a success, so a series of four flower pictures in needlepoint patterns was next worked out for the same colors. For $3.98 you get your painted canvas, the yarns (including the background ones), *and* a glassed shadow-box frame for the picture lacquered to match the chair. Take them all together and you have the basis for a very handsome little dining room of the future, with a nice touch of the past for sentiment.

Of course, when Macy starts something like this there is almost no telling where it will end. Understandably enchanted with the designs and colors of the needlepoint venture, which really are lovely, the store has already repeated them in decorating fabrics—a heavy white rayon Barathea curtain cloth printed with motifs from the designs, to use unlined ($3.79 a yard, and it drapes like a dream), and some antique satins for upholstery, in both solid colors and stripes ($2.79). Place mats of handwoven linen-and-cotton, also using the Chinese colors, are $1.29 each. That's as far as Macy has got, but we probably haven't seen the end yet. —B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Substitutes and Other Things

YOU must have noticed that, when the subject of food substitutes appears in print these days, it nearly always turns out that what the writer means is soy beans. I have as much re-

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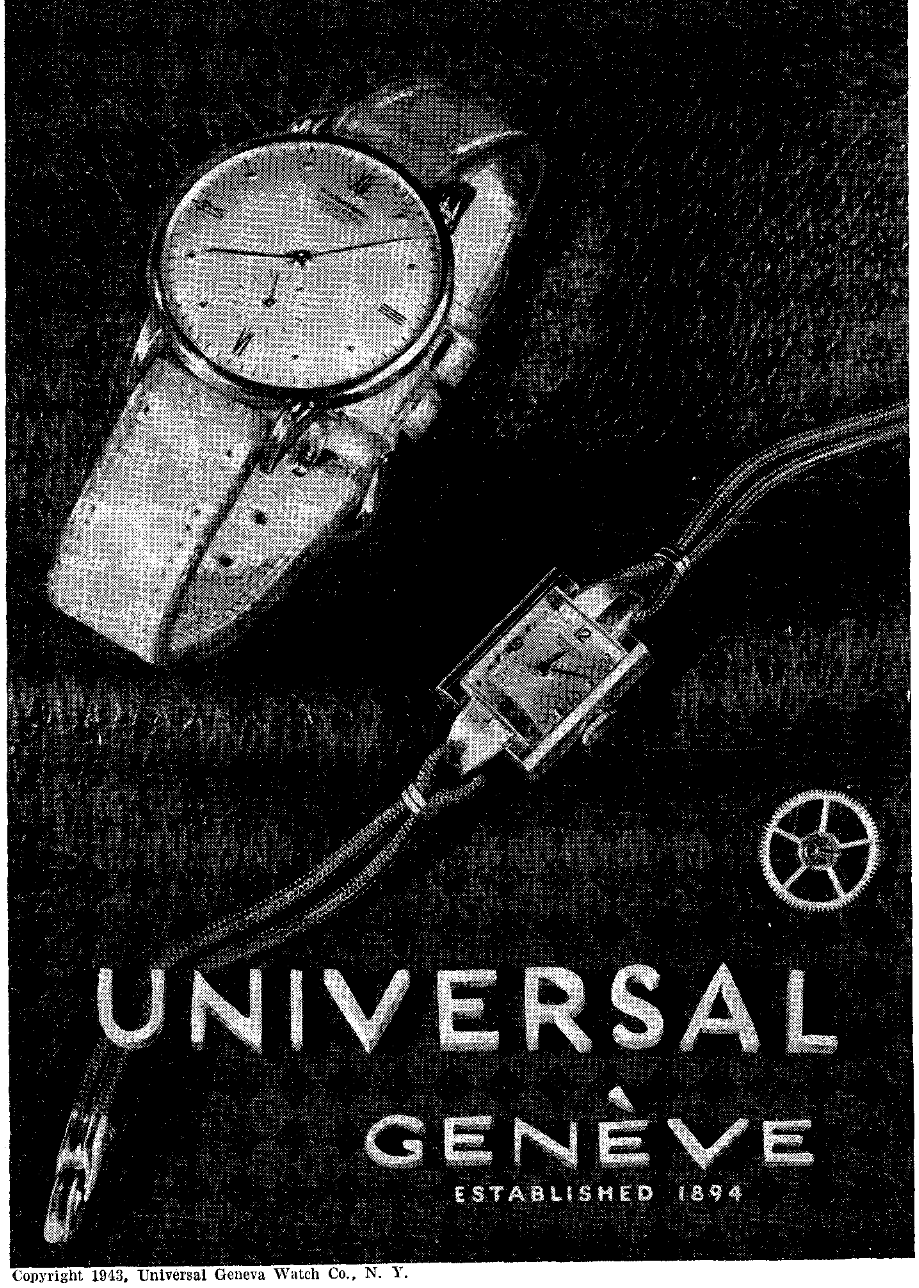
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET
WHITE PLAINS • NEW YORK • EAST ORANGE

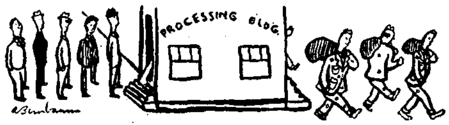


UNIVERSAL
GENÈVE
ESTABLISHED 1894
Copyright 1943, Universal Geneva Watch Co., N. Y.

spect for the soy bean as any nutritionist has, but I also have a certain respect for the intelligence of the average marketer, and I assume that unless a woman is blind and deaf, she has by this time learned all there is to know about soy beans and that she can take them or leave them alone without any advice from me. My own interpretation of a substitute is looser and more Pickwickian. So when I suggest eggplant, cooked as they do it in some of the Balkan countries, as a substitute for beef, I don't mean to imply that eggplant done any way on earth has the nutritive value of a steak or that it will be mistaken for one by even the most obliging husband. If it is a calory-for-calory substitute you want, you had better keep right on with the soy beans.

However, for those days when you can't get meat, the eggplant dish does have a heartiness that is more or less satisfying. It should be made in a deep, covered pot in which slices of the vegetable are fried in olive oil along with some chopped onion and garlic. When the slices are soft, you add a bouillon cube dissolved in a couple of glasses of water (or, better still, add some strong broth), a good deal of chopped parsley, and a small amount of thyme, and let the whole thing simmer over a low fire until it is like a thick purée. If you can lay your hands on half a dozen pods of okra to stew along with the eggplant, so much the better. Of course, rice is obligatory with this dish, and the sort of flat bread sold at most of the Armenian grocery stores along lower Third Avenue is a help. The nice little shop of A. Kehayan, at No. 380, near 28th Street, has this bread fresh every day.

I hardly dare admit to conventional breakfasters that I find the delicate Nova Scotia smoked salmon, which is so abundant right now, a wonderful substitute for breakfast bacon, which you can't find anywhere half the time. Of course, this isn't everybody's morning dish, and conservative cereal eaters aren't expected to approve. But chances are that after the first shock of meeting up with what looks like last night's cocktail provender, those who need a powerful fillip to their appetite in the morning will take kindly to the salmon, especially if there is a bit of sweet butter to spread on the dry toast that goes with it. With a sprinkling of chopped chives and parsley and with plenty of coarse black pepper, the salmon does exactly the same thing for



Radiant Peony

NEW triumph on a famous artist's palette. Elizabeth Arden mixes colors as only an artist can...and achieves exactly the same results...masterpieces of beauty. But instead of setting it down on canvas, for only a few to enjoy, she puts it at your fingertips, on your lips...lets *you* make this glorious new color your very own. And it *is* your very own—for Radiant Peony has a strange way of emphasizing the Woman...bringing out *her* personality...pointing up *her* charm. It is sheer drama with your new Winter clothes—a morale builder that spells beauty to every beholder.

Famed satiny lipsticks that stay on so well, 1.00 and 1.50
Refills, .75 and 1.00
Remarkable matching nail polish with the
new patina surface, .75 (prices plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden

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Perfume that spins a moment
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Dancer . . . gay peasant embroidery on a white Margandie or linen, $6.50 a dozen.
Tropical Fish... red, green, blue or yellow appliqued on natural cambric linen, $9.50 a dozen.
Varishka . . . chartreuse, coral and turquoise applique and embroidery on seashore Margandie, $18 a dozen.

Mail and phone orders filled promptly

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the gastric juices in the morning—when they need stirring up—that it does at cocktail time, when gastric juices can usually be counted on to take care of themselves.

NOW that patty shells could be of considerable help in the gentle art of food stretching, it's a pity (a minor pity, let's say) that their quality, which was never anything much except in the best pastry shops, seems to have fallen off in some of the formerly dependable places. To make things worse, many first-class shops have discontinued making them, although Henri, at 15 East 52nd Street, still takes orders for shells of light, flaky pastry. There is almost nothing a resourceful cook can't do with patty shells as a base for operations, and, if she has imagination, she can even dispel that faint blight of the tearoom that clings to the best of them. Lambs' kidneys in Madeira sauce is a good way to give character to a rather characterless pastry, and with the help of patties, a few kidneys can be made to go a long way. Shrimps lightly curried also do something for the shells, and vice versa, and of course there are all the classic combinations of crabmeat and mushrooms that have filled patties since the beginning of time.

A canned shad roe sold by Du Barry Foods, 332 West 21st Street, is so surprisingly like the fresh article that it seems a shame to suggest serving it in any less simple way than plain broiled. For emergencies, though, when a shad roe meant for two must be made to do for four, the Du Barry product makes wonderfully good croquettes. You simply follow any standard croquette recipe, substituting the slightly mashed roe for chicken or whatever is called for, and you have a fine dish that needs the addition of only a tartare sauce or maybe plain lemon juice. Fresh haddock roe, which most of the good fishmongers throw away for lack of demand for it, makes very good croquettes, too, or it is nice just sautéed in butter. As for the canned Du Barry shad roe, orders should be given over the telephone (Chelsea 2-8858), since the 21st Street address is only a showroom, not a shop.

WHAT with all the makeshifts, stretchers, and not-quite-so-good-as-it-was-before products that are around these days, it's pleasant to find the marvellously delicious caramels of Plumbridge, 21 East 65th Street, just as marvellously delicious as they were before the war—before this or any other war, for that matter, since the Plumbridge confections have been made ever since the oldest New Yorkers can remember. The shop also sells extremely good little fruit cookies, something like a soft *Lebkuchen* with a thin icing. Since these keep fresh a long time and ship beautifully, they are fine for putting in soldiers' and sailors' Christmas boxes.

The Farm & Garden Shop, down on the lower level at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, sells figures done in gingerbread that are small works of art—the sort of thing which, if it had been made by a Mexican peon or a Russian schoolchild, would probably be exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art. Actually, it's just a woman from Long Island who makes the molds for the charming figures, bakes them, and then decorates them with icing. There are a couple of the animals from "Bambi," the little elephant from "Dumbo," the most stylish horse you ever saw, and other exciting figures. A lovely present for a nice child. —S. H.

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

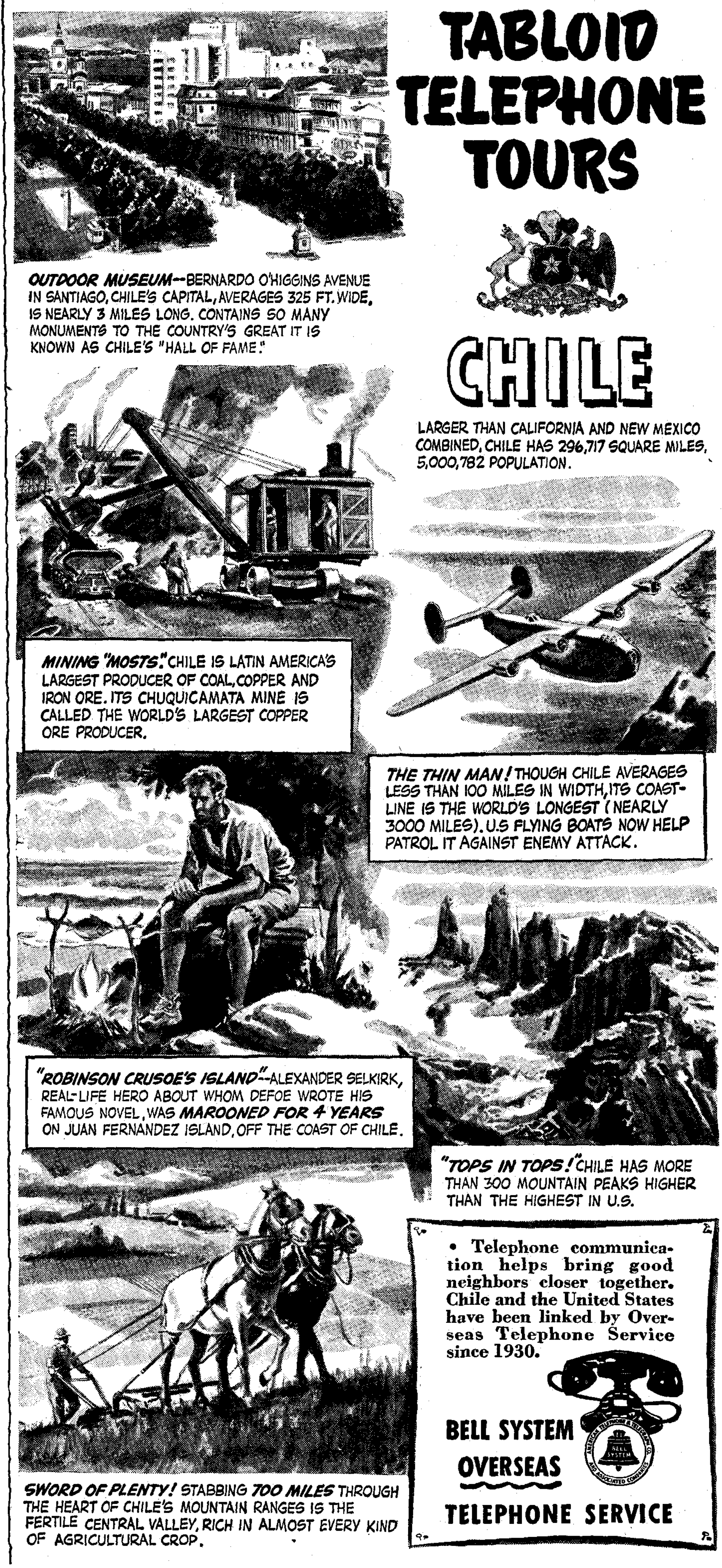
September 24, 1943

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

I HAVE just read your Profile about S/Sgt. Maynard Smith and found it entertaining, but I would like to explode a myth that has been flaunted about in most of the better magazines.

According to your story, Sgt. Smith's getting into the ball turret was supposedly difficult and uncomfortable. How this should be at all problematic for a man five feet four is a puzzle. Nor should the fact that he wasn't trained for the ball turret be anything to cause raised eyebrows. I am six feet one and a half inches tall and found the ball turret quite cozy and rather a problem for keeping awake in. But our outfit, the 11th Bomb Group, never operated according to Hoyle. None of our men ever attended a gunnery school and many of our turret men were six-footers. Our tail gunner, who is also supposedly a small man, was six three and weighed a hundred and ninety pounds.

July of last year we left for God knows where. I was a crew chief and had never been inside a ball turret. The turret gunner allowed me to get in and whirl around. Four days later I transferred from ground crew to combat crew, as ball-turret gunner, in the Solomons campaign, which the 11th Group



TABLOID TELEPHONE TOURS

CHILE

LARGER THAN CALIFORNIA AND NEW MEXICO COMBINED, CHILE HAS 296,717 SQUARE MILES, 5,000,782 POPULATION.

OUTDOOR MUSEUM—BERNARDO O'HIGGINS AVENUE IN SANTIAGO, CHILE'S CAPITAL, AVERAGES 325 FT. WIDE, IS NEARLY 3 MILES LONG. CONTAINS SO MANY MONUMENTS TO THE COUNTRY'S GREAT IT IS KNOWN AS CHILE'S "HALL OF FAME."

MINING "MOSTS." CHILE IS LATIN AMERICA'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF COAL, COPPER AND IRON ORE. ITS CHUQUICAMATA MINE IS CALLED THE WORLD'S LARGEST COPPER ORE PRODUCER.

THE THIN MAN! THOUGH CHILE AVERAGES LESS THAN 100 MILES IN WIDTH, ITS COASTLINE IS THE WORLD'S LONGEST (NEARLY 3000 MILES). U.S FLYING BOATS NOW HELP PATROL IT AGAINST ENEMY ATTACK.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND"—ALEXANDER SELKIRK, REAL-LIFE HERO ABOUT WHOM DEFOE WROTE HIS FAMOUS NOVEL, WAS ***MAROONED FOR 4 YEARS*** ON JUAN FERNANDEZ ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF CHILE.

"TOPS IN TOPS!" CHILE HAS MORE THAN 300 MOUNTAIN PEAKS HIGHER THAN THE HIGHEST IN U.S.

SWORD OF PLENTY! STABBING ***700 MILES*** THROUGH THE HEART OF CHILE'S MOUNTAIN RANGES IS THE FERTILE CENTRAL VALLEY, RICH IN ALMOST EVERY KIND OF AGRICULTURAL CROP.

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Till those

DARK CLOUDS

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BUY WAR BONDS

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Paint a silver lining in those War Clouds, *with Bonds!* For the duration, too, protect health and clothes from damp chill weather in a dependable Alligator Raincoat! Famous for distinguished style, impeccable tailoring, long-lasting quality—truly, "the best buy in rainwear"! The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR

Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

started. What happens to untrained gunners in such a campaign? Why, they live to tell about it. We lost four Forts in combat in three months,* but you never heard of us. We let the Navy and MacArthur's bomber command fight it out for the headlines the group made. But that has nothing to do with ball turrets. All I can claim is a half interest in a Zero over Shortland Bay. At the same time, a Zero pilot can boast a 7.7 in our No. 3 engine.

You may remove the cotton from your ears. I just want to set this "little fellows in ball turrets" straight. I'm not complaining. It's a logical error on Mr. Boal's part.

Sincerely,
Lt. H. E. Swinney

*I flew combat only three months. We cracked up in September of 1942 and were hospitalized for exposure and exhaustion (it was a water landing). After we'd flown another month in combat, the pill-rollers decided we had been under severe mental strain before and after we ran out of gas and sent us back to the States, for which I have no regrets. It's a rather comforting feeling to grasp yourself by the seat of the pants and realize that you're all there. Someone thinks three years overseas isn't enough, so I'm on my way back, as an officer (courtesy Officer Candidate School), and grounded. H. E. S.

•

OCTOBER

In these mineral colors now we see
how in the green months earth was mined,
and pointed rootlets probed and drilled,
and long stems piped the rich ore liquor
that brightened the corpuscles in the leaves,
that flushed the many cheeks of the rose,
that gave flowers color and fruits their tang.

Now the roots lie still, earth-wrapped,
like sheathed tools in a careful kit.
Mining is over for months until
next spring's hydraulic rains stream down.

Autumn breath has the smell of ore.
The unused metals in the leaves return,
gleam, recrystalled, and then drain back,
leaf by leaf, to the veins of earth.

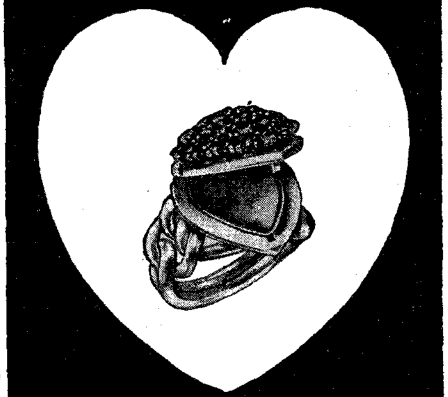
This on the landsweep painted large,
we see from our rock as we watch October.
Lit by a rusting sun,
the giant stains streak the hillsides
golden and ruddy and shining bronze.

—Isidor Schneider

Sally Victor
18 EAST 53RD ST.

HATS

FOR WHILE YOU'RE FAR AWAY



The Locket Ring
in Rubies and Gold $250
EXCLUSIVE WITH

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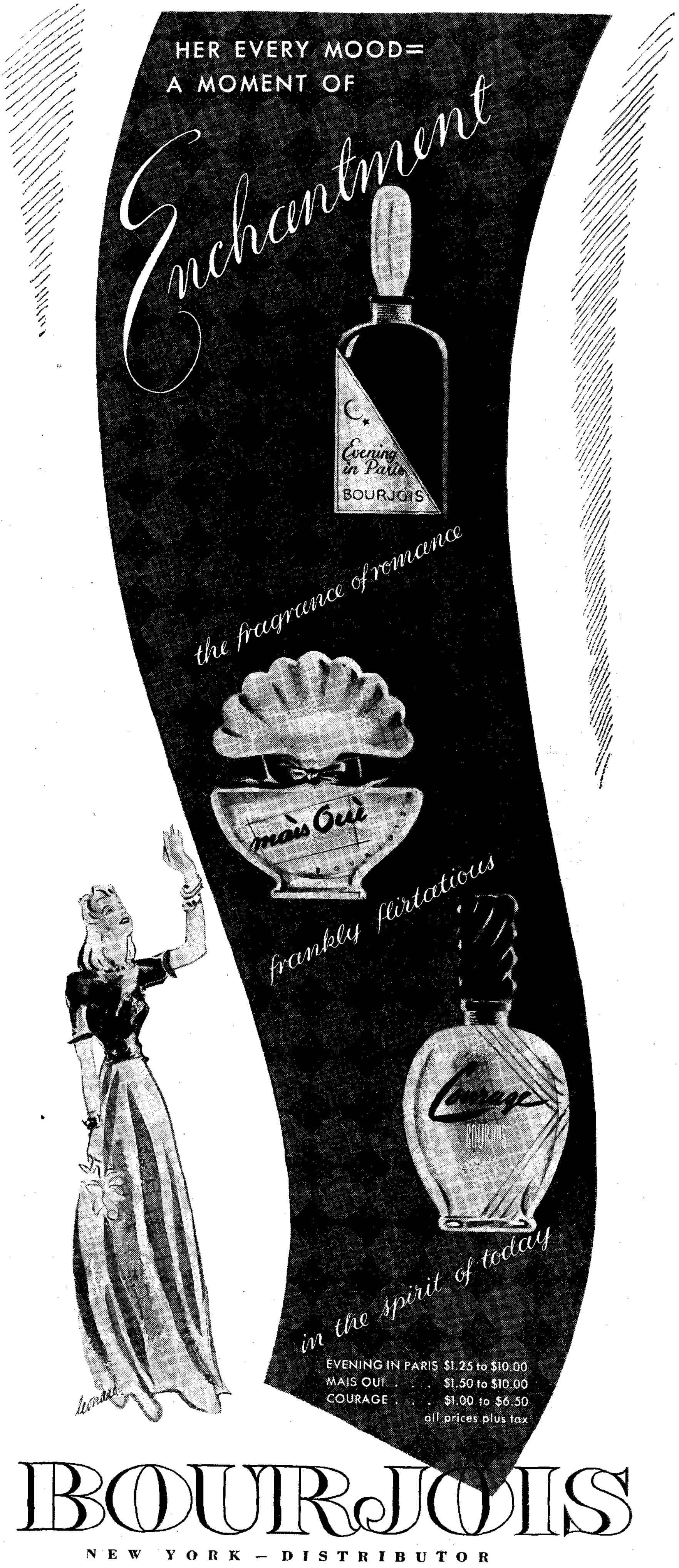
THE RACE TRACK

Farewell to Belmont

AT the close of Belmont Park I always like to review the racing and make some personal remarks. This fall I feel that I could make some very personal remarks about the disappointing two-year-olds we've had to put up with, and I daresay you could, too. I must say, though, that the Champagne Stakes last weekend was at least an exciting race. Lots of people seem to have been puzzled over the fact that Pukka Gin, who won it so neatly, had not run in the Futurity. The reason was that he had leg trouble of some kind and didn't get patched up in time. It was plain to see, however, he was patched up all right last Saturday. By the way, Lieutenant Colonel C. V. Whitney picked that Kiplingesque name for his colt while he was with the Army in India last winter.

It was rather a surprise to see Pensive such a hot favorite for the Champagne after he had broken so many horseplayers' hearts in the Futurity the week before. Not only that, but between the two races he had only light exercise. Just the same, nearly everyone seemed to think that he was so much better than the other starters that he didn't need a stiff workout. Well, Pensive finished third. At that, he did better than Occupy, who won the Futurity and then ran last in the Champagne. As for the fellows who predicted that Smolensko would be a little wonder the first time he started in a long race, I'm afraid that they were only dreaming, for Smolensko wound up a distant fourth. As for me and my own disappointments, I shall continue to string along with Platter, even to the point of offering the suggestion that jockey trouble (where have you heard *that* complaint before?) may have had something to do with his defeat. Obviously, since the Champagne was nearly a quarter of a mile longer than the Futurity, he had that much farther to be ridden badly in.

JUST before the New York Handicap, later that same afternoon, an eager little man in the paddock remarked that he hoped Vagrancy would be in the money because she needed to win only twenty dollars more to bring her lifetime earnings to $100,000. She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BOURJOIS
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frankly flirtatious
Courage
in the spirit of today
EVENING IN PARIS $1.25 to $10.00
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was lucky enough to run third, and her share of the purse brought her winnings to $102,480. As a result, she put a gay feather in the cap of William Woodward, her owner, for she is the tenth race horse he had bred who has won over $100,000. The others are, in reasonably chronological order, Gallant Fox, Faireno, Omaha, Fenelon, Fighting Fox, Granville, Gaffsman, Apache, and Boswell. You probably didn't hear much about Boswell because he raced in England. Only one other American breeder, H. P. Whitney, was ever so successful.

Oh, yes, before I forget about the New York Handicap, I might add that Bolingbroke didn't lag so far behind the front runners as he did in the Jockey Club Gold Cup. This time he succeeded in catching up with Fairy Manhurst, who was setting the pace, in the last furlong and galloped on to win with something to spare.

The race I liked best of last week's assortment was the Ladies Handicap. Stefanita won it so gamely that I'm sure there's no doubt now about her being the best filly of the year.

EVEN chronic grumblers couldn't find fault with the Grand National Steeplechase. Brother Jones, carrying 150 pounds, gave weight to most of his field and yet won more easily at three miles than he did last month in the Glendale, at two miles and a half. The purse of the National was $14,500, the richest for a jumping race this season. Harold Talbott, who owns Brother Jones, says that he is going to sink it all in oats and hay. Even at current prices, he should be fixed for the winter.

HORSES are drifting Marylandward again. In fact, so many of them were entered in the Capitol Handicap at Pimlico last Saturday that it had to be run in two sections. (Just to keep the record straight, Sollure won the first section and Challamore the second.) The Havre de Grace, Laurel, and Bowie managements, as you must have heard, have joined up with the Maryland Jockey Club to put on a month of racing in Baltimore. It's a big meeting, too, for a spate of $15,000 and $20,000 stakes is scheduled. So, if you're thinking of going South now, you can be sure of a good show. —AUDAX MINOR

•

SPITFIRES DROP RUBBER BOOTS
FOR AIRMEN DOWNED AT SEA
—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

War has its silly side.

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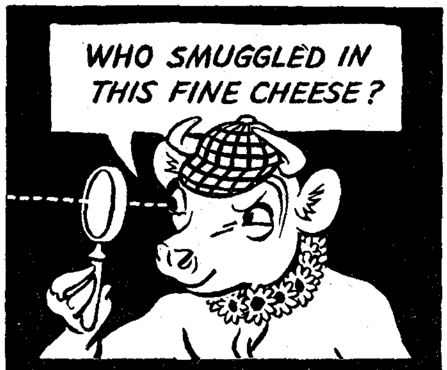

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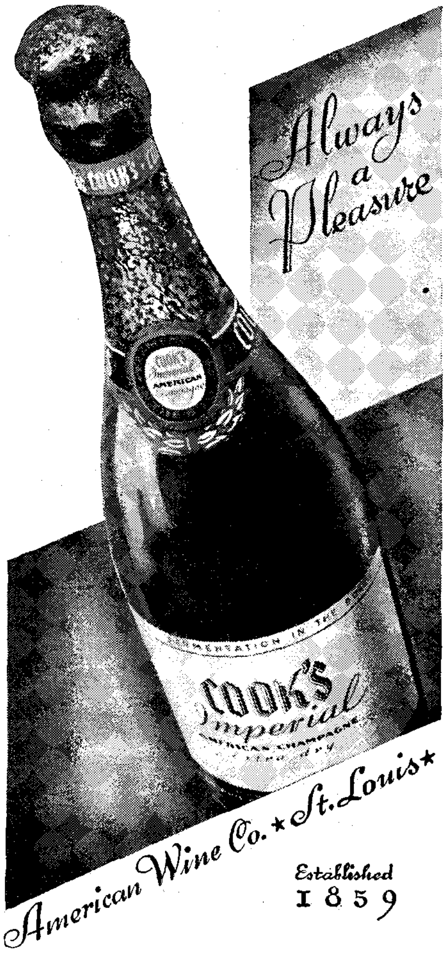

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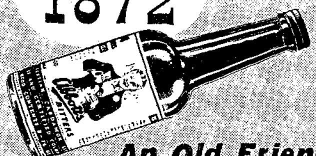
1872
An Old Friend WITH A NEW IDEA
Serve wine cocktails that are truly different. Add a dash of Abbott's.
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BUY MORE WAR BONDS

THE LOVELIEST ENSEMBLE

Mrs. Edward Farrow said to herself that if it had been sold—and a hundred to one it had been; it was the loveliest ensemble—why, she'd never forgive herself, she really wouldn't. She walked briskly down Fifth Avenue and crossed Fifty-ninth Street to the square in front of the Plaza. It was a gray day and cool. There were no loiterers around the fountain, which was a relief to her because she hated to walk that stretch and be stared at. She was a pretty young woman. She had a neat, slender figure and good legs.

When she saw that no one was looking at her, she relaxed and moved a little more slowly. A few children were playing in the square and a man was sitting on a bench nearby, a man in uniform. Marine or soldier? she wondered. He didn't have his cap on and when they didn't have their caps on she never could tell the difference. His head was bent over and his eyes were closed as though he was sleeping. Mrs. Farrow quickened her steps, seeing her destination at the end of the block. Again she began to be excited about what she wanted to buy, and again she considered the possibility that it might be gone. She'd been a perfect idiot, she told herself, not to buy it yesterday when she first saw it.

The façade of the shop was a wide expanse of glass, behind which were grouped incredibly postured mannequins. Mrs. Farrow scarcely glanced at the clothes the figures displayed, but she did hesitate briefly to take account of her own reflection in the glass. What she saw satisfied her and she walked into the shop with her head held high. She smiled distantly at the saleslady who came forward. "I want to see Miss Sperling," she said. The saleslady nodded. "Why, yes," she said. "I'll call Miss Sperling."

When Miss Sperling came up, Mrs. Farrow's attitude changed. They greeted each other as two acquaintances bound together by an engaging secret.

"Well, here I am again," Mrs. Farrow said.

Miss Sperling chuckled. "Mrs. Farrow, I just knew you would be. And you're in luck, you really are."

"Yes?"

"It's still here. To tell you the truth"—she lowered her voice—"I was so sure you'd be back for it I did my best to keep it out of sight. Being a sale item, you know, I couldn't take it off the floor, but I put it way back on the rack, way, way back. I'll get it for you."

Miss Sperling hurried off and Mrs. Farrow walked across the richly carpeted room and glanced idly at several dresses which hung on a metal clotheshorse. She reached into the sleeve of one of the dresses, drew out a price tag, looked at it, and let it fall. She was humming to herself softly and her eyes were bright. When Miss Sperling returned, Mrs. Farrow went back across the room to meet her. Miss Sperling was holding the ensemble and Mrs. Farrow looked at it for a moment to make sure that it was as she had remembered it, and then she smiled. "I don't really *need* it," she said.

Miss Sperling smiled too. "Do we ever?" she said. "I mean, sometimes we just owe it to ourselves." She brought her voice down to the confiding whisper she had used before. "Feel this." She ran her hand over one sleeve of the ensemble's jacket. "We're not getting any more of this. It simply isn't being made; there isn't any more."

"I know," said Mrs. Farrow. She, too, ran her hand over the sleeve of the jacket. "But Mr. Farrow will have a fit! I haven't shown him last month's bill, and you know that little striped shirtmaker I bought?"

"*That*," said Miss Sperling. "Well, of course there's no comparison. You can go right on through the fall with this. You can change your accessories and go right on through the fall."

"I could wear a fur coat over it," Mrs. Farrow said.

Miss Sperling regarded this idea happily. "Perfect," she agreed. "*Perfect.*" She hung the ensemble on a rack and reached for her salesbook, which was lying on a chair. "Mrs. Edward Farrow," she said. She thumbed up the used pages of the book and wrote the name and address at the top of a fresh page. "Do you want to try it on again?"

"No, I don't think I'll bother," Mrs. Farrow said. "I had my hair done this morning and I don't want to get it mussed."

"Take?" asked Miss Sperling. She looked hopeful. "I could put it in a box and you could take it right along with you. You know"—her voice reproached a distant offender—"how unreliable deliveries are these days. I couldn't promise it to you until maybe Wednesday or Thursday."

Mrs. Farrow hesitated a moment. Then she said, "All right, I'll take it."

When Mrs. Farrow came out onto the Avenue she had the box under one arm. This time she stopped to look at the mannequins in the window display, casually and critically; then she walked on. The traffic signal at the corner was against her. She was eager to get home with her purchase, to hang it up in a closet which, however crowded, never had anything as attractive in it as what was about to be added. The signal changed and she moved lightly across the street, feeling young and daring, and enjoying the fear and excitement of having committed a delightful extravagance.

As Mrs. Farrow approached Fifty-ninth Street she noticed that the sun had broken through the clouds and that the square looked less bleak. The children were still playing around the fountain and the man in uniform was still sitting there on a bench. His eyes were open now, and as Mrs. Farrow passed he shifted his position and one sleeve of his uniform flapped forward, revealing its emptiness. His face was a peculiar grayish color. Maybe a disease, Mrs. Farrow thought; maybe one of those tropical diseases.

The man looked in her direction, but it wasn't like being stared at, because he didn't look at her, he looked at a point above her head, just above the spot where her smooth pompadour swooped back to meet the velvet bowknot she was wearing. He wasn't blind, she was fairly certain; that made it seem odder, to have someone who wasn't blind stare at you as though you weren't there, as though you simply did not exist. He had probably been very ill, she thought, and what with losing his arm and all . . . Mrs. Farrow reached Fifty-ninth Street and started briskly and determinedly across it, holding her package. It annoyed her to realize that, although she knew that the man was not watching her, her walk was self-conscious.

—Decla Dunning

•

Whatever the solution, it must be recognized that the perplexities of the metropolitan problem which were thought to be confined to the very large cities have now come to officials and citizens alike of every middlesex, village, and town.—*From an article in the American Political Science Review.*

Even of those teeny little middlesexes?

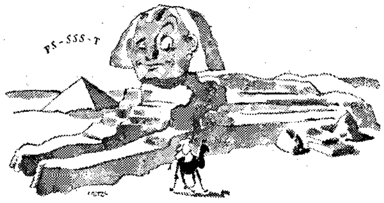
•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From a letter in the San Francisco News*]

The New Deal endeavors to keep its skirt out of the gutter, but under its petticoat will be found political union gangsters and racketeers who generously butter the party's coffer.

Compared to somebody we know



the SPHINX...
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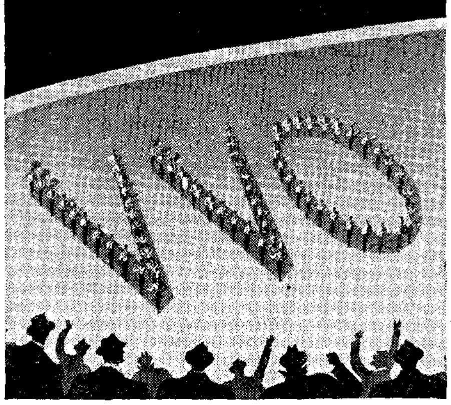

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NOTES ON SPORTS

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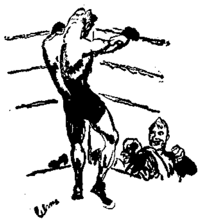

EARLY last week, one of those little slip-ups that beset fight promoters beset the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, which is another name for Mike Jacobs. Beau Jack, who lost the lightweight championship to Bob Montgomery a while back and is scheduled to fight Montgomery in a return bout on November 19th under the auspices of the Twentieth Century S.C., was beaten by one Bobby Ruffin in a warm-up engagement. This means that when he fights Montgomery, Jack cannot be billed as the leading contender for the title and the fight cannot be called the battle of the century or anything but the battle of November 19th.

The Jack-Montgomery bout was originally scheduled for September 10th but was postponed twice because Montgomery was having trouble with a molar. After the second postponement, Jacobs decided that instead of letting a hundred and thirty-five pounds of prizefighter go to waste, he ought to pick up a nickel by matching Jack with a third party in the meanwhile. This third party was supposed to warm up not only Jack but Jack's prestige by taking a licking in an orderly fashion, and Ruffin, who had only a wishy-washy record and had lost to fellows Jack had beaten, seemed the man for the job. However, when the time came, he got altogether out of hand, and now things are at a pretty pass. Not only will it be hard to persuade the consumers that the Jack-Montgomery go will be a natural, but Ruffin is raising a reasonable cry that he is more the type for a try at the championship than a man he has won from. To take the fight away from Jack when it has been promised him, however, would not be honorable, not to mention legal, since the promise was written down and signed and witnessed. Incidentally, it was revealed just before the Ruffin fight that Jack had a bad knee, and it is supposed to have handicapped him in the ring. It may handicap him against Montgomery, too. At least he won't be able to do much kicking, any more than Montgomery, who has by now had a painful extraction, will be able to bite.

The next heavyweight fight at the

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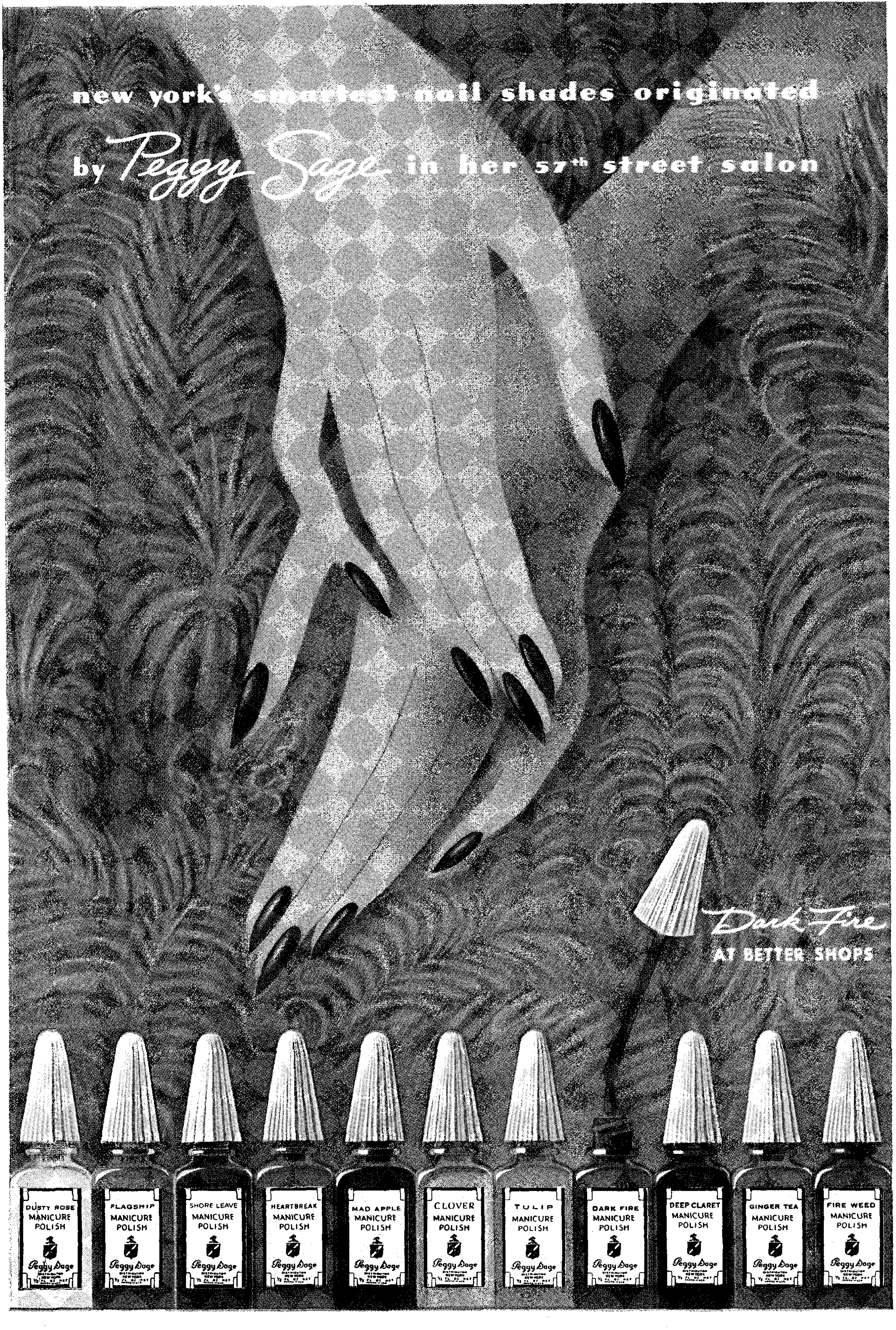
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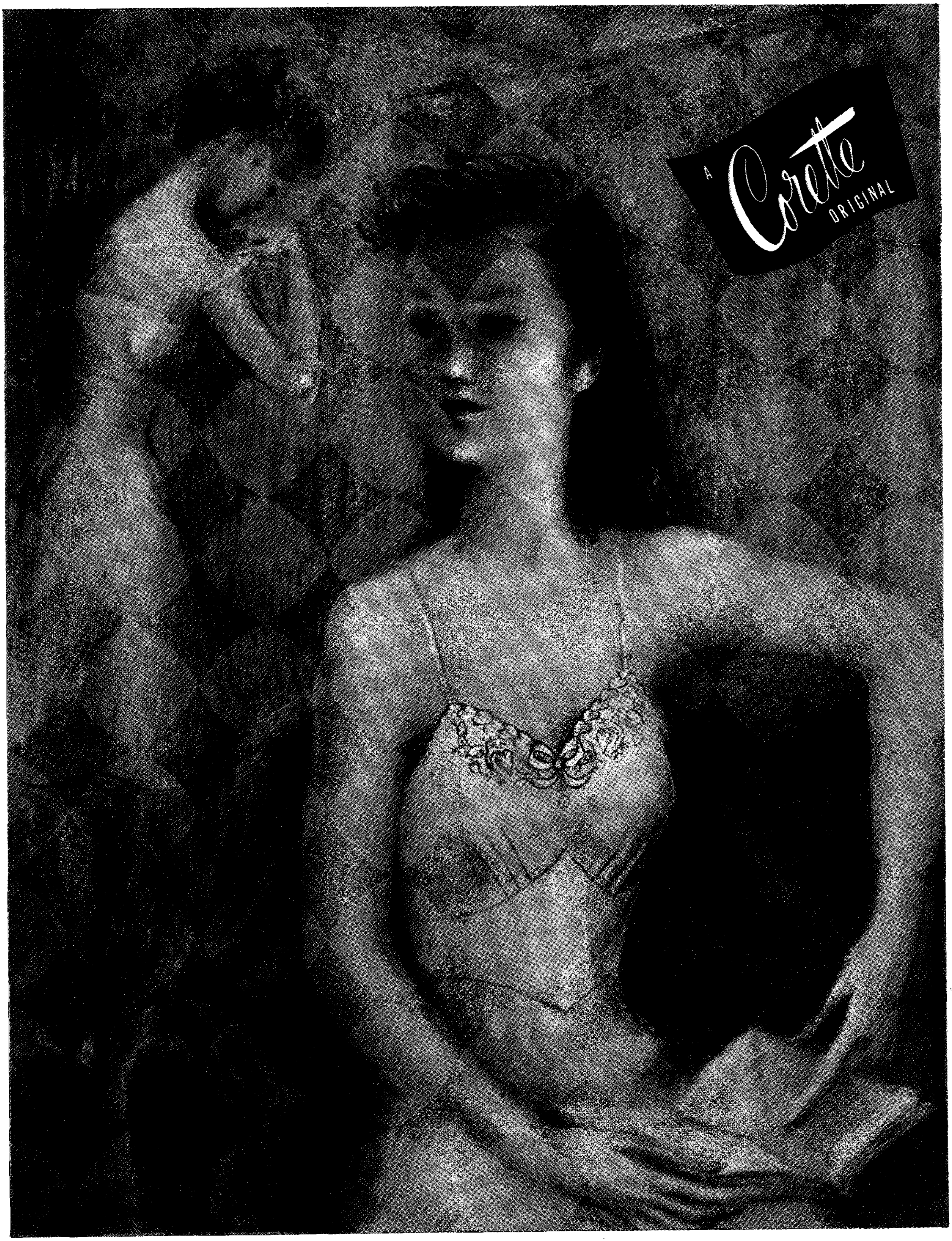

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Garden will be between Tami Mauriello and Lee Savold, on November 12th. When these two boys met for the first time last year, Mauriello won, and there's not much reason to think he won't do it again. Of course, Savold may have improved since then, because he has knocked out Lou Nova. But then, who hasn't?

YOU could see, watching the Yankees up at the Stadium in the Series games that were played in New York, that they would not have been even a pennant-winning team in a normal year. They were winning two out of three from the Cardinals, but not without the Cardinals' help, and there were too many spots in their batting order which didn't cause a Card rooter to sit on the edge of his seat and chew off his fingernails. They were not the Yanks of yesteryear in the field, either, and you got the impression that of all-around ballplayers there were only three or possibly four of them who ought to have been in the park. They were, to name names, Johnson, Keller, Gordon, and (the possibility) Dickey, who is getting on.

A B-17 made three runs over the Stadium at an altitude of about three hundred feet during the first game, causing Mayor LaGuardia to speak sharply to the Army. There is a city ordinance that forbids flying lower than a thousand feet over open-air places of assembly. It turned out, though, that the pilot was on his way overseas and a city ordinance had somehow come to mean less to him than formerly.—D. L.

•

In the "Wisdom of the Overself" by Paul Brunton the mystery of consciousness with its transitional states of sleep, dream and after-death is shown as an aspect of the Overself state-of-being, and the final purpose of human existence appears as the conscious merging of the personality with that of the Divine Overself.—*Brochure from a bookstore.*

It's certainly something to bear in mind.

•

CORRECTION

In Schuster's advertising for Saturday, we erroneously described the "RENUZIT" Cleaner (2 gallons for 1.29) as being "non-explosive." The cleaner is a combustible mixture and is labeled as such on the can.

We trust this error will cause you no inconvenience.—*Adv. in the Milwaukee Sentinel.*

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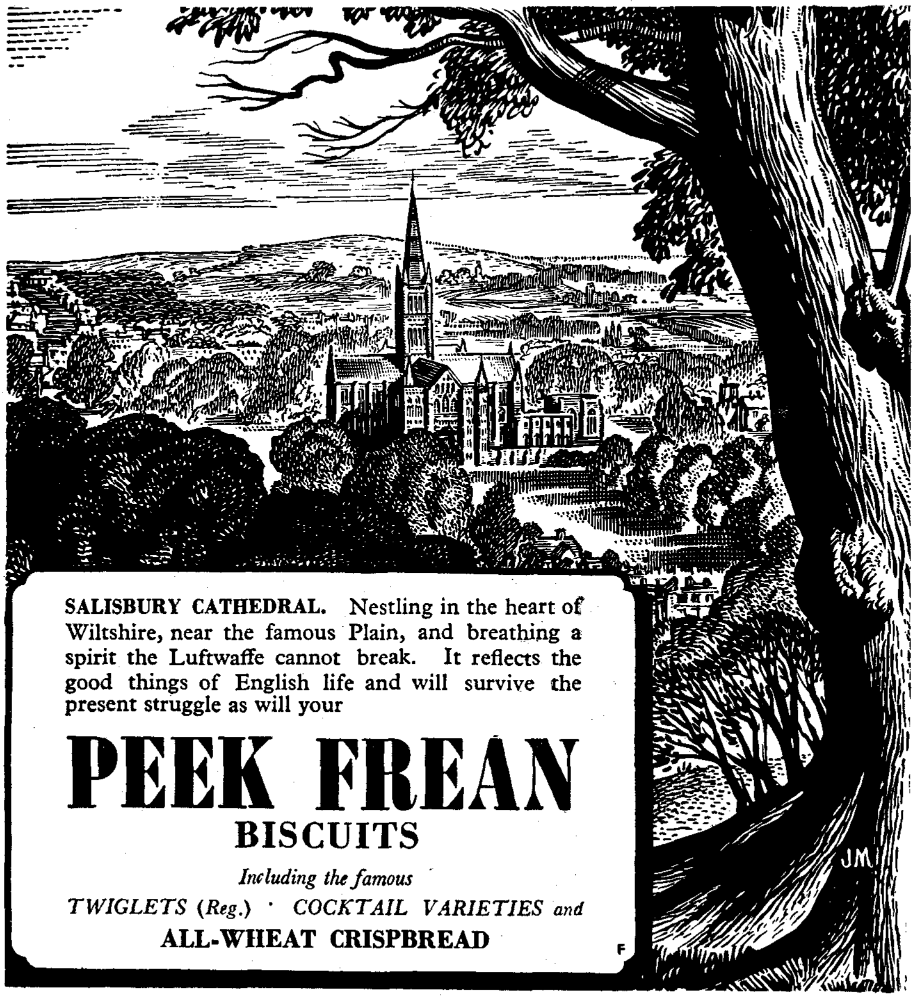

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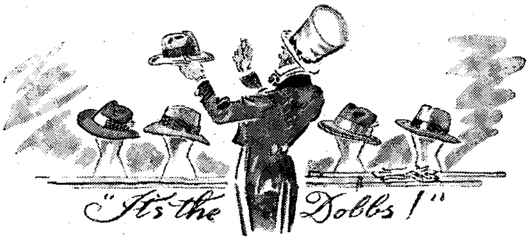
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MUSICAL EVENTS

It's Started All Over Again

THE opening concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony's hundred-and-second season included several novelties. The personnel of the orchestra had undergone some revision and there was a resident conductor in place of the series of transients who had led the ensemble for the past two years. Yet, although most of the instrumentalists were Philharmonic veterans and Artur Rodzinski, the new regular maestro, was far from being a stranger hereabouts, the first program had a certain audition atmosphere. People seemed anxious, in a friendly way, to know how the reconstituted band and its director would make out. The majority decision was favorable, all right. Mr. Rodzinski had a firm grip on an alert and able group of players and there was a reassuring confidence and competence about the proceedings.

Most of the program was familiar material. Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture was delivered crisply and with suitable dramatic emphases. Brahms' second symphony was well played, although the warmth and charm of some of it weren't apparent that evening. There was ample color in Ravel's second "Daphnis et Chloé" suite and in Elgar's "Falstaff," the latter the only non-staple on the bill. "Falstaff," a rather long symphonic poem, is homework music. To follow it, you ought to study the themes and their progress before you enter the concert hall. However, even if you attend to your preliminary research, you probably won't make any more fuss over the piece than the Philharmonic-Symphony listeners did. "Falstaff" has good melody, ingenuity, and expert workmanship, but it doesn't quite arrive.

PLENTY of opera at a two-twenty top is available at the Broadway Theatre, where, through October 24th, Fortune Gallo's San Carlo company is providing the standard works. The performances are in the San Carlo tradition—heartily sung affairs for audiences that have a grand time. Mr. Gallo, by the way, has on his staff the only native American conductor now regularly employed in directing the repertory operas. He is Emerson Buckley, a young man well worth hearing and watching. He gets plenty of zip into the doings, and he not only delivers the goods, he sells them with enthusiasm.

THERE was an operatic world première in the N.B.C. studios last Saturday afternoon, when "L'Incantesimo," by Italo Montemezzi, to a libretto by Sem Benelli, the eminent playwright, was broadcast under the composer's direction. This one-acter proved to be a musically distinguished work, written with skill and power, and yet not entirely convincing as a music drama. Of course, the listener had to imagine what the activities on the stage would be like. However, the story is told mostly in descriptions of offstage matters rather than in action, and one might be a bit dubious about it as theatre fare. It would be interesting, though, to hear it again—but in English—as a radio opera.

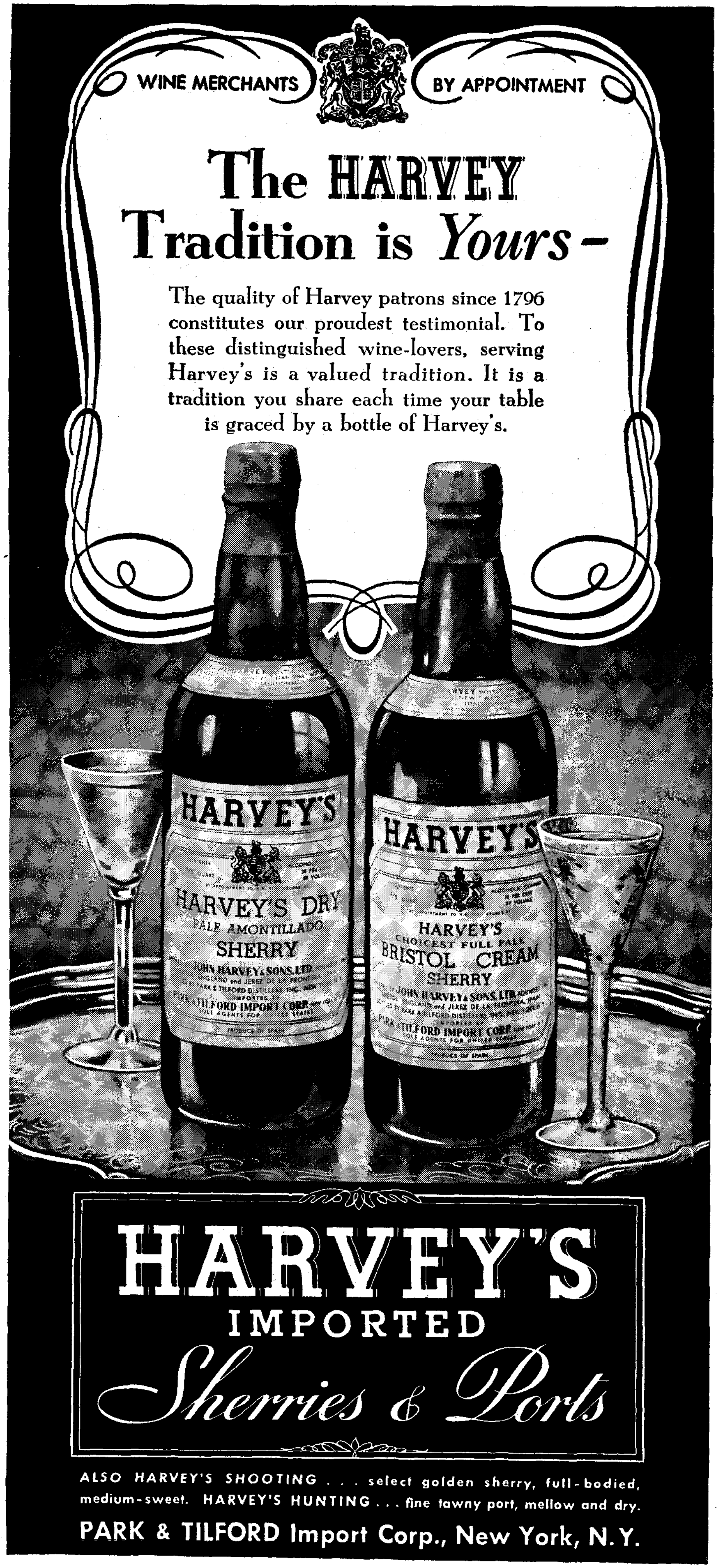
LIGHT opera goes along cheerfully. It's still worth noting that the New Opera Company presentation of "The Merry Widow," at the Majestic Theatre, is a bright and handsome show. Robert Stolz, who conducted the opening weeks of the production, revised and trimmed the score, so some of your old friends have been eliminated, but there's plenty left, along with a few items that weren't there before—an added Lehar waltz and a non-Lehar Polish song. The book has been redone in the interests of compactness and amusement by Sidney Sheldon and Ben Roberts. Marta Eggerth and Ruth Matteson are charming as the Widow and Natalie, respectively, and Jan Kiepura is a vivacious and vocally effective Prince Danilo.

Meanwhile, the ballet season has arrived, as of last Sunday, when the Ballet Theatre opened at the Metropolitan. I'll have to catch up with that next week. In the meantime, I've had a look in at the Martin Beck Theatre, where Katherine Dunham and her company are offering "Tropical Revue," an entertainment that is sound, spectacular, and showmanlike. Some of it is hot, too, as you may have heard. All in all, there's a lot for those whose alley is ballet. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

LONDON, Sept. 3 (UP)—The Royal Air Force Bomber Command announced last night that 96,000 tons of bombs had been dropped on Germany since the beginning of 1943, including 11,000 tons of Hamburg.—*Scranton Times.*

With onion?



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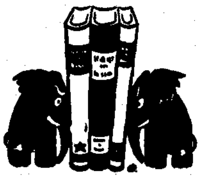
BOOKS

Up from Thrillerdom—Miss Glasgow



It has long been one of my firm convictions that the best current detective-story novelists can write rings around most of their colleagues who write straight fiction. Dorothy Sayers' "The Nine Tailors," for example, is a brilliant novel as well as a superb detective story, and I can name half a dozen other manufacturers of thrillers who could sit down tomorrow and turn out detectiveless fiction that would put to shame the efforts of most of our popular and respected regular practitioners.

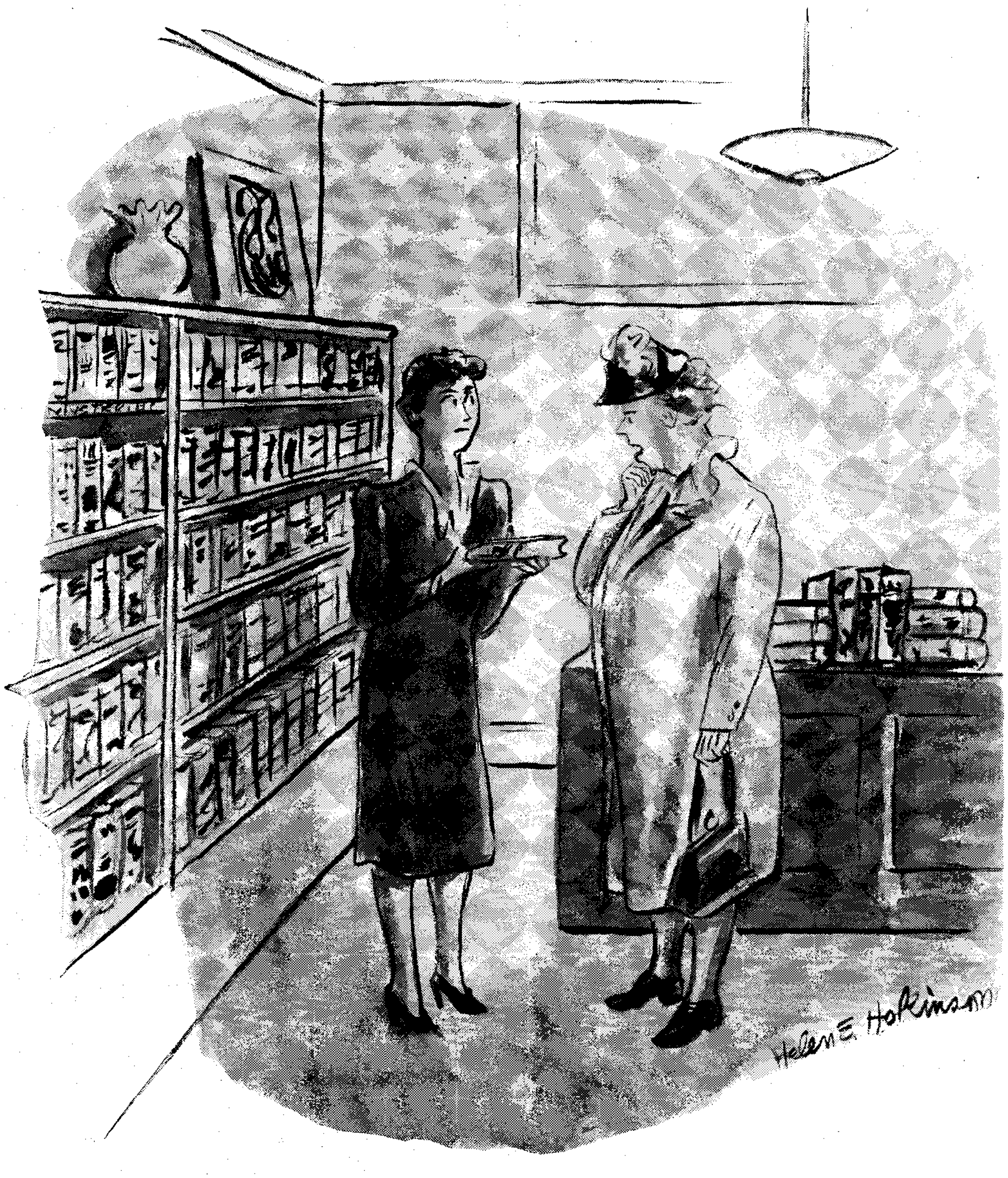
The first half of "The Galantrys," by Margery Allingham Carter—thriller fans will know her as plain Margery Allingham—is a good case in point. (We'll take up the second half, which isn't quite so good a case, later.) Here is an adult work of fiction, a well-considered study of English social conventions during the Victorian era, a series of sharp character studies. Mrs. Carter has been hiding her light under a bushel of clues and red herrings.

James Galantry's father was gentry and his mother was gypsy, and his life was the result of the necessity for him to reconcile the two discordant strains of his character during a period when English society was permeated with the hypocrisy of the genteel tradition. This would seem rather old hat as a subject, but Mrs. Carter makes it seem, if not novel, certainly worthy of reconsideration. She has an extraordinary sense of the class differentiations and class antagonisms of the English nineteenth century, of the rôle an advancing mercantilism came to play in English society, of the barbaric moral code that governed the lives of ladies and gentlemen. At times she writes as well as Galsworthy.

But these fair words of praise apply only to the first half of the book, dealing with the life of James Galantry up to the death of his wife. Beyond this point, Mrs. Carter loses herself completely in a maze of younger Galantrys and cousins twice removed, for she has tried to make a three-generation novel out of what should have been strictly a portrait of a man and a class. The result is a confusion that ends in complete absurdity when the dying James has a vision of his descendants forty-odd years hence—the sheerest crystal-ball rubbish, quite irreconcilable with the intelligent, realistic author of the excellent first half of the novel.

The history of Ellen Glasgow's reputation as a fiction writer exhibits the same irony that is so much a part of her fiction. She began as far back as 1897 ("The Descendant") to tell the South what was wrong with it, at a time when the South (and the North, too, for that matter) was committed to historical romances written with a peppermint stick dipped in molasses. It was not until "Barren Ground" (1925) that her message began to penetrate, and even then praise came to her first from the industrial North instead of from her native South. Since 1925 she has been ranked among our major writers, though belatedly and with a gesture in which there is far too much formal respect and far too little recognition of her enduring literary qualities.

Now these qualities have been pointed out, with perfect tact and modesty, by Miss Glasgow herself, who demonstrates again that no critic can write about a novelist half so well as that novelist, provided he be also a critic. "A Certain Measure" contains the twelve



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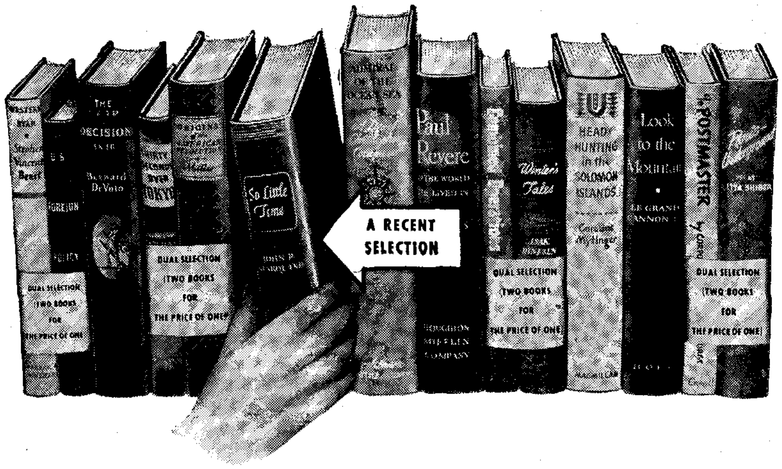

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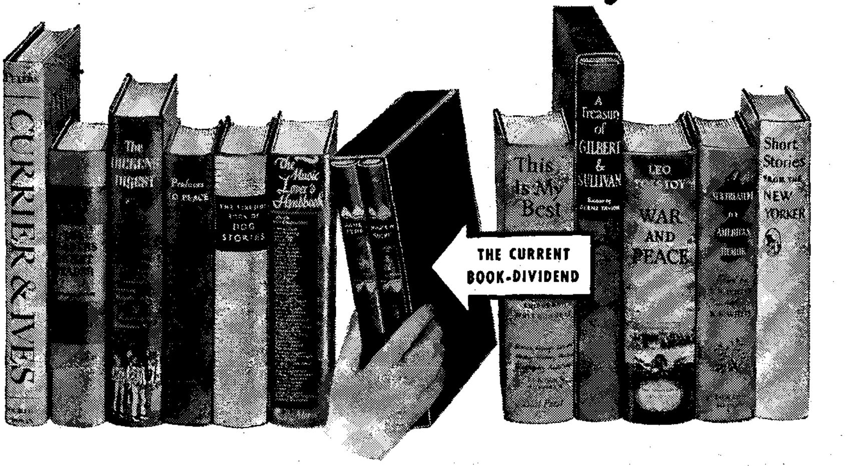

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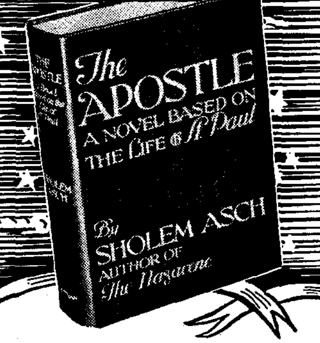
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prefaces written for the "Virginia Edition of the Works of Ellen Glasgow" (1938), revised for this volume and supplemented by a new preface to her most recent novel, "In This Our Life." These thirteen essays tell us not only a great deal about Miss Glasgow's art but a great deal about literature in general and its place in American life since the beginning of this century.

From them it becomes clear that her work has an extraordinary coherence. Her thirteen important prose works in effect paint a living portrait of Southern manners from 1850 to 1939, accenting the most important single trend of the period, the rise of the middle class. For all her limitations (Miss Glasgow is not quite as anti-genteel as she would like to think she is), she has given us a solider, maturer, wiser, more inclusive view of Southern life than all the Faulkners and Caldwells put together, and in a prose that is pure and unaffected.

Certain of her prejudices will seem strange to readers who were not born in the capital of the Confederacy. It is hard to know what to make of such a statement as "Nothing better or truer than 'Uncle Remus' has appeared in the whole field of American prose fiction," and the younger men and women may feel that she is far too hard on those writers of the Hemingway school whom she accuses of what she calls "the barbaric fallacy." —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WALSH GIRLS, by Elizabeth Janeway. A talented newcomer with a mature mind and a precise sense of what writing is about focusses her attention upon the mounting psychological crises in the lives of two sisters—the one newly married, the other an eccentric spinster. The theme of the novel is the failure in human relationship of two highly individual women and the final adjustment of their lives in relation to each other and to two very different pasts. On a severely limited canvas—the setting is a small Connecticut Valley town and the span of time is little more than a year—the author presents a picture whose depth of perception and precision of detail manage to reflect patterns of living common to all America in 1935 and patterns of individual thinking which are universal. As lucid and subtle a psychological novel as has turned up in a good while, which perhaps is not saying much.

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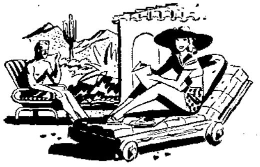
Recipe for a patriotic vacation



1. Go directly to one place and stay there the full time. *We suggest dry, sunny Tucson where the tonic desert air will re-energize you for the bigger war and post-war jobs ahead.*

2. Be sure to make advance reservations. *Tucson visitors are invited to use the free services of our 22-year, non-profit Sunshine Climate Club.**

3. Travel as light as possible. *You'll need less luggage for Tucson's informal, outdoor life.*

*WRITE TODAY! For reservations ☐ or free booklet ☐, *Tucson Sunshine Climate Club,* 4350-A Rialto, Tucson, Ariz.

TUCSON

Your place in the sun is TUCSON

HENRY M. WRISTON, President of Brown University, author of CHALLENGE TO FREEDOM (Harper, $2) says, "I like to drop in and wish I could do so even more often," at

THE BOOK SHOP
5 Grosvenor Building, Providence, Rhode Island

SHADOW OF NIGHT, by August Derleth. An intellectual German, a hunchback, comes to pioneer Wisconsin in order to kill the man who has shot his brother in one of the German revolutionary disturbances of the eighteen-forties. The story is the slow change in the hunchback's mind and heart under the influence of humane, freedom-loving people and a countryside to whose beauties he is singularly susceptible. When the brother's murderer is finally at his mercy, the desire for revenge, which has so long driven him, is no longer there. In spite of Mr. Derleth's living sense of Wisconsin's past and the thoughtful intelligence of his writing, the novel is oddly lacking in intensity, and is, on the whole, rather cold.

THE WEEPING WOOD, by Vicki Baum. A number of loosely knit tales, some of them rousing and dramatic, about people whose lives have been shaped in one way or another by rubber. Beginning in the Brazil of the seventeen-forties, the story jumps about from Boston in the middle of the last century, to the botanical gardens at Kew, to Sumatra just before the last war, to Nazi Germany, to Akron, Ohio, and to present-day Washington and New York. The publishers call this the story of rubber, but thoroughgoing, prosaic readers may decide that a better way to learn about the subject is to look it up in any good encyclopedia.

GENERAL

REPORT ON NORTH AFRICA, by Kenneth G. Crawford. A seasoned Washington reporter who spent three months in North Africa last spring gives us a coherent view of the intertwined political and military situations there. You may or may not agree with his opinion that, under the circumstances, the British-American decision to trust to military expediency and power politics "made good sense." In any case, you will find this a clear, judicially written, and freshly informed account of what probably happened and why.

CRUSADE FOR PAN-EUROPE, by Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. Autobiography of a Middle European nobleman who established the Pan-European Union just after the first World War and who fought a long, courageous rear-guard action for the peace of Europe. He proposes a European federation, which would be one regional bloc in a world commonwealth. Idealistic in tone, and on oc-

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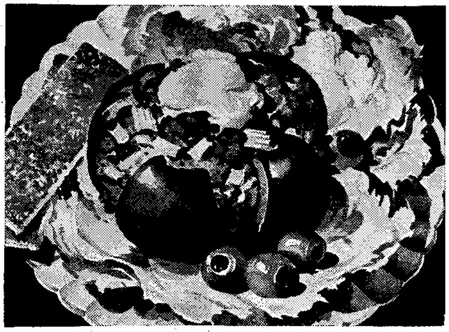

ROSE MILL PÂTÉ SURPRISE. For six salads, chop one jar of chilled ROSE MILL PÂTÉ into medium sized pieces. Add 1½ cups chopped celery, 4 tablespoons chopped chives and 6 tablespoons mayonnaise. Fill centers of six partially quartered whole tomatoes with the mixture and garnish with mayonnaise, paprika and olives. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves with melba toast or hot buttered rolls.

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casion both naïve and Machiavellian, but the author's well-informed understanding and fervent humanism tend to redeem a good deal of inconsistency and loose thinking.

East Coast Corvette, by Lieutenant Nicholas Monsarrat, R.N.V.R. This self-styled ex-yachtsman (is anybody ever an *ex*-yachtsman?), author of "H. M. Corvette," gives us more of the same in his impressions of convoy and patrol work off the east coast of England. An ingratiating book—well written, seamanlike in detail, and touched with an imaginative intensity which is offset by some neat humor.

The Torch of Freedom, edited by Emil Ludwig and Henry B. Kranz. Twenty short biographies of noted exiles, by as many exiles of our own time: Feuchtwanger on Ovid, Sigrid Undset on King Olav, Count Carlo Sforza on Mazzini, Alfred Neumann on Dostoevski, and so on. Some are rather ordinary, but the book contains at least half a dozen fine pieces.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Some Try Murder, by Robert Portner Koehler. One of the house guests at the Fleming ranch, in New Mexico, is smuggling Nazi agents across the border. Pecos Appleby, a homespun type, tracks down the scoundrel and solves a couple of murders too. You can solve this one yourself without too much strain.

Murder in Havana, by George Harmon Coxe. The Axis boys are as active and as unpleasant as ever in this spy story, which features an American engineer who finds that almost everyone in Cuba is after the papers in his briefcase. A good, fast mystery, with more than its quota of lovely ladies and tall drinks.

Stalk the Hunter, by Mitchell Wilson. One more of those books about a beautiful young refugee, in this country on a forged passport and therefore at the mercy of both F.B.I. and German agents. This formula, when properly worked out, as it is here, is still good for its quota of shudders, it seems.

•

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—*Walt Disney quoted in the Sunday News.*

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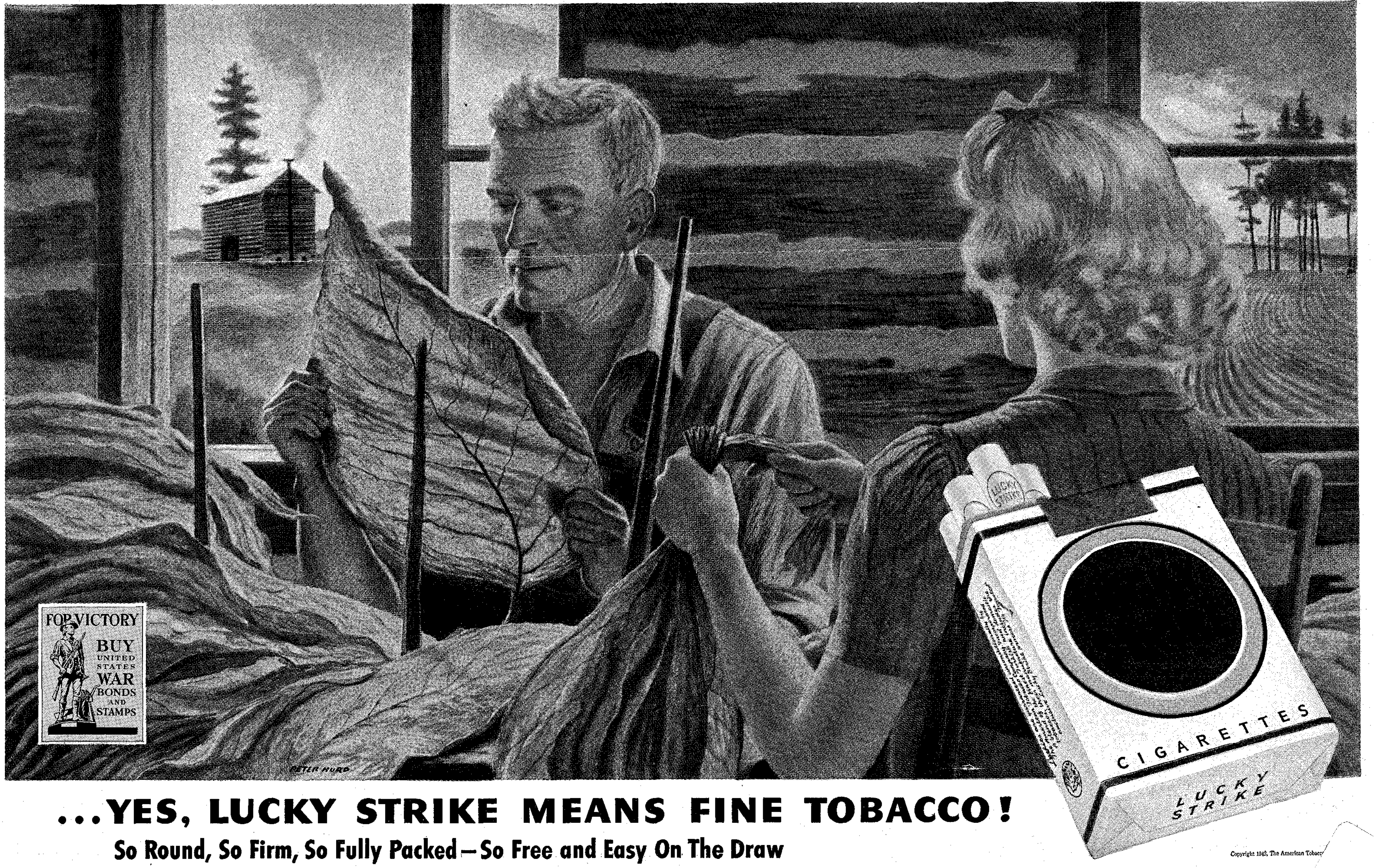
"Grading Leaf." Painted from life on a Carolina farm by Peter Hurd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